


The Lost Army



Miss C. Brynston

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GIVING AN IMITATION OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

THE LOST ARMY

BY

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ILLUSTRATED



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THE LOST ARMY.

CHAPTER I.

HARRY AND JACK—OUTBREAK OF THE WAR—TRYING TO
ENLIST.

“LET ’s go and enlist ! ”

“ Perhaps they won’t take us,” was the reply.

“ Well, there ’s nothing like trying,” responded the first speaker. “ Nothing ventured, nothing gained.”

“ That ’s so,” said the other. “ And if we can’t go for soldiers, perhaps they ’ll find us useful about the camp for something else.”

This conversation took place between two boys of Dubuque, Iowa, one pleasant morning early in the year 1861. They were Jack Wilson and Harry Fulton, neither of whom had yet seen his sixteenth birthday. They were the sons of industrious and respectable parents, whose houses stood not far apart on one of the humbler streets of that ambitious city; they had known each other for ten years or more, had gone to school together, played together, and at the time of which we are writing they were working side by side in the same shop.

The war for the destruction of the Union on the one hand and its preservation on the other had just begun. The election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency had

alarmed the Southern states, who regarded it as a menace to their beloved system of negro slavery. In consequence of his election the Southern leaders endeavored to withdraw their states from the Union, and one after another had passed ordinances of secession. South Carolina was the first to secede, her action being taken on the twentieth of December, five weeks after the presidential election. Ten other states followed her example and united with South Carolina in forming the Confederate States of North America, choosing Jefferson Davis as their first president. Then followed the demand for the surrender of the forts and other property of the United States in the region in rebellion. Fort Sumter was taken after a bloodless fight, in which the first gun was fired by the South; other states seceded, and then came the uprising of the North in defense of the Union.

As if by the wand of a magician the whole North was transformed into a vast military camp, where only a few days before nothing was to be seen save the arts and arms of peace and industry. Recruiting offices were opened in every city and almost in every village. Squads were formed into companies, companies into regiments and regiments into brigades, with a celerity that betokened ill for the cause of secession. The North had been taunted over and over again that it was more intent upon money-making than anything else, and nothing could provoke it into a fight. It had been patient and long-suffering, but the point of exasperation had been reached, and the men of the Northern states were now about to show of what stuff they were made.

The president issued a call for seventy-five thousand men to serve for three months, and the call was responded to with alacrity. And it was in the recruiting that formed a part of this response that our story opens.

Jack and Harry went to the recruiting office, which

was on one of the principal streets of Dubuque and easy to find. Over the doorway an immense flag—the flag of the nation—was waving in the morning breeze, and in front of the door was an excited group of men discussing the prospects for the future, and particularly the chances of war.

“It ’ll be over in a month,” said one, “and we ’ll all be back here at home before our enlistment time ’s up.”

“Yes; the South ’ll be cleaned out in no time,” said another. “Those fellows are good on the brag, but when they look into the muzzles of Northern muskets they ’ll turn tail and run.”

“Don’t be so sure of that,” said a third. “The South may be wrong in all this business, but they ’ll give us all the fighting we want.”

“You ’d better go and fight for Jeff Davis,” was the retort which followed. “We don’t want any fellows like you around us.”

“That we don’t, you bet,” said another, and the sentiment was echoed by fully half the listeners.

“You ’re all wrong,” persisted the man who had just spoken. “Don’t misunderstand me; I ’m just as good a Union man as anybody, and I ’m going to fight for the Union, but I don’t want anybody to go off half-cocked, and think we’re going to lick the South out of its boots in no time; because we can’t do it. We’re going to win in this fight; we’re twenty millions and they’re eight, and we’ve got most of the manufacturing and the men who know how to work with their hands. But the Southerners are Americans like ourselves, and can fight just as well as we can. They think they’re right, and thinking so makes a heap of difference when you go in for war. They ’ll do their level best, just as we shall.”

“Perhaps they will,” was the reply, “but we ’ll make short work of ’em.”

"All right," responded the other, "we won't lose our tempers over it; but anybody who thinks the war will be over in three months doesn't appreciate American fighting ability, no matter on which side of the line it is found."

This mode of putting the argument silenced some of his opponents, particularly when he followed it up by showing how the Southern regiments in the Mexican war covered themselves with glory side by side with the Northern ones. But the loudest of the talkers refused to be silenced, and continued to taunt him with being a sympathizer with the rebellion.

At the outbreak of the war a great deal of this kind of talk was to be heard on both sides; men in the North declaring that the South would be conquered and the war ended in three months, while people at the South boasted of the ability of one Southern man to whip three Northerners. When the armies fairly met in the field and steel clashed against steel all this boasting on both sides was silenced, and North and South learned to respect each other for their soldierly qualities. One of the greatest of military mistakes is to hold your enemy in contempt, and to this mistake is due some of the disasters of the early days of the war.

And the lesson may be carried further. One of the greatest mistakes in the battle of life is to underrate those who oppose you or the hindrances that lie in your path. Always regard your opponent as fully your equal in everything, and then use your best endeavors to overcome him. Do your best at all times, and you have more than an even chance of success in the long run.

Jack and Harry listened a few moments to the debate among the men in front of the recruiting office, and then made their way inside. A man in the uniform of a captain was sitting behind a desk taking the names of those

that wanted to enlist, and telling them to wait their turn for examination. In a few moments a man came out from an inner room, and then a name was called and its owner went inside.

"Don't think you 'll get in there, sonny," said a man, who observed the puzzled look of Jack as he glanced toward the inner door.

"What are they doing in there?" queried Jack encouraged by the friendly way in which he had been addressed.

"They 're putting the recruits through their paces," was the reply; "examining 'em to see whether they 'll do for service."

"How do they do it?"

"They strip a man down to his bare skin," was the reply, "and then they thump him and measure him, to see if his lungs are sound; weigh him and take his height, make him jump, try his eyes, look at his teeth; in fact, they put him through very much as you 've seen a horse handled by a dealer who wanted to buy him. They 've refused a lot of men here that quite likely they 'll be glad to take a few months from now."

And so it was. The first call for troops was responded to by far more men than were wanted to fill the quota, and the recruiting officers could afford to be very particular in their selections. Subsequent calls for troops were for three years' service, and, as the number under arms increased, recruiting became a matter of greater difficulty. Men that were refused at the first call were gladly accepted in later ones. Before the end of the first year of the war more than six hundred and sixty-one thousand men were under arms in the North.

Jack and Harry walked up to the desk where the officer sat as soon as they saw he was unoccupied.

"Well, my boys, what can I do for you?" said the captain cheerily.

Jack waited a moment for Harry to speak, and finding he did not do so, broke the ice himself with—

“We want to enlist, General.”

The youth was unfamiliar with the insignia of rank, and thought he would be on the safe side by applying the highest title he knew of. The gilded buttons and shoulder-straps dazzled his eyes, and it is no wonder that he thought a man with so much ornamentation was deserving of the highest title.

“Captain, if you please,” said the officer, smiling; “but I’m afraid you’re too young for us. How old are you?”

“Coming sixteen,” both answered in a breath.

The captain shook his head as he answered that they were altogether too young.

“Could n’t we do something else?” queried Harry, eagerly. “We can drive horses and work about the camp.”

“If you ever go for a soldier,” replied the captain, “you’ll find that the men do their own camp work, and don’t have servants. Perhaps we can give you a chance at the teams. Here, take this to the quartermaster,” and he scribbled a memorandum, suggesting that the boys might be handy to have about camp and around the horses. They could n’t be enlisted, of course, but he liked their looks, and thought they could afford to feed the youths, anyhow.

The boys eagerly hastened to the quartermaster, whom they had some difficulty in finding. He questioned them closely, and finally said they might go with the regiment when it moved. It was not then ready for the field, and he advised the boys to stay at home until the organization was complete and the regiment received orders to march to the seat of war.

The parental permission was obtained with comparatively little difficulty, as the fathers of both the youths

were firm believers in the theory of a short war, without any fighting of consequence; they thought the outing would be a pleasant affair of two or three months at farthest. Had they foreseen the result of the call to arms, and especially the perils and privations which were to befall Jack and Harry, it is probable that our heroes would have been obliged to run away in order to carry out their intention of going to the field. And possibly their ardor would have been dampened a little, and they might have thought twice before marching away as they did when the regiment was ordered to the front and the scene of active work in the field.

CHAPTER II.

ST. LOUIS AND CAMP JACKSON.

WHILE Jack and Harry are waiting impatiently for the order that will give them a taste of military life, we will leave them for a while and go down the Mississippi river to the great city of St. Louis.

The state of Missouri was one of those known as the "Border States," as it lay on the border between North and South. It was the most northerly of the slaveholding states west of the Mississippi river, and the system of slavery did not have a strong hold upon her people. Probably the majority of her native-born citizens were in favor of slavery, or only passively opposed to it, but it contained two hundred thousand residents of German birth, and these almost to a man were on the side of freedom. When the question of secession was submitted to the popular vote, the state, by a majority of eighty-thousand votes, refused to secede; but the governor and nearly all the rest of the state authorities were on the side of secession, and determined to take Missouri out of the Union in spite of the will of the people.

Governor Jackson was in full sympathy with the secession movement, and with the reins of power in his hands he made the most of his opportunities. General Sterling Price, who commanded the Missouri state militia, was equally on the side of slavery and its offspring, secession, though at first he opposed the movement for taking the state out of the Union, and was far more moderate in his

councils than was the governor and others of the state officials. Earnestly opposed to these men were Francis P. Blair, junior, and other unconditional Union men, most of whom lived in St. Louis, and had for years been fighting the battle of freedom on behalf of the state. They believed and constantly argued that Missouri would be far better off as a free state than a slave one, while the opponents of slavery in the Eastern and extreme Northern states had based their arguments mainly on the ground of justice to the black man. The Free-State men of Missouri gave the rights of the negro a secondary place and sometimes no place at all, but confined themselves to showing that the state would be better off and more prosperous under freedom than under slavery. They had a good knowledge of human nature, similar to that displayed by the author of the old maxim that "Honesty is the best policy." "Be honest," he would say, "because it is the best policy to be so, and let the question of right or wrong take care of itself."

All through the month of April, 1861, the plotting to take Missouri out of the Union was carried on by the secession party, and at the same time there was counter-plotting on the part of the Union men. The secessionists, having the aid and sympathy of the state authorities, had the advantages on their side, and were not slow to use them. They organized forces under the name of minute men, and had them constantly drilling and learning the duties of soldiers. Later, under an order issued by the Governor, they formed a camp of instruction, under command of General D. M. Frost, in the suburbs of St. Louis, with the openly-declared intention of capturing the United States arsenal, which stood on the bank of the river just below the city.

At the same time the Union men were equally active, and, under the leadership of Blair, those who were ready

to fight for the preservation of the nation were organized into a military force called the "Home Guards." While the plotting was going on and matters were progressing toward actual warfare, Captain Nathaniel Lyon, who commanded at the arsenal, caused the garrison to be strengthened, sent away the superfluous arms and ammunition to a place of greater safety, armed the Home Guards, and on the tenth of May surprised the secessionists by marching out in force and capturing Camp Jackson, the camp of instruction already mentioned.

In order to have good reason for making the capture, Captain Lyon visited Camp Jackson in disguise and went through it from one end to the other. What he found in the camp gave him sufficient reason for action. Here it is :

When the state of Louisiana seceded from the Union the United States arsenal at Baton Rouge was seized by the state authorities, who took forcible possession of the arms and munitions of war that they found there. When he was planning to capture the arsenal at St. Louis, Governor Jackson found that he needed some artillery with which to open fire from the hills that command the arsenal, which is on low ground on the bank of the river.

Governor Jackson sent two officers to the Confederate capital, which was then at Montgomery, Alabama, to make an appeal to Jefferson Davis for artillery from the lot taken at Baton Rouge, and explain for what it was wanted. President Davis granted the request, ordered the commandant at Baton Rouge to deliver the artillery and ammunition as desired, and he wrote at the same time to Governor Jackson as follows :

* * * After learning as well as I could from the gentlemen accredited to me what was most needed for the attack on the arsenal, I have directed that Captains Greene and Duke should be furnished with two 12-pound howitzers and two 32-pound guns, with the proper

ammunition for each. These, from the commanding hills, will be effective against the garrison and to break the inclosing walls of the place. I concur with you in the great importance of capturing the arsenal and securing its supplies. * * * We look anxiously and hopefully for the day when the star of Missouri shall be added to the constellation of the Confederate States of America.

With the best wishes I am, very respectfully, yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The cannon and ammunition reached St. Louis on the eighth of May, and were immediately sent to Camp Jackson. The negotiations for them had been known to Blair and Lyon, and as soon as they learned of the arrival of the material which would be so useful in capturing the arsenal, they determined to act. Captain Lyon, as before stated, went in disguise through the camp on the ninth, saw with his own eyes the cannon and ammunition, learned that they had come from Baton Rouge, and was told for what purpose they were intended.

Here was the stolen property of the United States in the hands of the enemies of the government, and intended to be used for further thefts by violence. There could be no doubt of his duty in the matter, except in the mind of a secessionist or his sympathizer.

By the secessionists the capture of Camp Jackson was looked upon as a great outrage, for which the Union men had no authority under the Constitution and laws either of the United States or of the state of Missouri. It was a peculiar circumstance of the opening months of the rebellion, and in fact all through it, that the rebels and their sympathizers were constantly invoking the Constitution of the United States wherever it could be brought to bear against the supporters of the government; so much was this the case that in time it came to be almost a certainty that any man who prated about the Constitution was on the side of the rebellion. The men who were ready to

violate it were those who constantly sought to shield themselves behind it.

As an illustration of this state of affairs, may be cited the letter of Governor Jackson in reply to the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for seventy-five thousand troops for three months, "to maintain the honor, the integrity and the existence of our National Union, and the perpetuity of popular government; * * * and to repossess the forts, places, and property which have been seized from the Union."

Missouri was called upon for four regiments of militia as her quota of the seventy-five thousand. Governor Jackson replied to the president that he considered the requisition "illegal, unconstitutional and revolutionary in its objects, inhuman and diabolical, and cannot be complied with." At the same time he was going on with preparations for carrying the state out of the Union, contrary to the desires of a majority of its inhabitants, as if they had no rights that he was bound to respect!

As before stated, the arsenal at St. Louis is completely dominated by the range of hills beyond it, and a military force having possession of these hills would have the arsenal in its control. The secession leaders laid their plans to take possession of these hills in order to capture the arsenal. Learning of their intentions, Captain Lyon threw up a line of defensive works in the streets outside the walls of the arsenal, whereupon the secessionists invoked the local laws and endeavored to convince him that he had no right to do anything of the kind. The board of police commissioners ordered him to keep his men inside the walls of the arsenal, but he refused to do so, and for this he was loudly denounced as a violator of the law.

There were about seven hundred men in Camp Jackson, under command of General Frost. Captain Lyon had



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issued arms to several regiments of the Home Guards of St. Louis, in spite of the protest of the police commissioners, who considered his action in doing so highly improper. These regiments, added to the regular soldiers composing the garrison at the arsenal, gave Captain Lyon a force of six or seven thousand men, with which he marched out on Friday, the tenth of May, surrounded Camp Jackson, and demanded its surrender. Under the circumstances General Frost could do nothing else than surrender, which he did at once. The militia stacked their arms and were marched out on their way to the arsenal. A short distance from the camp they were halted for some time, and during the halt a large crowd of people collected, nearly all of them being friends of the prisoners or sympathizers with secession.

Most of the Home Guards were Germans, and during the halt they were reviled with all the epithets with which the tongues of the secession sympathizers were familiar. These epithets comprised all the profanity and vulgarity known to the English language in its vilest aspects, and added to them was the opprobrious name of "Dutch blackguards," which was applied in consequence of one of the companies calling itself *Die Schwartzte Garde*. Without orders, some of the soldiers fired on the jeering mob; the fire passed along the line until several companies had emptied their rifles, and twenty-eight people fell, killed or mortally wounded, among them being three prisoners. Then the firing ceased as suddenly as it began, and the prisoners were marched to the arsenal.

On the eleventh all the captured men were liberated on their parole not to bear arms against the United States. One officer, Captain Emmett McDonald, refused to accept release on this condition, and like a true secessionist sought his remedy through the Constitution and the laws

of the country. It took a long time to secure it, but eventually he was liberated on a technicality, went South and joined the Southern cause, and was killed in battle not long afterward.

“What has all this to do with Jack and Harry?” the impatient reader asks. We shall very soon find out.

CHAPTER III.

SECESSION IDEAS OF NEUTRALITY.

For some days it was rumored in Dubuque that the Iowa troops would soon be ordered to march into the neighboring state of Missouri.

There was great excitement when, on the morning of the eleventh of May, the particulars of occurrences of the day before in St. Louis were published. Jack read about it in the morning paper and then hurried to Harry's house as fast as his young feet could carry him.

"This means business," said Jack, as he quickly narrated to Harry what he had read.

"So it does," was the response; "we'll surely be off before many days. Let's go to camp."

Away they went, and found, as they expected, that everybody expected to move to the front very shortly.

"We are pretty nearly ready for orders," said the quartermaster, "and you'd better come here twice a day, if not oftener, to make sure that you don't get left. Watch the newspapers and see what happens in Missouri for the next few days, as it will have a good deal to do with our movements."

The boys did as they were directed, and, what was more, they went to a tailor and bought suits resembling those worn by the soldiers. They were not entitled to receive uniforms from the quartermaster, as they had not been enlisted or regularly employed, and, therefore, their outfits were paid for out of their own pockets. But the

clothes they wanted were not costly, and therefore their outfits did not cost them much.

There was more news of importance the next day, and if the excitement was great in Dubuque, it was nothing to that in St. Louis.

According to the histories of the time, it occurred in this wise:

A regiment of the Home Guards was marching from the arsenal to its barracks, which lay at the other side of the city, and while on its way it encountered a dense multitude which blocked the street. The crowd being almost wholly composed of secessionists, many of whom were armed with pistols, a pistol-shot was fired at the soldiers, whereupon the latter opened fire, killing eight men and wounding several others. Then the regiment continued to its barracks and was not further molested.

A rumor went around among the secessionists that the Germans had threatened to kill everybody who did not agree with them, and a general massacre was seriously feared. The police commissioners and the mayor asked to have the Home Guards sent away from the city, and though General Harney, the commander of the department, promised to comply with their request, he was soon convinced by Blair and Lyon that it could not be done without giving the city into the hands of the secessionists. Then came a rumor that the Home Guards had refused to obey the orders of General Harney, and were about to begin the destruction of the city and the murder of its inhabitants.

A panic followed, and on the twelfth and thirteenth of May thousands of women and children were sent out of the city; the ferry-boats were crowded to their utmost capacity, and extra steamboats were pressed into service to convey the people to places of safety. Quiet was

not restored until two companies of regular soldiers were brought into the city and General Harney had issued a proclamation in which he pledged his faith as a soldier to preserve order and protect all unoffending citizens. This brought back nearly all the fugitives, but there were some who never returned, as they feared the terrible "Dutch blackguards" would revolt against their officers and deluge the streets of St. Louis with blood.

Jack and Harry read with great interest the account of these happenings in the neighboring state, and wondered how they would all end. They also read the editorial comments of the newspapers, but could not understand all they found there.

So they strolled down to camp and questioned one of the soldiers, an intelligent printer from one of the newspaper offices.

"One thing we want to know," said Jack, "is what is meant by 'states-rights'?"

"That 's what the South is going to war about," was the reply; "or at any rate that is the pretext of the leaders, though I 've no doubt it is honestly believed by the great mass of the southern people."

"What is it, anyway?"

"Well, it is the idea that the general government of the United States has no power to coerce or control a state against the latter's will."

"Does that mean," said Harry, "that if a state wants to go out of the Union she has a perfect right to do so, and there 's no power or right in the general government to stop her?"

"Yes, that 's what it means," was the reply. "The states-rights argument is that the states that were dissatisfied with the election of President Lincoln had a perfect right to secede or step out of the Union, and the

Union had no right to force them to stay in or come back."

"Thank you," said Harry; "I think I understand it now. And how is it with the border states, like Missouri, and the state sovereignty they 're talking about?"

"The states-rights men in Missouri claim that the national government has no right or authority to call for troops from Missouri to aid in putting down rebellion in the seceded states; that Governor Jackson did right in refusing such troops when the president called for them; that the national government has no right to enlist troops in Missouri to take part in the war, and that it must not be permitted to march its troops into or across or through any part of the state in order to reach the states in rebellion against the national authority."

"In other words," said one of the boys, "they want the state of Missouri to be entirely neutral in the war—to take no part in it either way?"

"That 's what they say," replied the printer, with a smile.

"But look here," exclaimed Harry; "have n't I read that the secessionists in Missouri seized the United States arsenal at Liberty, in the western part of the state, and took possession of all the cannon, small-arms and ammunition they found there?"

"Yes."

"And have n't I read about how they planned to capture the St. Louis arsenal, and Jeff Davis sent them some artillery and ammunition for that purpose, and wrote them a letter saying exactly what the cannon were to be used for, and how they were to be placed on the hills behind the arsenal in order to batter down the walls?"

"Yes, you read that, and it 's all true."

"That 's what they call neutrality, is it? Do they

claim that they have a perfect right to do anything they please toward destroying the government, but the government does wrong when it lifts a finger for its own protection?"

"That's exactly what they claim and have said over and over again in their newspapers and through the voices of their speakers, and every secessionist you talk with says the same thing."

"Well," exclaimed Harry, after a slight pause, "I don't think much of such neutrality as that. It's as one-sided as the handle of a jug—a sort of 'heads I win, tails you lose,' business. You could respect them and believe them sincere if they said 'hands off from us, and we'll keep hands off from you,' and then lived up to what they said."

Jack agreed with Harry, and both of them wondered till they were tired and even then could not make it out how honest and fair-minded men as many of the southern sympathizers undoubtedly were, could call such action as that by the name of neutrality. Doubtless some of the young people who read this story will wonder too, and possibly they may doubt that such was the case. Their doubts will be dispelled when they consult any of their friends who are familiar with the history of the war of the rebellion.

The events of the tenth and eleventh of May greatly aided Governor Jackson in his efforts to carry the state of Missouri into the war on the side of the South. The legislature met on the second of May, and the governor recommended that the state should be placed in a condition of defense, so that she could resist invasion by the national forces. While it was discussing the subject and making slow progress the tenth of May came, and with it the Camp Jackson affair. In less than fifteen minutes after the news was received both houses of the legislature had passed the so-called military bill providing for arming

the state, and it was ready to be signed by the governor and become a law.

Five days later the legislature adjourned, after passing other acts throwing the state on the side of secession, appropriating two million dollars for military purposes, in addition to the school fund and all other money belonging to the state. The greatest alarm prevailed, as the wildest stories were circulated about the bloodthirstiness of the Germans, who composed the greater part of the Home Guards organized for the defense of St. Louis. On a rumor that two regiments of them were approaching the capital a railway bridge over the Gasconade River was partially destroyed, and many people fled from the city.

The president of the United States removed General Harney from the command of the department, and appointed Lyon, who had been promoted to brigadier-general of volunteers in his stead. Troops in Kansas, Iowa and Illinois were ordered to be ready to move into Missouri, and everything indicated that the government was determined to put a stop to the so-called neutrality of the state. The neutrality was well illustrated by the circumstances that in all parts of the state the Union men were the victims of outrages at the hands of their secessionist neighbors.

For no other offense than being in favor of the Union and opposed to Secession men were dragged from their beds at night and ordered to leave the neighborhood within twenty-four hours, their houses and barns were burned, their cattle and horses stolen, work in the fields was suspended, and everything was the reverse of peaceful. By an agreement between General Harney on the Union side and General Price on behalf of the state authorities, the operations of the military bill had been suspended, and the volunteers which it called together were

to be sent to their homes. But instead of going there they were gathered into companies and battalions in convenient places, where they were drilled and instructed in the duties of soldiers. Evidently the neutrality that the Missouri rebels wanted was as one-sided as we have already described it.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE ROAD TO GLORY.

THE regiment to which our young friends were attached—the First Iowa—received orders to move southward. Everything was bustle and activity in the camp, and the boys made themselves useful in a variety of ways.

As before stated, they were to accompany the wagon-train, and at once proceeded to make friends with everybody connected with that branch of the regiment's service; and they were not only friendly with the men, but with the horses. Some of the animals showed a tendency to be unruly, but by gentle ways and words Jack and Harry secured their confidence, and it was often remarked that the brutes would do more for the boys than for anybody else. One of the teamsters asked Jack how it was, and said he would give a good deal to know their secret of horse-training.

"There 's no secret about it," replied Jack; "at least, none that I know of. My father is very fond of horses, and has often told me that he always treats them kindly, but at the same time firmly. If he sets out to have a horse do anything he makes him do it; if the creature is stubborn he coaxes him and pets him, and keeps on urging him to do what he wants, and after a while the horse does it. When he has once begun he never lets up, and the animal soon knows that the man is master, and at the same time learns that he isn't to be cruelly punished, very often for not understanding what is wanted."

To show what he could do in the way of equestrian training, Jack took charge of a "balky" horse that frequently stopped short in his tracks and refused to move on in spite of a sound thrashing. All efforts to get him to go ahead were of no use, and altogether the beast (whose name was Billy) was the cause of a great deal of bad language on the part of the teamsters, which even the presence of the chaplain could not restrain.

Jack harnessed Billy into a cart, and after asking those about him to make no interference, and not even to come near him, he started to mount a small hill at the edge of the camp. Before he had ascended ten feet of the sloping road Billy halted, and showed by his position and the roll of his eye that he intended to stay where he was.

Jack dismounted and took the animal by the head; he tugged gently at the bridle three or four times, speaking gently and kindly all the while, but to no purpose. Billy was "set" in his determination, and did not propose to oblige anybody.

"All right," said Jack; "if you want to stop here I'll stay too." And with that he pulled out a dime novel and sat down by the roadside close to Billy's head.

Jack opened his book and began to read, while Billy looked on and meditated. Half an hour passed and then an hour. At the end of that time Jack made another effort to start the horse up the hill, but with the same result as before.

Then he read another hour and then another, stopping once in a while to try and coax the animal to move on. By this time it was noon, and Jack called to Harry to bring him something to eat. Harry came with a slice of cold meat and a piece of bread, and immediately went away, leaving Jack to devour his lunch in silence, which he did. When the meal was concluded he read another chapter or two, and then he took Billy once more by

the bridle and in the same gentle tones urged him to proceed.

Evidently the horse had thought the matter over, as he showed a perfect willingness to do as his young master desired. Without the least hesitation he went straight up the hill, and when they were at the top Jack petted and praised him, and after a while took him back to camp. The lesson was repeated again in the afternoon and on the following day, and from that time on Billy was a model of obedience as long as he was kindly treated.

"I believe a horse has to think things over just as we do," said Jack; "and if you watch him you'll find out that he can't think fast. What I wanted was to have him understand that he had got to stay there all day and all night if necessary, until he did what I wanted him to do. When he saw me reading that book and sitting so quiet by the roadside, and particularly when he saw me eat my dinner and sit down to wait just as I had waited before, he made up his mind that 't was n't any use to hold out. Horses have good memories. Hereafter when he 's inclined to be balky he'll think of that long wait and give in without any fuss."

The regiment went by steamboat down the Mississippi river to the frontier of Missouri, and there waited orders to advance into the interior of the would-be neutral state, and while it waited there was a rapid progress of events in St. Louis, to which we will now turn.

General Lyon had positive information that the rebels were preparing to bring troops from Arkansas and the Indian Territory to assist the Missouri state guard in keeping out the "Dutch and Yankees." Of course this was quite in keeping with the neutrality about which they had so much to say, and if allowed to go on it was very evident that the whole of the interior of the state might soon be in their control. Accordingly he asked for further authority to enlist troops in the state, and

requested that the governors of the neighboring states should be directed to furnish him with several regiments that were in readiness. His request was granted, and within less than a month from the capture of Camp Jackson General Lyon had a military force aggregating ten thousand men in St. Louis, and as many more in Kansas, Iowa and Illinois waiting orders to move wherever he wanted them to go.

Besides these troops there were several thousands of Home Guards in different parts of the state; many of these men were Germans, who had seen military service in the old country, and were excellent material for an army. Opposed to them the governor had a few thousand state troops, many of them poorly armed, but they greatly made up in activity what they lacked in numbers or equipment, so far as keeping the country in a perpetual turmoil was concerned.

It was very evident that the state troops could not hold out against General Lyon's disciplined army, and consequently the governor made ready to abandon Jefferson City, the capital, whenever General Lyon moved against it. All the state property that could be moved was sent away, and the governor and other officials prepared to follow whenever hostilities began.

Through the efforts of several gentlemen who still hoped for a peaceful solution of the troubles of Missouri, a conference was held at St. Louis on the eleventh of June between Governor Jackson and General Price on behalf of the state authorities, and General Lyon and Colonel Blair on the other. General Lyon had guaranteed that if Jackson and Price would come to St. Louis for the purposes of the conference they should have "safe conduct" both ways and not be molested while in the city.

The meeting was a historic one. General Lyon, on being notified of the arrival of Jackson and Price in the

city, asked them to meet him at the United States arsenal. The wily governor did not consider himself altogether safe in venturing there, in spite of the safe-conduct that he held, and suggested that the conference must be held at the Planters' House, a well-known hotel of St. Louis, and at that time the principal one. Accordingly the general went there with Colonel Blair, and after a few polite phrases the negotiations began. Present, but not taking part in the debate, were Major Conant, of General Lyon's staff, and Colonel Snead, the private secretary of Governor Jackson.

Four or five hours were consumed in the discussion, which was an animated one throughout. The governor demanded that the United States troops should be withdrawn from the state, and that no recruiting for the union cause should be permitted anywhere in Missouri. When the troops were withdrawn he would disband the state militia, and thus the state would be kept entirely neutral. General Lyon insisted that the government had the right to send its troops where it pleased within the boundaries of the United States, and he would listen to nothing else. No progress was made by either side, as neither would yield a point. Finally General Lyon brought the conference to an end by telling Governor Jackson it was useless to talk longer, and that in one hour an officer would call to escort them out of the city.

Lyon and Blair went at once to the arsenal to give orders for the movement of troops, and within an hour from the end of the conference Jackson and Price were on their way to Jefferson City as fast as the railway train could carry them. On the way they ordered the bridges over the Osage and Gasconade rivers to be burned, in order to prevent pursuit.

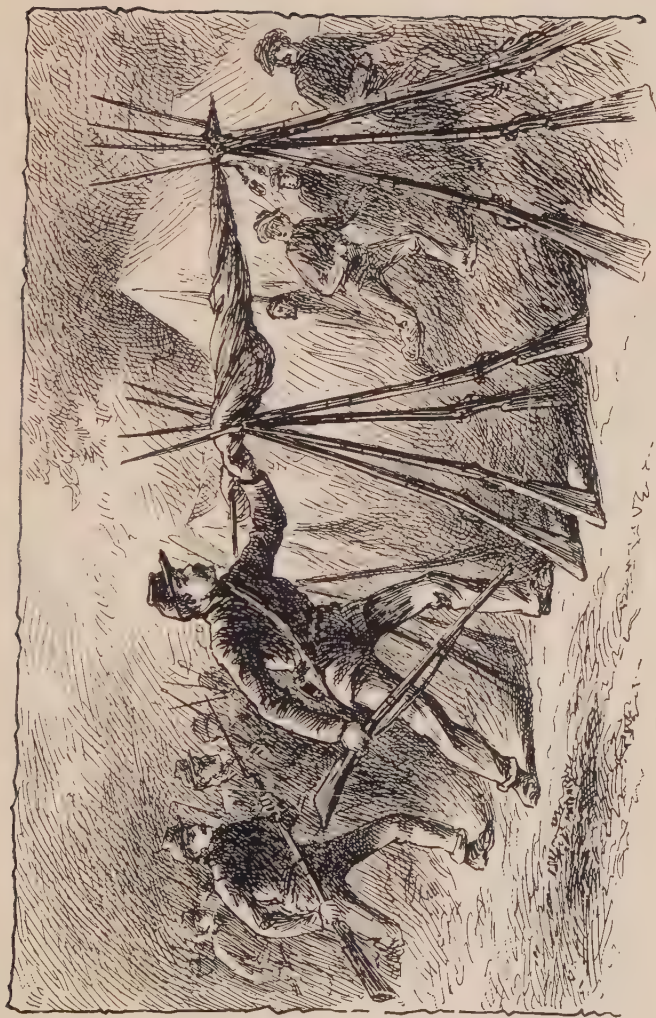
Early the next morning the governor issued a proclamation calling the people of the state to arms, for the pur-

pose, as he said, of repelling invasion and protecting the lives and property of the citizens of the state. He also asked the Confederate government to send a co-operating force into Missouri as soon as possible, and gave orders for General Price to take the field at once with all the troops he could muster.

General Lyon ordered three regiments with two batteries of artillery, under General Sweeney, to occupy the southwestern part of the state, and by the thirteenth they were on their way to Springfield by way of Rolla, which was then the terminus of the railroad in that direction. The object of this movement was to stop the advance of any Confederate force coming from Arkansas to help the Missourians, and also to head off Jackson and Price in case they marched in that direction. At the same time General Lyon, with two regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery, together with about five hundred regular infantry, went up the Missouri river to Jefferson City, which they captured on the fifteenth without opposition, the rebels having left on the day that General Lyon started from St. Louis.

At the same time that he gave orders for the movements from St. Louis, General Lyon telegraphed to the commander of the Iowa regiment to which Jack and Harry were attached, to advance into Missouri in the direction of Booneville, a flourishing town on the south bank of the Missouri, and the spot selected by General Price as the rallying point of the state troops. There was a considerable amount of war material stored there belonging to the state, and by orders of the governor an arsenal had been started at Booneville for the manufacture of cannon and small-arms. Most of the inhabitants sympathized with the secession movement, which was not the case with the population of Jefferson City, largely composed of Germans.

Jack and Harry fairly danced with delight when they found they were to march into the enemy's country. They regretted that their duties kept them with the wagon-train, which is not usually supposed to take part in battle, and wondered if there was not some way by which they could change places with two of the soldiers and have a share in the fighting. During their first night on the soil of Missouri they lost a fair amount of blood; it was drawn not by the bullets or the sabers of the enemy, but by the mosquitos with which that region is abundantly supplied. Jack thought he had spilled at least a pint of gore in feeding the Missouri mosquitos, and wondered if he could be fairly charged with treason or giving "aid and comfort to the enemy."



THE FIRST FLAG CAPTURED IN THE WAR.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE MARCH—CAPTURING A REBEL FLAG.

It was a new life for Jack and Harry, and they greatly enjoyed it. Both declared that they slept more comfortably on the ground than they had formerly slept in bed, and as for the distance accomplished in a day's march it was nothing to them. They cheerfully gave up their places in the wagons to some of the footsore soldiers, and trudged along behind the vehicles as merry as larks.

There was very little danger to be apprehended on the march, although they were technically in the enemy's country. In the part of Missouri north of the river of the same name, there were a few straggling bands of state troops under the command of General John B. Clark, but nothing like a disciplined force that could offer resistance to a well-equipped regiment like the First Iowa. Whenever the regiment approached a town or village, most of the secessionists fled in dismay, after spreading terrible stories of the atrocities that the invaders would be sure to commit as soon as they arrived. Those that remained were no doubt greatly surprised at the good order that prevailed and the perfect respect shown to private property. Everything required for the use of the soldiers was fully paid for, and instead of bewailing the visit of the invaders, many of the citizens, even those whose sympathies were not with the Union, hoped they would come again. Later in the war things changed a good deal in this respect, as we shall see further on in our story.

One town through which the regiment passed, and where it halted for one day and a part of another to wait orders for further movements, was reputed to be one of the worst nests of secession in that part of the state.

There was a hotel in the town, and its owner had recently, so Jack learned from a boy of about his age with whom he established friendly relations, given it the name of the Davis House, in honor of the President of the Southern Confederacy. Jack informed the soldiers of this discovery, and an examination of the front of the building showed that the former name of the hotel had been painted out to make a place for the new one.

Immediately a pot of white paint and one of black were procured, a rough staging was erected, the word "Davis" was painted out, and "Union" took its place. The proprietor protested, but his protest was of no use. He was told that the Union House would be much more popular than the Davis House could be by any possibility, and when they came around again they expected to find the new name retained. The proprietor said his neighbors would burn the building over his head if he allowed it to remain as it was, and as soon as the regiment had gone he set about changing the obnoxious appellation. But he showed some worldly wisdom in giving it a new name altogether instead of restoring what might have brought him into trouble with future visitors of the kind he had just had. He avoided both "Davis" and "Union," and called the establishment the "Missouri Hotel," a name at which neither side could take offense.

The boy who told Jack about the hotel also informed him where a rebel flag was concealed. It had been made by several young women whose sympathies were with the southern cause, and was intended for presentation to the captain of a company which would soon leave the county to fight on the southern side.

Jack hastened to Captain Herron, one of the officers of the regiment, and told what he had heard. The captain sent a detail of soldiers, under the guidance of Jack, who led the way to the house of one of the principal inhabitants of the place.

The sergeant in command of the squad of soldiers rapped at the door, which was opened by a servant. He asked for the lady of the house, and very soon a comely matron of forty or more stood before him.

"We beg your pardon for disturbing you," said the sergeant; "but we want a rebel flag that we are told has been made here recently."

"You shan't come into my house," was the angry reply; "and we've no flag for you Yankees."

She was about to close the door in the sergeant's face, but the latter stopped her from so doing by stepping forward and holding it open. Then he ordered his men to follow him, which they did, accompanied by Jack.

"Be kind enough to show us through the house," said the sergeant; "we don't want to trouble you, but we must have that flag."

"If you are after a flag you won't find any," she answered; "and as for showing a lot of Yankees through the house, I won't."

The sergeant ordered one man to stay at the front door and another at the rear, and permit nobody to leave the house. Then he called the servant, a negro woman, who had opened the door, and ordered her to show the way through the rooms. Accustomed to obedience, the woman did as she was told, her mistress being so overcome with rage that she did not endeavor to exercise her authority over the servant.

Jack had told the sergeant that the flag was hidden between the sheets of a bed in the first sleeping-room at the head of the stairs; consequently that was the

room which the sergeant intimated he would like to see first.

The room was found and so was the bed, but no flag. The bed showed signs of very recent disturbance, as though something had been withdrawn from it. Evidently the flag had been taken away during the parley at the door. The room was searched in every part, but no sign of the flag was found; then other rooms were examined, but with the same result.

The soldiers went through the entire house, the sergeant giving them strict orders to search everywhere, but at the same time to injure nothing. Just as they were about to give up the enterprise as a bad job, a brilliant thought occurred to Jack.

He mounted the stairs again and went straight to the bed which had first been the object of their examination. Pulling down the bed-clothes, which had been left in a disordered condition after the investigation of the soldiers, he found the desired flag and bore it in triumph to the sergeant.

Then the sergeant withdrew his men, after again apologizing to the mistress of the house, who was so angry that she could not, or would not, speak. On the way back to camp the sergeant asked Jack how it was he knew the flag was where he found it.

"I sort o' guessed it," replied Jack. "I noticed that the woman and her two daughters did n't stay with us while we were rummaging the house, but kept going in and out of the rooms, leaving the servant to show us around.

"I thought they were up to something, especially as one of the daughters did n't show up at all while we were talking at the door before we went in.

"Now, I figured out that while we were talking with the old gal the young one we did n't see was taking the

flag out of the bed and hiding it somewhere else. When they saw us at the door they knew what we 'd come for, and probably guessed we 'd been told where the flag was.

"Well, after we 'd looked through that bed and all the room without finding anything, we went on to the next room. They knew we 'd hunt high and low for the flag, and go through every part of the house. Now, if you 'd a-been in their place what would you have done, when you knew you could n't get out of the house without being seen?"

"I see it now," said the sergeant, "though I did n't before. I'd have watched my chance by going round through the halls, and put the flag in one of the places that had been searched, and there would n't have been any better place than the bed where we first went for it."

"That 's just what I thought," said Jack in reply; "and when I saw the old gal give a wink to the young one and the young one winked back again, it just occurred to me to go to the bed and have another look."

"You 'd make a good detective," said the sergeant approvingly, and then the conversation turned to the flag they had captured and the probable use that would be made of it.

"That 's for the captain to say," replied the sergeant in reply to Jack's query.

The sergeant turned the flag over to the captain and the latter duly admired it and praised Jack for his acuteness. The secession emblem was a fine one, being made of the best bunting procurable in St. Louis, whence the material was specially ordered. It was the regular secession flag, the "Stars and Bars," and was intended to be displayed on the battlefield, where the rebels confidently hoped to put the defenders of the Union to flight at the first fire. Along the center of the flag the following couplet had been deftly embroidered by the fingers of the

young ladies by whom the banner was made, and the lines were said to have been the composition of the maiden who so signally failed in concealing the precious standard from the search of the invaders :

“ Federals from thee shall flee,
Gallant sons of Liberty ! ”

Jack suggested that they should have added the following quotation from Robert Burns, as a suitable intimation of the possibilities in the case :

“ The best laid schemes o’ mice and men
Gang aft a-gley ”

CHAPTER VI.

MARCHING AND CAMPING IN THE RAIN—FIRST SHOTS AT THE ENEMY.

WHEN the march across Missouri began the weather was fine, and our young friends, as before stated, were delighted with campaigning life; but the fair weather did n't last.

When they were on the road again, after the affair of the rebel flag, they found a change of situation. A storm arose, and they had the disagreeable experience of marching and camping in the rain. Old soldiers think nothing of rain, though of course they prefer fine weather, but for new campaigners the first rain-storm is a serious affair. So it was with Jack and Harry.

They had provided themselves with waterproof coats, which protected their shoulders, in fact, kept them fairly dry above the knees, but could not prevent the mud from forming on the ground nor protect the feet of the boys as they marched along. It was a weary tramp through the mud, and any one who has traveled in Missouri knows that the mud there is of a very sticky quality; in fact, in most of the western states the soil has a consistency that is unknown in many parts of the east. When dry it is hard, and forms an excellent road, though it is apt to give off a good deal of dust in specially dry and windy times. When there is much traveling over a road, and no rain falls for some time, the dust is a great deal more than perceptible.

But it is in the wet season that the soil of the west puts in its fine work. The mud has the stickiness of glue with the solidity of putty. Each time the foot goes down it picks up a small quantity, very small it may be; but as continual dropping will wear away stone, so will continual stepping convert the foot into a shapeless mass of mud. Five or ten pounds of mud may thus be gathered upon each foot of a pedestrian, and it does not require a vivid imagination to increase the five pounds to fifty. Horses "ball up" in the same way, and there are many localities where, under certain conditions of weather, this balling up is so rapid, and withal so dangerous, as to make travel next to impossible.

The regiment went into camp that night pretty well tired out, and it is safe to say that some of the soldiers wished themselves home again. But if they did so wish they kept their thoughts to themselves, and each one pretended to his comrades that it was just what he liked.

To pitch tents on wet ground is the reverse of agreeable, and to lie down on the ground and try to sleep there is worse than the mere work of putting a tent in place. But both of these things must be done, except where there is no tent to pitch and one must sleep without any shelter other than the sky. When our armies took the field in the early part of the war there was a good supply of tents, so that the soldiers were well protected against the weather; but this condition of affairs did not last long. In the early days there was an allowance of two wagons to a company, or twenty wagons to a regiment, without counting the wagons of the field officers and staff. Later on the wagon allowance was greatly reduced, and during the closing campaigns of the war the luxuries of the early days were practically unknown. The army with the smallest wagon-train can make the most rapid

progress, as a train is a great hindrance in military movements.

Jack and Harry slept beneath one of the wagons, or rather they tried to sleep, during the steady rain that continued through the night. In the morning Jack thought Harry resembled a butterfly that had been run through a sausage-machine, while the latter retorted that his comrade looked as if he had been fished out of a mill-pond and hung up to dry. Both were a good deal bedraggled and limp, but they would not admit it, and each danced about as though a little more and a great deal wetter rain was just what he wanted.

"Tell you what, Harry," said Jack, "it was n't being wet that bothered me so much as getting wet. I found a reasonably dry place, and thought I was all right, but just as I was getting asleep I felt the tiniest little drop of water soaking through on the side I was lying on. I tried to shrivel up so as to get away from it, but the water followed me, and the more I shrunk the more it spread."

"Then I thought it would be better if I turned over, but in turning I let in more water, or rather I suppose I made a hollow in the soft ground, and that was just old pie for the water. When I turned I exposed my neck and got a touch of it there, and so it went on; at every move I got more and more of it. By the end of an hour or so, which seemed all night, I was fairly wet through, and then I did n't care half so much about it. I went to sleep and slept pretty well till morning, and don't believe I've got a bit of a cold."

"I had about the same sort of a time with the rain," said Harry, "and agree with you that the worst part of it is the feeling you have while the rain is getting its way through your clothes and you're trying to keep it out; and all the time you know you can't do it, and really might just as well give in at once."

"Never mind now," said Jack ; " what we want is hot coffee and something to eat."

They had taken the precaution to lay away some sticks of dry wood in one of the wagons before the rain began, and therefore there was no difficulty in starting a fire. All the wood that lay around the camp was soaked with water, but by careful searching and by equally careful manipulating of the sticks the soldiers and teamsters managed to get up a creditable blaze by using their dry wood to start it with.

Hot coffee all around served to put everybody in good humor, and some hard bread and bacon from the commissary wagons made the solid portion of the breakfast. Harry had secured some slices of cold beef the day before, and these, which he shared with Jack, made a meal fit for a king when added to the regular rations that had been served out. The rain stopped soon after sunrise, the sun came out and in a few hours the roads were dry enough to justify the order to move on. Meantime everybody was busy drying whatever could be dried, and by noon the discomforts of the first night in the rain had been pretty well forgotten.

An hour or two after the column started on the road there was an alarm from the front that threw everybody into a state of excitement. Rumors were passed from man to man, and as they grew with each repetition, they became very formidable by the time they reached the rear-guard. There was a large force of the enemy blocking the way—a whole army, with cannon enough to blow them all out of existence, and possibly to take the offensive and march straight to the capital of Iowa.

Every soldier got his rifle in readiness, the wagons were driven closely up, the rear-guard prepared to meet an assault that might possibly come in their direction, and there was all the "pomp, pride and circumstance of

glorious war" with the band of untried warriors, few of whom had ever smelt gunpowder in a warlike way.

The excitement grew to fever heat when some shots were heard, and evidently indicated the beginning of the battle. Jack and Harry wanted to rush to the front of the column and take a hand in the affair, but they were stopped by the quartermaster, who said they would only be in the way, and had better wait a while until the colonel sent for them. He ended his suggestion with a peremptory order that they should not leave the wagons without permission.

This was a disappointment, but they bore it as patiently as they could. They were learning the lesson of military life, that the soldier must obey his officer and each officer must obey the word of his own superior, no matter what it may be. As a consolation to them, and also as an illustration of what they must expect in the army, the quartermaster told a story about a volunteer officer during the Mexican war.

This officer had been ordered to do something that he thought highly injudicious. General Scott was standing near, and Captain X——, as we will call him, appealed to the general to know what he should do.

"Obey the order," was the brief answer of the general.

"But it's absurd," replied the captain. "Certainly no one should obey an order like that."

"Always obey your superior officer," responded the general.

"But suppose my superior officer orders me to jump out of a fourth-story window," interposed the captain, "must I do it?"

"Certainly," the general answered; "your superior's duty is to have a feather-bed there to receive you, and you can be sure he'll have it. That's a part of his business you have nothing to do with."

This may sound like exaggeration to the young reader who has no knowledge of the ways of military life, but let me assure him that it is nothing of the kind. It is a principle of army discipline that a soldier or officer should unhesitatingly obey the orders he receives without asking for explanations. On the battlefield, regiments, brigades, divisions, are sent as the commander desires for the purposes of carrying out his combinations and plans. It can readily be seen that all discipline would be gone and the combinations and plans could not be carried out if each subordinate commander required an explanation of the reason why he was dispatched in a particular direction or ordered to do a certain thing. Now and then there is an opportunity which an officer embraces for acting on his own hook without orders, but the experienced officer always hesitates lest he lays himself open to censure, and possibly court-martial and punishment, as he surely would if subsequent events showed his action to have been injudicious or disastrous.

The battle turned out to be no battle at all—only a skirmish with some bushwhackers, in which a dozen shots or so were exchanged and nobody was hurt. The advance of the column had come upon a group of men, some mounted and others on foot, near a bend in the road where a small stream was crossed. The sight of the soldiers had disturbed the group; those who had horses rode away as fast as they could go, while the fellows on foot made the best of their way into the bushes, where they sought concealment. They did not obey the order to halt, whereupon a few shots were fired at them, which they returned.

The shots only served to quicken their pace, and in a very short time nothing was to be seen of the fugitives. The quartermaster explained to the youths that the term "bushwhacker" was applied to the men who were strag-

gling about the country with arms in their hands, and did not appear to belong to any regularly-organized body of soldiery.

“Missouri,” said he, “is full of bushwhackers, and there ’ll be more of ’em as the war goes on. They ’re not to be feared by a regularly-organized force, but can make the roads quite unsafe for ordinary travel. The trouble is, a man may be a peaceful farmer one day, a bushwhacker the next, and a peaceful farmer again on the third. The rebels encourage this sort of fighting, as it will compel us to maintain a large force to keep the roads open as we advance into the south.”

CHAPTER VII.

FROM JEFFERSON TO BOONEVILLE—FIRST BATTLE IN MISSOURI.

LET us now return to General Lyon, whom we left at Jefferson City, which he had occupied without opposition. The union men gave him a hearty welcome, while the secessionists received him with many a frown.

Major Conant, of General Lyon's staff, visited the penitentiary, which was full of convicts, who cheered heartily as he entered. They had hoped to be liberated when the rebels left town, and no doubt would have been willing to enter the service as a condition of getting outside the stone walls that surrounded them. They had been secession in sentiment, but finding the rebels had gone without them they suddenly changed their politics and shouted lustily for the Union when the officer representing the authority of the United States came among them. A few only held out and cheered for Jeff Davis and Governor Jackson, probably for the reason that they believed in secession, and especially in secession from where they were. There was gloom all around when they found that General Lyon had no intention of setting them free, and that the sole object of the visit of Major Conant was to see that the prison was properly guarded, and ascertain that no work on behalf of the rebels was being carried on there.

The editor of the *Examiner*, a newspaper which had been advocating secession in the most violent manner,

called upon General Lyon, and said he had been a union man always, and was in favor of keeping the state in the Union, though he had thought differently only a short time before. There were several cases of equally sudden conversion, but the general did not consider these professions of patriotism anything more than skin deep. Missouri was full of men of this sort—men who were in favor of the rebellion at heart, but in presence of the Union flag were the most profound unionists that the country ever saw.

As soon as it was positively known that the fleeing rebels had decided to make a stand at Booneville, which was about forty miles from Jefferson City, General Lyon started in pursuit of them. Loading his troops on three steamboats, with the exception of three companies of infantry, which were left to hold possession of Jefferson City, he started up the Missouri early on the afternoon of Sunday, June sixteenth, and by sunset reached a point ten or twelve miles below Booneville, where it was decided to tie up for the night. Bright and early the next morning the steamers moved on, and were brought to the bank of the river six or seven miles below Booneville.

The rebels had formed a camp, known as Camp Vest, about half-way between this landing-place and the town, and as they had several cannon there, it was not deemed advisable to move the steamboats within their range until the infantry or artillery of the land forces had made a demonstration.

In the gray of the morning the troops were landed, and the bank of the river presented a scene to which it was quite unaccustomed. Officers were hurrying about here and there; companies were endeavoring to assemble, as they had become a good deal scattered in the hurry of getting on shore; the artillery was dragged up the steep slope of the bank with a vast deal of shouting on the part of the drivers, including a liberal amount of language that is not

usually found in theological works ; the saddle-horses of the officers danced around in endeavoring to show their satisfaction at getting on land again, and some of them escaped from the orderlies who were holding them and were retaken with difficulty. Altogether it was a picture long to be remembered by those who saw it.

There was no cavalry in the expedition, with the exception of General Lyon's body-guard of eight or ten Germans who had been specially enlisted for this purpose. These men, previous to their enlistment, had been employed in a butchering establishment in St. Louis. The story got abroad that German butchers had been enlisted for the Union army, and, as usual, it was magnified with each repetition until it seemed that every man who wore the national uniform was a professional spiller of blood. Out of this circumstance grew the most terrific predictions as to what the butchers would do when they got possession of a place or marched through any part of the state, and it was for this reason, among others, that so many people fled in terror when they heard that the Union army was coming. General Lyon's butchers were as well behaved as the most fastidious commander could desire ; they were good soldiers, obedient to their commander, and would not harm a fly except in the performance of their legitimate duty.

Before seven o'clock in the morning the column was in motion, the cavalry squad in advance and skirmishers thrown out for half a mile or so on either side. Very soon after leaving the landing-place the road ascended a series of undulating hills or ridges, and the advance had not gone far on this road before the pickets of the enemy were driven in. Then one of the cavalymen rode hastily back and said that the whole force of the state troops were drawn up on one of the ridges only a few hundred yards away. The battle was about to begin !



FIGHT AT THE STONE BRIDGE.

The regular soldiers and the First Missouri were ordered forward, the rest of the volunteer regiments were held in reserve, and the battery commanded by Captain Totten took position in the middle of the road on one of the ridges in full view of the enemy on the other side of a wheat-field that filled the greater part of the hollow from ridge to ridge. On the ridge held by the enemy the road was filled with horsemen, while the men on foot were deployed to right and left, slightly protected by fences that divided the fields.

Captain Totten unlimbered a twelve-pounder gun and sent a shell right in the midst of the group of horsemen in the road.

To say that the shell kicked up a great dust is to describe the result very mildly. It not only kicked up a dust but it set all the horses to kicking up, and though it did not kill anybody, as far as was afterwards ascertained, it emptied a dozen saddles by the rearing and plunging of the steeds. None of them had ever seen anything of the kind before. It takes a hardened old horse to stand an exploding shell, and even then there's some doubt as to whether he will be quiet under such trying circumstances.

The opening shot of the artillery was rapidly followed by others, and then the small-arms added their noise to the firing. Of course the rebels by this time were doing their best, and the bullets flew thickly, but as is always the case in battle, most of them were aimed too high. Here and there a man was wounded, but as General Lyon had ordered all who were not actually engaged to keep out of range no harm was done outside the fighting line, and even there the bloodshed was slight.

In twenty minutes from the time the first shot was fired the rebels were in full retreat and the unionists were following them. Not only were the rebels in retreat, but they were scattered and a good deal demoralized. In jus-

tice to them it should be said that no commander ever yet existed who could keep his men completely together in time of flight under an enemy's fire. Of course veterans will act better than green troops, but even the hardest of veterans will straggle under such circumstances.

The fugitives made no stand until they reached their camp, and even there they did not tarry long. A few rounds of bullets and some shots from the artillery set them again in flight, which was considerably aided by one of the steamboats that had moved up from the landing-place and fired two or three rounds from a howitzer just as it reached a point opposite the camp. "Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them," as the Light Brigade had at Balaklava, was too much for the rebel troops to stand.

There was something ludicrous in the appearance of the camp, as it bore evidence of a very hasty departure on the part of its late occupants. Meat was in the frying-pans on the fire, half-baked beans filled the camp-ovens, and pots of unboiled coffee were standing ready for the attention of the cook. On the ground lay a ham with a slice half severed and a knife still sticking in the meat. The camp-chest of some of the officers was all spread for breakfast, but those who had expected to take their morning meal there were now in rapid flight for safety.

A cooked breakfast should not be wasted, so some of our fellows thought, and they set about devouring what the fugitives had left. Tents were standing, piles of provisions were heaped up, a good many rifles and other weapons were scattered on the ground, and altogether the captors made a satisfactory seizure. One of the officers found several hundred dollars in a trunk in one of the tents and thoughtfully put the money in his pocket, in order, as he said, to hand it to the owner in case he should ever meet and recognize him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAPTURED CAMP—A CHAPLAIN'S EXPLOIT.

THERE were no horses in camp, but there were many saddles, an indication that the camp was evacuated so hastily that there was not time to put the accouterments on the steeds, where they belonged. The saddles came handy to the civilian attachés of the expedition, and so did the blankets and a good many other things that had been left behind. A company of infantry was left in charge of the camp, and then the rest of the column pressed on in pursuit.

Outside the town there was another brief halt, caused by the presence of a small company of mounted men, who evidently acted as a rear-guard, and with whom a few shots were exchanged. Some of the dignitaries of Booneville came out to surrender the place and beg that private property should be respected, and while they were parleying with General Lyon and Colonel Blair two steamboats left the landing in front of Booneville and steamed up the river. They carried the greater part of the fleeing rebels, the remainder making their escape by land along the river road.

And so ended the battle of Booneville. The losses on the Union side were three killed and ten wounded; on the rebel side the number of casualties was never positively known, owing to the fact that many of the state troops fled directly to their homes and stayed there, or at all events were not heard from again. Eight or ten

were known to have been killed, and about twenty wounded.

A year or two later an affair of this sort would have been regarded merely as a roadside skirmish, but at that time it was an occurrence of great moment. From one end of the country to the other the account of it was published, and it has become known to history as an important battle. Politically it was of great consequence, as it was the first battle fought in Missouri, if we leave out of consideration the incidents of Camp Jackson and the day after, which cannot be regarded as battles in any sense. It was the first trial of strength between the state authorities of Missouri and the national government, and as a trial of strength it showed the power of the United States and the resources and abilities of the government better than could have been done by a whole volume of proclamations.

Disciplined troops were brought face to face with raw recruits who had not received even the rudiments of military instruction. Many of them were not even organized into companies, but had come together hastily at the call of the governor, and on the day of the battle were trying to fight "on their own hook." And they learned the lesson which is generally taught under such circumstances—that such a hook is a very poor one to fight on.

The greenness of the men is shown by some of the incidents of the day. Reverend William A. Pile, the chaplain of the First Missouri, was a muscular Christian, who showed such a fondness for fighting that he afterward went into the service and gained the rank of brigadier-general before the war was over. At Booneville he was assigned to look after the wounded, and for this purpose was given command of four soldiers, two of them from the mounted escort of General Lyon, and two infantrymen from the First Missouri.

While looking about the field after the rebels had been put to flight, the chaplain came suddenly upon a group of men who seemed uncertain what to do. Most of them had rifles and shotguns, and might have made it very uncomfortable for the man of religion.

He hesitated not a moment, but drew his revolver. He was mounted on a good horse, one of the steeds taken in the early part of the battle, and had all the dignity of a captain of cavalry.

Ordering his two cavalymen to accompany him, and telling the infantry column—of two men—to follow as fast as they could, he dashed up to the group and presented his pistol as though about to fire.

“Throw down your arms and surrender!” the chaplain commanded, in a voice like the roaring of a young bull.

The men dropped their arms to the ground, and stood in that dazed attitude with which a cow looks at a railway train.

“About face, march!” shouted the chaplain, anxious to get the fellows away from their weapons before they had time to collect their senses and make it uncomfortable for their would-be captors.

Mechanically the men obeyed, and when they were at a good distance from the guns that had been left on the ground he halted them to give his infantry a chance to come up and help surround the prisoners.

The infantry came up, and the prisoners, twenty-four in all, were duly “surrounded” and marched into camp, where they were placed among others of their late comrades-in-arms. Twenty-four armed men surrounded and captured by four soldiers and a chaplain is an occurrence not often known in war. The prisoners were mostly beardless youths, who had little appreciation of what war was or is. Only the rawest of soldiers could be captured in this way and brought safely into the lines, and it re-

quired all the audacity of which the chaplain was capable to carry out his enterprise.

Booneville was entered in triumph, and there was great excitement among the inhabitants, many of whom expected to be murdered in cold blood after witnessing the pillaging of their houses and the destruction of everything that the "Yankee thieves" did not desire to carry away. The poorer part of the population was generally loyal, while the wealthier inhabitants were nearly all in favor of secession. There were some rich people who were staunch supporters of the Union, but they had a hard time of it among their more numerous secession neighbors.

A considerable quantity of rebel stores and arms were taken at Booneville and in the neighborhood, and altogether the forces that were arrayed under the secession banner suffered a heavy loss in things that were valuable to them. The hiding-places of these valuables were pointed out by union men, who in some instances desired their identity concealed for fear of the vengeance that would be visited upon them after the national troops should go away. They complained that they had been very badly treated, and several of them had been given a certain number of days in which to close up their affairs and leave town. Their time of probation had not ended when the battle and its result rendered their departure a matter which the rebels were not exactly able to control.

General Lyon issued a proclamation, in which he briefly recited the events of the past week and warned the people not to take up arms against the government. He advised all who had been in arms to go to their homes, and promised that all who would do so and remain quietly attending to their own business, should not be disturbed for past offenses. The proclamation had a good effect, and the number recently under arms who went home and

stayed there was by no means small. Unhappily it was more than offset by those who responded to the summons of the governor and went to follow the fortunes of the army that he was organizing.

Preparations were now made for an advance into the southwest part of the state, as it was understood that the rebels would attempt to make a stand there, where they would be assisted by the troops that the Confederate government was sending to help in getting Missouri out of the Union.

General Sweeney was ordered to march from Rolla to Springfield, and at the same time General Lyon would move from Booneville toward the same point. Simultaneously a column under Major Sturgis was to advance from Leavenworth, Kansas, through the western part of Missouri, and the three columns were to unite near Springfield and endeavor to cut off and disperse the rebels that were concentrating with a view to taking the offensive. This was the plan, but owing to the absence of railways it could not be carried out in a hurry.

The First Iowa reached Booneville shortly after the battle, and most of its officers and soldiers were greatly disappointed to think they could not have had a hand in the fight.

Jack and Harry had their first view of the Missouri river from the bank opposite Booneville, and were greatly interested in studying the mighty stream as the ferryboat carried them across.

As he looked at the yellow flood pouring along with the rapidity which is one of its characteristics, Jack remarked :

" I understand now why they call it 'The Big Muddy,' as it is certainly the muddiest river I ever saw."

" Yes," replied Harry ; " but I don't believe it is as bad as Senator Benton said of it, 'too thick to swim in, but

not thick enough to walk on.' Anyhow, we'll settle that question by having a swim the first chance we get."

They had their swim, but though they verified the incorrectness of the distinguished senator's assertion, they decided that one must be very dirty indeed to be benefited by a bath in the Missouri; and they readily believed what they were told by a resident of Booneville, that in the time of flood you can get an ounce of solid matter out of every eight ounces of water from the river.

"Look on the map of the United States," said their informant, "and see how the Mississippi river has pushed the delta through which its mouths empty into the Gulf of Mexico. The land that is formed there has been brought down by the water that fills the channel of the river; some of it comes from the lower Mississippi, but probably the greater part is from the valley of the Missouri."

CHAPTER IX.

REGULARS AND VOLUNTEERS—FORAGING IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

JACK and Harry were pretty busily employed about the camp for the first two or three days following their arrival at Booneville. After that time they had more leisure, and were greatly interested in many matters that came under their observation.

One of the first things to arouse their curiosity was the camp of the regular soldiers that formed a part of General Lyon's expedition. When they heard of this part of the force they wanted to know what a "regular" soldier was.

"They are called regulars," the quartermaster explained, "because they belong to the regular army which the country maintains in times of peace. Compared with the volunteer army, the regulars are few in number, but as long as we have only Indians to contend with they are quite enough for all practical purposes. In time of peace our regular army includes only twenty thousand men, but in case of war the president calls on the different states to send volunteer troops to the field in such number as may be wanted. The president called for troops to put down the rebellion, and the states that remained loyal to the Union have sent the number required of them in proportion to their population."

"That 's what is meant by the 'quota' of each state, I suppose," said Jack.

"Yes," was the reply. "The quota of a state is made out according to its population, and there have been some funny complications arising out of this point. In order to have as many representatives in Congress as possible, and for other reasons, some of the new states have been overstating their population, or claiming more inhabitants than they really have. Now, when it comes to furnishing troops on the same basis, they are trying to understate their population, and declare that they made mistakes in their previous figures."

"It is like a man claiming to be rich in order to obtain credit or 'show off,' and then pleading poverty as a reason for not paying his debts."

"That 's exactly the case," was the reply. "You could not have made a better illustration."

Neither Jack nor Harry could see that there was any great difference between the camp of the regulars and that of the volunteers, excepting that the former seemed to be under more rigid discipline. When it came to drilling and performing the evolutions necessary to military life it was evident that the regulars were greatly the superiors, but the youths naturally concluded that it was simply a question of experience. "These regulars," said Jack, "have been a long while in the service, and had nothing to do except to learn their business. Wait till the volunteers have been the same time under arms, and they 'll come out just as good soldiers."

"Right you are," said the quartermaster, who overheard the remark. "It takes time and practice to make a soldier; the raw recruit may be just as brave as the veteran, but one veteran is worth as much as a dozen raw recruits, for the simple reason that he has been drilled and disciplined."

The youths talked with some of the regulars, and found that they had not troubled themselves much about the

causes of the war nor the questions involved in the contest. The most they knew was that they were enlisted to serve under the government. They were there to obey the orders of their officers, and that was the whole business.

It was the same with some of the regular officers when the war broke out, but by no means with all. Some of them treated the question of loyalty as altogether a matter over which they had no control; they were to support the government, and had no occasion to trouble themselves about political questions. Others entered into the political bearings of the subject, and were swayed according to their predilections. Those born and reared in the Northern states adhered to the national cause almost to a man, and served according to the best of their abilities, while the majority of those who came from the Southern states considered themselves bound to go as did their states. These men resigned their commissions in the army and entered the service of the Confederacy, though there were some who felt that while they could not fight against their native states, it would not be compatible with honor for them to take arms against the national government. These officers remained neutral throughout the war, some of them staying quietly at home, while others went abroad to be out of the reach of disturbing influences.

It was a noticeable circumstance that the spirit of loyalty to the government was stronger among the enlisted soldiers of the regular army than among the officers, in proportion to their numbers. In the instances where the forts and arsenals in the Southern states were treacherously surrendered to the secessionists at the beginning of the war, nearly all the soldiers refused to serve against the government, even when their officers urged them to do so.

Preparations for the march into the southwestern part of Missouri were pushed as rapidly as possible, but the difficulty of getting together the necessary wagons and animals for transportation purposes consumed a fortnight of valuable time. This time was utilized by the state authorities, who gathered several thousand men at Lexington and marched thence in the direction of the Arkansas frontier, where they were to meet the famous Texan ranger, Ben McCulloch, who was to come north to join them. In spite of all his activity General Lyon was not able to get away from Booneville in season to head off General Price and the rebels that were serving under him.

But the rebels came near meeting another obstacle that they did not know of. General Sweeney, with the brigades of Generals Sigel and Saloman, marched from Rolla in the direction of Springfield, and so quickly did he move that Price had no knowledge of his advance. As soon as he reached Springfield General Sweeney sent General Sigel westward in the direction of Carthage to head off the rebels who were supposed to be under command of Price. The fact was the latter general had already gone south with his escort to meet Ben McCulloch; the state troops which General Sigel was trying to cut off were consequently headed by Governor Jackson in person.

The two forces met each other on the fifth of July not far from Carthage and fought a battle which was very much like the one of Booneville in the extent of its casualties, though less successful for the Union cause. Sigel's command was only about one-fourth the number of those opposed to him; nearly two thousand of the rebels were mounted men, although very few of them had any weapons whatever, a fact which was unknown to the union commander. When he saw this great force pressing on his flanks, he naturally supposed his column to be in danger,

and prudently gave the order to retire from the field. The retirement was effected in good order, and though the rebels pursued a few miles they inflicted no damage. The collision delayed the movements of the rebels toward the southwest, though it did not prevent it, and the elation which they felt over the repulse of the enemy was more than an offset for the delay.

On the march from Booneville to Springfield strict orders were given that there should be no depredating on private property, the rights of every citizen being fully respected. The order was very well obeyed, but it was impossible to carry it out to its fullest extent. Chickens that did not roost high had a habit of disappearing at night and never turning up again except in the stewpans of some of the soldiers or possibly in those of the officers; pigs that strayed from their pens when the army was about did not readily get back again, but on the whole there was not much cause of remonstrance on the part of the inhabitants.

The most serious complaint was on the part of the union men, and certainly they had a right to say something on the subject. The situation was expressed in this way by one of them who was talking with an officer in the presence of Jack and Harry:

"Look a-here," said the citizen; "why don't you'uns go and take Jones's corn and potatoes and anything else you want? He's a secesher of the worst sort, and you ought to make him sweat for it. When the state troops went through here they took my horses and corn and wagons and paid me with receipts that I can't sell anywhere for five cents on the dollar. I tried to get them to let me alone, but they said I'd been saying I was a union man, and if I was I'd got to help support the war, and they'd take everything I had. They did n't touch Jones, because he's on their side.

"The rebels come along and plunder the union men, but when you-'uns come you don't touch the seceshers nor anybody else, except to pay in clean cash for what you want. It's a one-sided business anyhow, and if it keeps on I 'll have to turn secesh to save myself."

This was actually the case for some time in Missouri and other border-states, and there is no doubt that many men who were in favor of the Union at the start became rebels in course of time in order to save their property. After a while affairs were changed and the men who were on the side of the rebellion had to suffer when our armies came in their vicinity. The property of all was seized wherever wanted. A union man was compensated for his loss, while a pronounced rebel had great difficulty in securing compensation, and very often did not get anything whatever.

Later in the war Jack and Harry became known for their expertness in foraging, and many were the chickens and pigs that fell into their hands. They had splendid noses for scenting game, and when they could not find anything edible in a section of country it was pretty certain that the region had already been swept bare.

The skill acquired by our soldiers in catching "game" is well illustrated in the way they used to take pigs while marching at will along the road. A pig would make its appearance by the roadside along which a regiment was making its way. Some of the foremost men would throw out a few grains of corn, and, at the same time word would be passed along the line and several of the men in the rear would fix their bayonets on their guns. Piggy, all unsuspecting, would be tolled by the corn close to the roadside, and as the rear soldiers came along two of them transfixed the creature through the neck with a bayonet and swung him in the air. He was caught in the arms of two other soldiers, who speedily

disemboweled him, and then cut up and distributed the meat. It was all done without breaking out of the line of march, and was characterized by the officers as a "wonderful triumph of mind over matter."

Chickens were the favorite plunder of food-seeking soldiers, partly on account of their toothsome character and partly in view of their portability. Pigs and sheep came next in the line of desirable things, as they could be subdivided with ease and if necessary with great celerity.

CHAPTER X.

LESSONS IN MULE-DRIVING—CRITICAL POSITION OF THE ARMY.

OUR young friends were not long in receiving the promotion they desired and certainly deserved. From being mere attachés, or as Jack expressed it, "adjutants," of the wagon-train they were raised to the dignity of drivers each having a team of his own. It was a promotion at which they were greatly elated, though it brought additional responsibilities and hard work.

Shortly after leaving Booneville one of the regular drivers fell ill and was left behind. His place was given to Harry, who had shown himself fairly competent to fill it in spite of his youth, and also in spite of his lack of that accomplishment of the ordinary teamster, a familiarity with profanity. We have already alluded to this peculiarity of the average driver, and the faith possessed by many people that mules and oxen cannot be successfully managed except by an expert in swearing. But Harry got around the difficulty nicely and very much to his credit.

His education was not extensive, and had been confined to the ordinary branches of the common school. He was proficient in the three R's: "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic," and had made a fair start in grammar and geography. While wondering what to do in order to be able to drive a mule team successfully, and at the same time avoid falling into the use of profanity, he hit upon an idea which



THE CAPTORS CAPTURED.

is commended to all readers of this narrative under similar circumstances.

He picked out the hardest names he could remember in his geographical studies and determined to make them the means of propelling obstinate animals and inducing them to pull properly when pulling was desired. With the permission of one of the regular drivers he practiced on the teams and found his plan worked very well; so well, in fact, that it received the commendation of the chaplain and of the colonel of the regiment, and furthermore, the team seemed to enjoy it.

"Sebastopol" was one of his favorite expletives, and when he hurled it at a mule, hissing the first syllable through his teeth and giving full vent to his voice on the last, that mule was sure to do his very best until the load moved or the harness gave way. In the same manner he found "Calcutta" an expletive of great power, and so was "Nagasaki" and also "St. Petersburg." When he wanted something of unusual strength for a momentous occasion he informed his obstinate animals that "Vienna is the Capital of Austria," or "the Dutch have taken Holland." Nothing could surpass the efforts of the team when these phrases were thrown into the elongated ears of the unschooled mules.

Harry imparted his plan to Jack, and when that youth was shortly afterward put in charge of a team which had been hired at Booneville for the trip to Springfield, he repeated the experiment. It did not work as well as in Harry's case, but the reason was found in the fact that Jack's mules were of Missouri origin and proverbially ignorant, while those of Harry had come all the way from Iowa, and had the benefit of a northern training. While the Northern mules might be supposed to have a thirst for travel that would make geographical facts sink deep into their hearts, those of the more southern state were

content to remain in their ignorance, and, like Jeff Davis, "all they asked was to be let alone."

"You're saying that in joke, of course," remarked the quartermaster when Jack explained the reason of the difference in the animals of the two states. "But let me tell you," he continued, "that you're nearer fact than you suppose. 'Like master like man' is an old adage, and why should n't a Missouri mule be like a Missouri man? As a general thing the Missouri people have opposed everything that tended to the development of the state. I refer to the slaveholding portion, or those who sympathize with slavery, though they may have no slaves of their own."

"How was that?"

"They were afraid it would interfere with their system of slavery, as they saw it would bring in a population that believed in freedom instead of the old state of things. When the Butterfield Overland Stage Line was established from St. Louis to California they tried all they could to stop it; they declared it was n't needed; and they did the same when the Western Union Telegraph Co. wanted to build a line across the state. They opposed the railways that have been built in various parts of the state, and for the same reason, notwithstanding the fact that the railways would make their land more valuable by bringing them nearer a market. I have lived in Missouri and know what I'm talking about.

"Education has always been much more backward in the South than in the North, as everybody knows, and it is the system of slavery that caused this backwardness. Travel through the Northern states and you see a school-house in every village and almost at every cross-road, but in the South you may go hundreds of miles without seeing a school-house. This one fact speaks volumes in itself and illustrates the conditions growing out of slavery on the

one hand and freedom on the other. A people that do not want education do not want railways and telegraphs, or anything else that indicates progress. Only when the South gets rid of slavery will it wake up and adopt the institutions of the North."

Regarding the South in the light of the present day, the words uttered by the quartermaster may be regarded as prophetic. It is only since the war wiped away the stain of slavery that the Southern states have vied with the North in developing their resources and have sought to have a really intelligent population. Before the war education was confined chiefly to the rich or the well-to-do, the majority of the poor whites being but little above the negro in the scale of intelligence. Thousands on thousands of them were unable to read or write, and those who could do so had little knowledge of the rest of the world.

Our young friends had frequent opportunities to test the intelligence of the natives of the region through which they were traveling, and many of their experiences were amusing. One day they talked with a farmer who had an impression that St. Louis was the largest city in the world, and practically the only one. He had heard of New York and Chicago, but had no clear idea of their location except that they were somewhere in the North, and did not believe they amounted to much anyway. He thought Abraham Lincoln was a black man, who had somehow been made president of the United States by the abolitionists, and if his armies succeeded in conquering the South the government would be altogether in the hands of the blacks, who would speedily proceed to enslave the rest of the population and "have white men for niggers."

Several times they talked with men and women who were much surprised to find the Yankee soldiers were

white men; they had expected to see only negroes, and especially thought it strange that the officers were white instead of black. A woman at whose house they stopped to get a drink of water said she did n't mind the white soldiers, but when it came to the black republicans she would n't be able to endure them.

"Why, we are black republicans, madam; or would be if we could vote," said Jack.

"No, you can't be," was the reply; "you're just as white as we-'uns if you'd only wash your faces."

The boys good-naturedly enlightened her on the subject by explaining that the term "black republicans" was a derisive one, which the Democrats had applied to the Republican party, and had no reference to the complexion of those who voted the Republican ticket. They were not sure that they had convinced her, though they certainly raised doubts in her mind when she saw the hundreds and thousands of men that marched past the place, and all of them anything but negroes.

Another time they were less successful, as the native whom they sought to instruct pointed triumphantly to the colored servant of one of the officers, who was mounted on a spare horse belonging to his employer.

"Don't talk to me that way," was the angry retort, "when there's one of your generals, a regular nigger, on a black horse."

The joke was too good to be kept, and that evening it was circulated through the camp. It caused a great deal of laughter, and for some days the servant who had been the innocent cause of the mistake was addressed by his associates as "general."

There was no fighting on the march from Booneville to Springfield, as the state forces under Governor Jackson and General Price were on their line of march considerably farther west, and had a good start. They were being

followed by a column from Leavenworth, under command of Major Sturgis, but the pursuers were not able to overtake them, being delayed at the crossing of a river which lay on their route. It had been hoped that the rebels would be caught between the two columns of Sturgis and Sweeney, and if they had been thus caught there was an excellent chance of a Union victory.

As the days wore on after the arrival of the Union forces at Springfield, the most important town of southwestern Missouri, the situation became critical. It was known that General Price had formed a camp at Cowskin Prairie, near the southwest corner of the state, to wait for the reinforcements that were promised by the Confederacy, and it was soon learned that these reinforcements had arrived and Price was about to move on Springfield.

Altogether General Lyon had about six thousand men under his command, but many of them were enlisted for only three months ; the expiration of the time of some of them was fast approaching, and others were already free to go home.

General Fremont had been placed in command of the department, and to him General Lyon sent an earnest appeal for reinforcements, saying he would be compelled to retreat unless troops were sent to him. The desired troops were promised, but before they started the rebels threatened Cairo in Illinois, and the regiments destined for General Lyon were sent there instead of going to southwestern Missouri, as originally intended.

Lyon was receiving no reinforcements, while Price was gaining in strength and adding to the effectiveness of his men. About the twentieth of July Lyon's force was weakened by the departure of two regiments of three-months' men whose time had expired, while the time of the First Iowa (the regiment to which Jack and Harry were attached) would be out early in August. No wonder

General Lyon was troubled in mind, and that he sent urgent appeals to General Fremont for immediate aid.

News came that the rebels were advancing upon Springfield and that a great battle was imminent. Jack and Harry were jubilant at the promise of fighting, but older ones shook their heads and looked serious. The secession inhabitants of Springfield were rejoicing over the prospect of soon being rid of their Yankee visitors; they could not conceal their delight, and this circumstance convinced the thoughtful ones among the unionists that the coming clash of arms would be anything but a light one.

CHAPTER XI.

A TERRIBLE MARCH—A FIGHT AND A RETREAT.

ON the first of August General Lyon marched out on the road to the southwest and in the direction where the enemy was supposed to be ; in fact, where it was positively known that he could be found. Most of the wagons were left behind, and among them were those driven by Jack and Harry. Not wishing to miss the chance of seeing a battle, those enterprising youths accompanied the column by permission of their regimental quartermaster, and under promise to return whenever word reached them that they were wanted.

August is a hot month in that part of the country ; in fact, it is a hot month, as everybody knows, from one end of the United States to the other. Only a few miles were made on the first day's march from Springfield, but those few miles witnessed the exhaustion of many of the soldiers. The next day the column moved on to a place known as "Dug Spring," probably to distinguish it from the natural springs which abound through that country. And the heat of that day was something terrific.

Scores of men, overcome by the sultry atmosphere, dropped out of the line of march and fell exhausted by the roadside, where some of them died from the effects of sun-stroke. Water was to be found only at long intervals, and when found the springs were soon rendered muddy or were completely exhausted by the crowds that rushed into them.

In southwest Missouri, as in many parts of the southern states, the spring which supplies a residence is covered with a frame building eight or ten feet square, and known as the springhouse. There are very few cellars in that region, and the springhouse is used for preserving milk, meat and other articles requiring the lowest attainable temperature in the absence of ice. The spring that gave the name to the locality in question was of this sort, and a small stream of water flowed from it perpetually, and probably is flowing still. To realize what happened there, let us quote from a letter which Harry wrote that evening to his mother :

“ MY DEAR MOTHER : I have known what it was to be very thirsty, but until to-day I never knew what it was to suffer—actually suffer—for want of water, though I have often thought I knew. It was one of the hottest days I ever saw in my life ; the road was just one long line of dust, as no rain had fallen for some time and the ground was perfectly dry. We had a little skirmishing with the rebels in front of us, but it was very evident that we only met small scouting parties of them, as they fell back very soon after we met them. But so much did the men suffer for want of water that they didn't care for the enemy, and would have risked their lives for a cooling drink from a brook or spring.

“ We had left Wilson's Creek and Tyrol's Creek behind us ; they are little streams or brooks that ordinarily contain only a few inches of water, but are said to be small rivers in their way when heavy rains fall. We went several miles without water, and at length the head of the column reached a large spring, which they told us was made by digging in the low ground, and for this reason it was called Dug Spring.

“ Of course the first men that came to it rushed into the little springhouse to quench their thirst and fill their canteens, which they succeeded in doing. But before they had done so the crowd around the building was so dense that those inside could not get out ; everybody was frantically seeking for water, water, water, and so wild were the men that the officers could not control them.

“ They lifted the springhouse from its foundations and threw it to one side, but this didn't help matters any. As fast as the men came up and the word was passed that there was a spring there, the ranks were broken and all that the officers could do was not enough to keep the men in place. Officers and men struggled together for water and all distinctions of rank were lost,

"The spring was soon exhausted and so was a trough close by that contained water which had evidently stood there for some days. A pool a little way below the spring, where the hogs had wallowed, was eagerly sought by the struggling crowd and their feet stirred the contents so that it was half mud. Soldiers had a hard struggle to fill their canteens with this stuff, and when they had done so and came out of the crowd they refused to give away a single drop. One of the newspaper correspondents says he saw an officer offer five dollars to a soldier for a canteen full of this liquid, and the soldier refused it, saying he could not get any more and would die himself unless he had something to drink.

"By the time Jack and I got to the spring the water was all gone and we didn't know what to do, as we were ready to drop with thirst. Our tongues were swollen and almost hanging from our mouths, and we felt we could not stand it much longer. I dashed into the crowd at the spring and saw it was no use; then I got into the other crowd at the pool and tore up two handfuls of the moist earth and carried them to one side. Jack did just like me, and we managed to squeeze a few drops of water out of the earth which we had thus secured. We tried it again, others did the same thing, and somehow we managed to get enough to cool our throats just a little.

"We camped this evening on a little creek a few miles further on, and here we are. The men care little for food; all they want just now is to get enough water to drink. The camp is in great confusion and if a well-disciplined enemy should fall on us just now it would have a good chance of whipping us. They say the rebels are only a little way ahead of us, and perhaps we shall have a fight with them to-morrow."

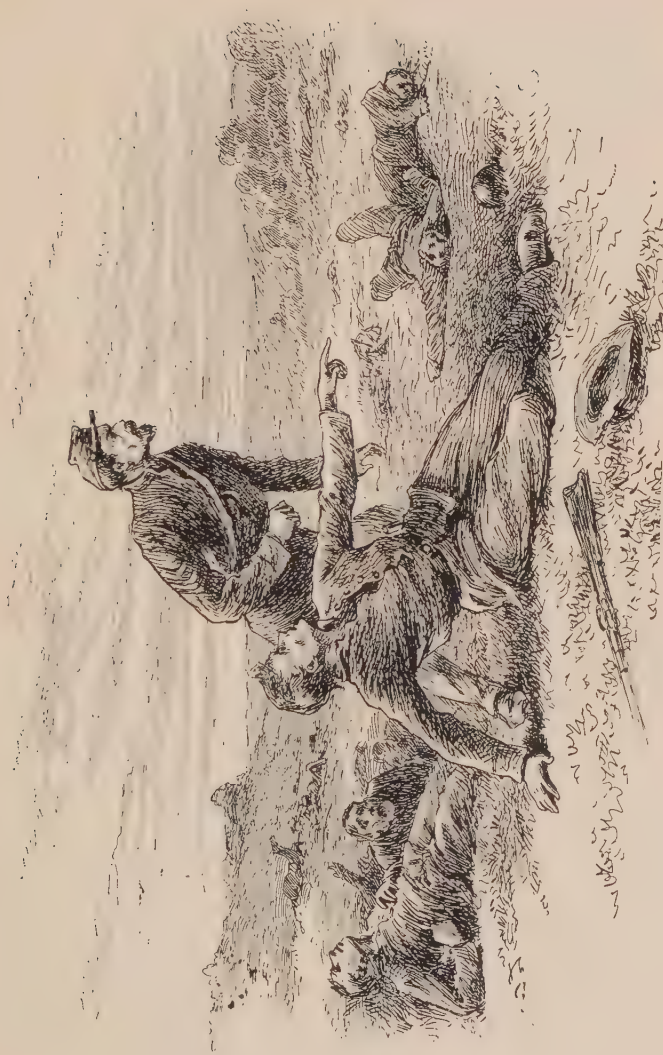
On the next day there was a skirmish, in which a few men were wounded, and the report was that the rebels had suffered severely; but as usual in such cases, especially at the beginning of the war, the rumors were far above the facts. As an illustration of this tendency we will take one of the battles of 1861 in which there were ten killed on one side and thirteen on the other, and about forty wounded. The Union commander estimated the rebel loss "at not less than from three hundred and fifty to four hundred," while the Confederate historians said the Union loss was "from one hundred fifty to two hundred killed, and from three hundred to four hundred wounded." One of the best reports of a skirmish was

that of a commander who wrote, "our loss was nothing; the enemy's is not known, but is certainly three times as great as our own."

Twenty-four miles from Springfield General Lyon decided to fall back to that town, as he learned that the rebels had a force three or four times as great as his own; it turned out that these figures were a good deal exaggerated, but after making the most liberal deductions it is certain that they had fully twice his number. He reached Springfield on the fifth of August, and was more disheartened than ever. No reinforcements had come to him from General Fremont, and from all indications none were likely to be sent in time to do him any good. He had two alternatives: to fight a battle with great odds against him, or to fall back to Rolla, the terminus of the railroad, without a fight.

At a council of his officers it was decided that the moral effect of retreating without a battle would be greater than after one; unless, indeed, the army should be so badly defeated that escape would be impossible. The rebels advanced and camped on Wilson's Creek, ten miles from Springfield. It has become known since that there was a bitter quarrel between General's McCulloch and Price, and in consequence of this quarrel the rebels did not come at once to attack Springfield.

McCulloch was carrying out the policy of the Confederate government, which just then did not favor pushing the war into the border states; while Price wanted to take the offensive against the national government and push the Union forces quite out of the state of Missouri. He was for fighting and pushing on, while McCulloch was opposed to anything of the kind; not on account of cowardice, be it understood, for he was as brave a soldier as the Confederacy produced during the war, but for political reasons, which have just been mentioned. He was only



LOOKING FOR THE FALLEN FLAG.

induced to march upon Springfield by General Price giving up the command to him, and furthermore by the threat of the latter that if McCulloch still refused to advance, he (Price) would alone advance with his Missourians and give battle to the Union forces.

On the eighth of August Price learned that Lyon was fearful of an attack, and was making preparations to abandon Springfield. He urged McCulloch to advance at once, but the latter would not do so. On the ninth it was decided that an attack would be made on Springfield the next day, and the troops were ordered to be in readiness to move at nine o'clock that night. But the plan was changed on account of a slight rain which fell towards evening and threatened to continue during the night. Many of the Missourians had no cartridge-boxes and were obliged to carry their ammunition in their pockets; consequently, a rain would have spoiled their cartridges and made these soldiers useless in a fight.

To what slight causes do we often owe the course of events!

The rain which stopped the Confederate advance did not interfere with the plan which General Lyon formed during the day after consultation with his officers. It was to move out on the night of the ninth and be ready to attack by daylight on the tenth. The rebels were camped along Wilson's Creek for a distance altogether of about three miles, and it was not likely that they expected General Lyon would seek to trouble them with his greatly inferior numbers. As they expected to move at daylight, to attack Springfield, they had drawn in their pickets, and consequently were not aware of the Union advance until it was close upon them. General Lyon's plan was to attack both ends of the rebel camp at the same time, and for this purpose he divided his forces, sending General Sigel with his own and Colonel Solomon's regi-

ments of infantry, a battery of six guns and two companies of regular cavalry to attack the right wing of the rebels on the east side of the Fayetteville road. At the same time he proposed, with the remainder of the Union forces, to fall upon the other wing of the enemy's camp. The movements were to be so timed that the attack would be made at daylight, and General Sigel, in case he got first into position, was to wait for the sound of General Lyon's guns.

On this plan the two forces marched out of Springfield on the evening of the ninth. To how many men was that the last march, including the brave commander of the Union army of southwest Missouri!

Each column by midnight had reached a point about four miles from the rebel camp, and within sight of some of the rebel camp-fires. There the men bivouacked on the field, and waited anxiously for the coming dawn. Daylight glimmered at length in the east, and, with as much silence as is possible to an advancing army, the march was resumed.

CHAPTER XII.

BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.—DEATH OF GENERAL LYON.

HERE is a description of the battlefield of the tenth of August, 1861, by a gentleman who was there on that occasion, and afterward visited the spot when he could do so without danger from shells and bullets.

As you go south from Springfield there is a comparatively level country for several miles, but in approaching the creek which gives the name to the battlefield you find a more broken region. The valley of the creek is bordered by low hills, and at the time of the fight these hills were covered with scrub-oaks, which were generally known to the natives as "black-jacks." These trees are so thickly scattered in many places that it is impossible to see for any distance, and on the day of the battle they masked the movements of the opposing armies from each other and led to several surprises.

The Fayetteville road going south crosses the creek at a ford and then runs almost parallel to the course of the stream for nearly a mile. On this part of the road and along the creek the main body of the Confederates was encamped, and the camp extended up a tributary of Wilson's Creek known as Skegg's Branch. Between Skegg's Branch and its junction with Wilson's Creek is a steep hill, perhaps a hundred feet high, its sides seamed with ravines and its top broken with rocks in many places, so that wagons and artillery cannot be freely moved about.

This was known as Oak Hill at the time of the battle, and has since been called Bloody Hill by the Confederates in memory of the slaughter that took place there. It was the scene of the principal fighting of the day and of the death of General Lyon.

During the war it often happened that engagements were called by different names by the opposing forces. Thus the battle now known as that of Shiloh was originally called the battle of Pittsburg Landing by the Northern side and Shiloh by the South. The battle of Pea Ridge was so named by the Northerners, but it was known as Elkhorn Tavern by the South. In the same way the battle of Wilson's Creek, as the North knew it, was the battle of Oak Hill to the South. In fact, it had three names, as General Price in his official report called it the battle of Springfield.

Oak Hill, or Bloody Hill, was covered with low bushes in addition to the scrub-oaks already mentioned, but the underbrush was not thick, and did not particularly interfere with movements of troops or individuals, though it caused the lines of the soldiers to be considerably broken, and furnished a complete screen to men lying down. The rebels were camped at the foot of the hill, and its summit afforded a good view of the greater part of the Confederate position.

General Lyon reached the farther slope of the hill before his approach was discovered. His advance was first made known to the Missourians, who were camped in that vicinity, and whose commander had sent out a picket about daylight. The first encounter was between Captain Plummer's battalion of regulars and Colonel Hunter's Missouri regiment, the latter falling back as their commander saw the strength of the forces opposed to him. General Lyon advanced as rapidly as possible, and soon had possession of the crest of the hill.

The whole force of General Lyon which he had on the field on that terrible morning was about five thousand five hundred men, of whom one thousand two hundred were with General Sigel and three thousand three hundred under his own personal direction. General Sigel's forces have been enumerated. Those of General Lyon were Captain Plummer's regulars, the batteries of Captains Totten and Dubois—ten guns in all, Steel's battalion of three hundred regulars, Osterhaus's battalion of volunteer infantry, and the volunteer regiments of the First Missouri, First Iowa and First and Second Kansas. According to their own figures the Confederates were ten thousand one hundred seventy-five strong, about half of them belonging to the Missouri state guard and the other half to the forces that had been sent from Arkansas and Louisiana to aid the Missourians in recapturing the state from the national government.

Let us turn for a moment to General Sigel. His part of the plan of attack was perfectly carried out. He arrived before daylight in the position assigned to him and had his guns in position and his troops drawn up ready to begin the attack as soon as he heard the sound of Lyon's guns. From the point where he stood he could look down upon the rebel camp and see the cooks busy with their preparations for breakfast, and he so arranged his skirmishers that they captured every man who straggled out of camp, and thus prevented any warning of the presence of an enemy. Anxiously did he wait for the signal to begin the attack. He and his officers around him saw that they would make a complete surprise of the part of the camp they were to attack, and already felt sure that the battle would be in their favor.

It was a few minutes past five when the first of the rebels were encountered by Lyon's advance, and by five-thirty the battle had begun. Captain Totten

planted his artillery in a good position and threw a 12-pound shell into the enemy's camp. Shell after shell followed from his batteries and Dubois's, and then the sounds of Sigel's cannon were heard answering from the other end of the line.

A rebel officer afterward told the writer of this story that he was asleep in his tent when an orderly came to tell him to get his regiment under arms, as the Yankees were coming.

"Is that official?" queried the officer, as he languidly raised his head.

Before the orderly could answer the sound of a cannon was heard, and a shell tore through the tent and narrowly missed its occupant.

No explanation was needed. "Well, that's official, anyhow," exclaimed the officer as he sprang from his blankets and went through whatever toilet he had to make with the greatest celerity.

Sigel's shot fell among the Arkansas and Louisiana troops, while those of Lyon were delivered at the Missourians. Very quickly the rebel forces were under arms; their tents fell as though by magic, and from a peaceful camp the spot was changed into a scene of war as by the wand of a magician.

The scrub-oaks and underbrush masked the movements of the rebels and enabled them to form their line quite near that of Lyon's forces without being seen. They waited for Lyon's advance, which was not long delayed, and as the Union troops came advancing through the bushes they were met by a withering fire from the rifles of the Missourians at close range. This was on the slope of Bloody Hill, and on this hill for five hours the battle raged between the opposing forces.

Neither side attempted a bayonet charge, as the ground was quite unsuited to it on account of the density of the

brush and the uncertainties that might be behind it. Most of the Missourians were armed with ordinary shotguns and hunting-rifles; consequently they could not have attempted a bayonet charge, even though other circumstances had permitted one.

The opposing lines advanced, retired, advanced again, and often were not more than fifty yards apart. Sometimes the ground was held and contested for several minutes, and at others only for a very brief period. Now and then came a lull, when for half an hour or so hardly a shot would be fired, the antagonists each waiting for the next move of their opponents. The stillness at these times was almost painful and in marked contrast to the roar and rattle of the small-arms and the deep diapason of the artillery whenever the battle was renewed.

The ground was strewn with dead and wounded. Here lay a body stiff and still in the embrace of death, and close beside it another writhing in the agonies of flesh torn by bullets or by splinters of shell. Rebel and Union lay side by side as the line of battle changed its position, and beneath more than one of the dwarfed oaks that spread over the now-memorable field the blue and gray together sought shelter from the August sun and from the leaden rain that fell pattering among the leaves. Down by the base of the hill flowed the creek, apparently undisturbed as ever. The waters invited the thirsty to partake, but whoever descended to drink from the rippling stream, or to fill a canteen for the wounded, who piteously begged for relief, did so at the risk of his life. The creek was commanded by the rifles of the Missourians concealed in a wheatfield on the opposite side, and not till the end of the battle was their position changed.

The attack of General Sigel upon the rebel camp on his side of the line was as successful as it was sudden. The camp was abandoned, and his soldiers marched through

it without opposition to form along the Fayetteville road and be ready to cut off the retreat of the rebels whenever they should be put to flight by General Lyon.

After the first shock of the battle was over, General McCulloch carefully reconnoitered the position of General Sigel, and in consequence of the protection afforded by the oaks and underbrush he was enabled to do so without being seen. Ascertaining their position with great exactness, he brought up two batteries and placed them within point-blank range of Sigel's line, and at the same time advanced the Third Louisiana. All this was accomplished while Sigel still supposed the entire Confederate force was engaged with Lyon; the complete screen of the trees and bushes rendering the concealment possible.

The Third Louisiana was uniformed in gray exactly like the uniform of the First Iowa. When it approached it was mistaken by Sigel's men for the latter regiment, and the word passed along the line that friends were coming.

As the gray-coated rebels came up the fire of Sigel's men was withheld and flags were waved in welcome. The advancing enemies reserved their fire and moved steadily forward, and before they were near enough to be recognized the two rebel batteries opened with full force upon Sigel and his astonished soldiers.

The latter were thrown into consternation, which was increased when the gray-coated men, still supposed to be friends, charged straight upon them and in a few moments had taken possession of five out of the six guns. Until it was too late, the Germans under Sigel believed that the regiment approaching them was the First Iowa, and withheld their fire, with consequences easy to foresee.

Their rout was complete. Many were killed or wounded and many more captured. About four hundred of Sigel's men answered at the next roll-call; some escaped

and joined the retreating column the next day, and a portion of the column took the road through Little York and reached Springfield without further encounter with the enemy.

This happened about nine o'clock in the forenoon, and from that time on the rebels could concentrate their attentions upon General Lyon, Sigel being no longer in their way. They did so concentrate, and by ten o'clock Lyon was very hotly pressed. Fresh troops were poured in by the rebels, but Lyon's whole force had now been engaged, and was steadily melting away. The rebels were assembling for a fresh attack, and the peril of the Union force was imminent. Unless they could break the rebel line before it was ready to advance, the day was in great danger of being lost.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER THE BATTLE—A FLAG OF TRUCE.

ON the whole battlefield there was no man more calm and collected than General Lyon, notwithstanding the great responsibility that rested upon him and the fearful odds against which he fought. Now on horseback and now on foot, he moved among his men, encouraging them by his manner and with now and then a few brief words, making suggestions to his officers, listening to the reports of his aids, calling back those who sought to flee and steadying those who showed signs of giving way, rallying the lines where they began to break and closing up gaps between companies and regiments, he seemed a tower of strength where it was greatly needed.

When it became apparent that Sigel had been routed, and not only could no help be expected from him, but the regiments of the enemy which had been engaged with him would now be turned in the direction of the main column, General Lyon remarked to an officer that he feared the day was lost. "But we will make another effort to save it," said he; and with this remark he moved to give some directions to Captain Totten, who was serving his battery on the brow of the hill.

He was close to the most advanced section of the battery when his horse was killed by a cannon-shot, and the general was somewhat stunned by his fall to the ground. The colonel of the Second Kansas had been wounded; the regiment was close in line with the First

Iowa, and with these regiments General Lyon undertook to lead an advance against the enemy, when he was struck down by a bullet. He fell into the arms of his faithful orderly, Lehman, who had kept close to his side, and breathed only a few times after the latter had laid him gently on the ground.

Thus fell one of the truest soldiers, one of the purest patriots, one of the most devoted men in his country's cause that the world has ever seen. He loved his country for his country's sake, and hated slavery and all its concomitants with deadly hate. While it existed he tolerated it, because it was one of the institutions of the land; but when it raised its hand for the destruction of the Union, he was its most uncompromising foe. He believed in no half-way measures, in no patched-up peace; and when the governor of Missouri set up the theory of the right of the state to refuse to send troops to the war or permit their enlistment within her boundaries, General Lyon would neither offer nor accept any compromise. He held that the national government was paramount to the state or any other local authority, and considered the question one not to be argued.

In fighting the battle in which he lost his life he did so, not that he was confident of victory, with the odds so greatly against him, but because he considered it better to fight and take the chances of defeat, rather than not fight at all. He justly believed that a well-fought battle, even if lost, would leave no room for the charge, which the rebels were making daily and hourly, that the Northern men were cowards, who dared not fight. He knew that a retreat would enable the Confederates to overrun all that part of the state as far as the Missouri river; that it would give great encouragement to the secessionists all through the state, and would equally discourage the friends of the Union cause. There was a

hope—just a hope—that he might win, and so he risked the battle and prepared to abide by its results.

After the death of General Lyon the command fell upon Major Sturgis, who immediately consulted the rest of the officers as to what should be done. Ammunition was nearly exhausted, the rebels were pressing hard, and it was speedily decided that the only safety lay in retreat, as a continuance of the battle would simply lead to greater slaughter without any prospect of victory. And so a retreat was ordered.

The withdrawal was made in good order, the enemy making no attempt to follow. It has been stated that the rebels were at that moment contemplating a retreat from the field, and had not the Union troops withdrawn they would soon have found themselves victorious. This statement rests upon report rather than authority, and certainly the Confederate historians do not give any credence to it. Some ground for the statement may be found in the fact that the last repulse of the rebels before the order for retreat was given was a severe one, and resulted in a disorderly retirement of the attacking column. At one time the rebels were within twenty feet of the muzzles of Totten's guns, and it was only by the most determined resistance on the part of the infantry supporting the battery that the assailants were driven back.

Most of the wounded were brought from the field in the wagons and ambulances that followed the column, but so great was the number that there was not room for all. Many were left on the ground, and so was the body of General Lyon, which was afterward recovered by a flag of truce that went out in charge of one of the young doctors attached to the service, partly to recover the body and partly to care for or bring in the wounded. Our young friend Harry was detailed to drive one of the



A RACE FOR THE FLAG.

wagons that went to the field with the flag of truce. Greatly to their disappointment both the youths had received strict orders to stay with the wagons on the day of battle, so that they did not see anything of the momentous events of the day. In the distance they heard the firing, and now and then could get a glimpse of a column of men in motion, but so far as the actual battle was concerned they practically saw nothing.

The flag of truce was gone several hours, and did not return until evening. It was successful in its mission, and those in charge of it were courteously received by the Confederate officers, though they met with many scowls on the part of the rebel soldiers. Until the flag of truce appeared the rebels were not aware of General Lyon's death, and of course when they heard of it they considered it an additional laurel for their side. General Price sent Colonel Snead, his adjutant-general, to identify the body of the fallen hero and deliver it to the men who came for it, and he did so. Here is his account of the incident, together with his estimate of the general's character:

"General Price thereupon directed me to identify Lyon's body, and to deliver it to the bearer of the flag of truce. It had been borne to the rear of the Federal line of battle, and there, under the shade of an oak, it lay, still clad in the captain's uniform which he had worn just two months before when, relying upon the strength of his manhood, on the might of his government, and on the justice of his cause, he had boldly defied the governor of the state and the major-general of her forces, and in their presence had declared war against Missouri and against all who should dare to take up arms in her defense. Since that fateful day he had done many memorable deeds, and had well deserved the gratitude of all those who think that the union of these states is the chiefest of political blessings, and that they who gave their lives to perpetuate it ought

to be forever held in honor by those who live under its flag. The body was delivered to the men who had come for it—delivered to them with all the respect and courtesy which were due to a brave soldier and the commander of an army, and they bore it away towards Springfield, whither the army which he had led out to battle was slowly and sullenly retreating.”

Colonel Snead adds:

“The Confederates remained upon the field which they had won, and ministered to the wounded and buried the dead of both armies. Before the un pitying sun had sunk behind the western hills, all those who had died for the Union and all those who had died for the South had been laid to rest, uncoffined, in the ground which their manhood had made memorable and which their blood had made sacred forever.”

Jack was waiting for Harry when the latter returned, and as soon as the team had been unharnessed and the animals fed, the two youths had an animated talk.

“The doctor told me to drive as fast as I could,” said Harry, “and you can be sure I did. He had the flag of truce—a big napkin or towel tied to a stick—and this he kept waving in front of the wagons as we went along. We did n’t see anybody until we got pretty near the battlefield, and then we came upon a picket of fellows in butternut clothes and armed with shotguns and squirrel rifles. Yes, we did see somebody, as we passed several of our wounded soldiers who had tried to follow the army on its retreat, but were too weak to do so and had sat down by the roadside or were still hobbling on as fast as they could. One poor fellow of the First Iowa, who had been shot in the leg, was using his gun for a crutch. He asked for a drink of water and we gave it to him, and we gave water to some of the others, who seemed to need it badly. The doctor says a wounded man always suffers

terribly from thirst, and one of the first things he always asks for is water.

"When we got to the rebel picket they stopped us and at first would n't let us go on or send inside to the commanding officer or anybody else in authority. But the doctor good-naturedly said they could see for themselves that he was the bearer of a flag of truce—that he had a message to deliver, and the best way to find out whether he was right or wrong was to send to the nearest commissioned officer and ask him to come there.

"This appealed to the common sense of the sergeant, who did n't seem to be a bad fellow, but simply ignorant. He sent for his captain, and in a little while the captain came. It was hard to distinguish the captain from the soldiers, as they were all dressed alike; some of them had pieces of red cloth sewed on their sleeves, and the captain had stripes on his shoulders that looked just a little like shoulder-straps.

"The doctor delivered his message, and the captain told him to wait awhile till he could report to General Price. Then the fellows of the picket began to talk to us, and we got on pretty well, though we thought they boasted a little too much under the circumstances about having just licked our army and made us go back to Springfield.

"They asked us for tobacco, but we had n't any, and then they hinted that a little coffee would taste very well. We told them we had been short of coffee for the last two weeks. They would hardly believe us, but declared that while we had n't had as much as we wanted, they had been forced to go without it altogether. Fact is, they did n't look as though they had been well fed. One of 'em took an ear of corn from his pocket and said it was to be his supper, his breakfast having been just like it.

"The captain came back with another officer, and then we went on to where the general's body was lying. The

soldiers crowded around us, the same sort of butternut fellows as we met at the picket. One of 'em started to say something insulting to us, but the captain shut him up with a word, and after that the only affronts we had were scowls and occasional mutterings about the Yankees and Dutch. The captain came with us to the place where the picket was, and then let us go. The doctor thanked him for his politeness, and offered him a cigar, which he accepted with the remark that it was the first he had seen for two months."

CHAPTER XIV.

LOSSES IN BATTLE—THE RETREAT.

“WE expected to pick up one or two of the wounded men into my wagon on our way back,” said Harry, “but found we did n’t have to. The other wagons had followed close behind us, and gathered up all who could n’t walk or take care of themselves. Some of the country people were out looking after them, too, and by this time everybody ought to be cared for in some way. But, of course, there ’ll be a great deal of suffering under the best of circumstances, as there is a great number of wounded men on both sides.”

And Harry was right; there was a great number of wounded in proportion to the number of men engaged. It has been said by students of warfare that down to that time there had never been in the United States a battle in which the proportion of casualties was as great as at Wilson’s Creek, and without stopping to examine the histories of all previous battles this is a safe assertion. Let us look at the figures:

The total of the Union forces was not far from five thousand four hundred, including officers and men. They lost in the battle two hundred and fifty-eight killed, eight hundred and seventy-three wounded, and one hundred eighty-six missing, a total of casualties of one thousand three hundred and seventeen; or, deducting the missing, we have of killed and wounded on the field of Wilson’s Creek, one thousand one hundred and thirty-one, or more than one in five of all who were present; and it is

generally considered by military men that where the killed and wounded are one-tenth of the total on the field the battle is a severe one.

The rebel reports place their effective force on the tenth of August at ten thousand one hundred and seventy-five, of which two hundred and seventy-nine were killed and nine hundred and fifty-one wounded, a total of one thousand two hundred and thirty, or about one man in nine of the whole force. Even this was a heavy loss, but much smaller in proportion when compared with that of General Lyon's army.

Colonel Blair's regiment, the First Missouri, had seven hundred and twenty-six men under arms when it went into battle. Its loss was three hundred and thirteen, or almost one-half its entire number. Seventy-seven of its men were killed, ninety-three dangerously wounded, one hundred and twenty-six otherwise wounded, two were captured and fifteen were missing at the next roll-call. The First Kansas lost two hundred and ninety-six men out of seven hundred and eighty-five; the Second Kansas, the First Iowa, and in fact all the other regiments on the field lost severely, but not as heavily in proportion as did the First Missouri and the First Kansas.

Another notable circumstance of the battle was the large number of those engaged in it under Lyon who afterward rose to high rank. From that little army eight officers rose to be major-generals before the end of the war, and thirteen to be brigadier-generals. Many of the men who fought in the ranks became captains, majors and colonels. In 1863 thirty-two commissioned officers were in the service from one company of the First Iowa, and twenty-eight from one company of the First Missouri. And through all the noble records they made during the war for the preservation of the Union, one of their proudest boasts was, "I was at Wilson's Creek with Lyon."

Among those who rose to be major-generals were Schofield, Stanley, Steele, Granger, Sturgis, Herron, Sigel and Osterhaus; while of the brigadier-generals were Carr, Plummer, Halderman, Mitchell, Dietzler, Sweeney, Totten, Clayton and Gilbert. Some of these officers covered themselves with glory in subsequent campaigns, and their names are familiar to the veterans of the war and will live in the history of the country.

All this time we have left Jack and Harry talking about the battle, and particularly about the experience of the latter in accompanying the flag of truce.

Their conversation was cut short by an order to be in readiness to move at any moment. Evidently this meant that the army was to abandon Springfield, which it could hardly hope to hold for any length of time after the result of the day's fighting.

"If they 'll allow us," said Jack, "we 'll keep our wagons close together and help each other all we can."

"Of course we will," was the prompt reply. "We shall probably follow our regiment, unless the train gets mixed up on the road and the wagons are scattered."

"I don't know much about it," said Jack, "but it seems to me that the rebs could make it very lively for us if they wanted to. Here we 've got a long train of wagons, we're a hundred and thirty miles from the end of the railway, and there's a river to cross on the way, besides lots of small streams and miles of woods, where they could drop on us at any time before we knew they were there."

"Anyway, we 'll hope for the best," responded Harry, "and see how things turn out. Wonder who's to command the army now that General Lyon's dead?"

"I don't know. We 'll find that out, though, pretty soon."

Before the march began they ascertained that the retreat was to be conducted by General Sigel. Major Sturgis,

who had assumed command immediately after Lyon's death, refused to hold it longer, on the ground that General Sigel's commission in the volunteer service was superior to his own as a major in the regular army. Accordingly General Sigel assumed command with the assent of all the regular officers, and ordered a retreat to Rolla.

Had the rebels chosen to give trouble they could have given a great deal. The road to Rolla was none of the best. It was crowded with the wagons of Union men who were fleeing in terror at the threatened approach of the rebels, and the army had a train of wagons nearly five miles long to encumber its movements. If the rebels had attacked it on the road, they would have had a great advantage over the soldiers who had been defeated at Wilson's Creek. Brave as these men were, a defeated army is never as good at fighting as one that has not suffered in that way.

But the retreating army was not molested, and in five days it had crossed the Gasconade river and was in a place of safety. As soon as it had passed the Gasconade Major Sturgis discovered that he was really the ranking officer, owing to the expiration of Sigel's commission, or some technicality concerning it, and therefore he demanded the command.

Sigel was disinclined to yield it then, but rather than have trouble he did so, though had he foreseen the result it is quite probable that he would have refused. The commanding officer was entitled to write the report of the battle, and accordingly the report was written by Major Sturgis. At that time there was a great deal of ill-feeling on the part of many of the regular officers toward the volunteers. They looked with contempt, often undisguised, upon the soldiers who had come from civil pursuits or had not made military matters the occupation of their lives. This feeling gradually wore away, though

it was never entirely obliterated, but in the early part of the war there was much more of it than was good for the service.

General Lyon had none of this feeling, but this was far from being the case with the regular officers under him. And their contempt for volunteers was especially strong toward the Germans. They had few good words for the Teutons who wore the blue, especially when those Teutons were commissioned officers.

General Sigel, having brought the column from its perilous position at Springfield to a point where it was out of danger, certainly deserved to have something to say about the official report, especially when that report placed upon him the responsibility for the defeat of the Union forces and the victory of the rebels. It should be remarked that the official reports do not show any loss in killed and wounded on the part of the two companies of regular cavalry that accompanied Sigel in the battle of Wilson's Creek, though four men are reported missing from one of those companies. With the exception of these four missing men all the loss of Sigel's column was borne by his infantry and artillery, all volunteers and nearly all Germans.

At daybreak on the morning of the eleventh of August the head of the retreating army marched out of Springfield in the direction of Rolla and the rising sun. Five miles from Springfield there is a road coming in from the direction of Wilson's Creek, and it was feared that the rebels might have pushed on a force during the night to contest the passage of the fugitives beyond this point. Had they done so, the great wagon-train would certainly have been in peril.

But no enemy appeared, and there was an agreeable disappointment on the part of many of those in retreat. To none was this more the case than to Harry and Jack,

who did not relish the idea of losing their wagons and the property in their charge. Somehow the horses and mules seemed to catch the spirit of retreat and to feel that they were in danger. One of the drivers declared that he had never known them to pull half as earnestly as they did on the first day out of Springfield. He was sure they were solid for the Union and did n't want to fall into Johnny Reb's hands.

All along the road there was the wildest alarm among the inhabitants who had espoused the Union cause. They felt that their lives would be in peril as soon as the army had passed, and many of them had already packed their wagons and were fleeing toward Rolla with whatever household goods they could carry away. They abandoned homes and farms, everything that they were unable to carry, and the spectacle presented by these fleeing refugees was a pathetic one. They filled the road both in front of and behind the army, and for weeks and weeks afterward a steady stream of them poured into the Union lines. We shall have more to say about these unfortunates by and by.

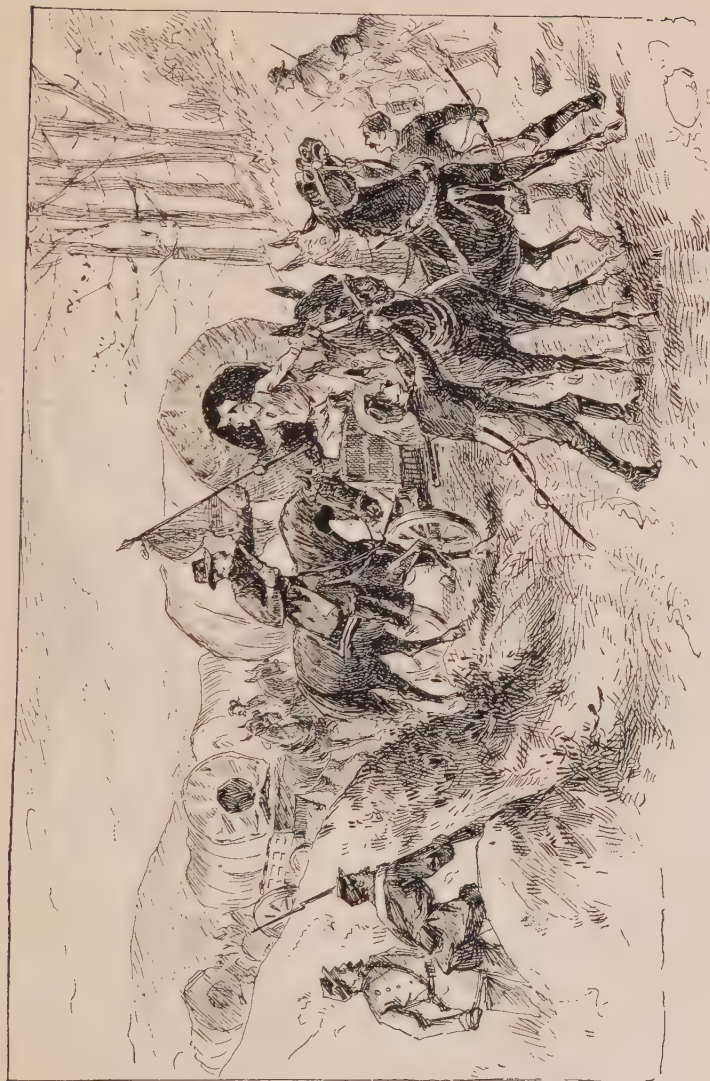
At last, after many trials and tribulations, the disheartened and weary army was encamped at Rolla, where the welcome whistle of the locomotive resounded through the air. The campaign of the southwest was ended, and the footsore warriors had an opportunity to gain the rest they so greatly needed.

Jack and Harry parked their wagons with the rest of the train, and wondered what would happen next.

"We 've had a lively time of it, Jack," said Harry; "but I 'm not sorry we came."

"Nor I either," was the reply; "and I 'm in no hurry to go home. Let 's wait here awhile and see what 's going to turn up."

This was agreed to, and they sat down to wait.



SHOWING A BOLD FRONT.

CHAPTER XV.

IN CAMP AT ROLLA—A PRIVATE EXPEDITION INTO THE
ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

THE three-months troops whose terms had expired, or were about to expire, were sent home, and the post at Rolla left in charge of the three-years regiments that remained, together with a portion of the regular forces of the late army of the southwest. The First Iowa, as already stated, had been enlisted for three months, and soon after the arrival at Rolla it returned to its own state and was disbanded.

True to their determination to see more of the war, Jack and Harry remained at Rolla when the regiment departed. At the same time they wrote to their parents and sent messages by their comrades, explaining why they wished to stay in Missouri, and their reasons for not going home. "We are not enlisted," Jack wrote to his father, "and so we don't have to get into danger like the soldiers do. We've nothing to do but drive wagons and stay around the camp, where everything is safe. The boys will tell you how it is when they get home, and you may be sure we won't take any risks we can keep out of."

There was a good deal of special pleading in Jack's letter, as the reader plainly perceives. It was certainly a greater risk for the youths to remain at a frontier post than to go home, where they would be out of all danger. Furthermore; anybody knows that while the position of a teamster is safer than that of the soldier who goes into

battle, it is by no means a situation of unalloyed security. Wagon-trains are liable to attack and capture in the enemy's country, and one of the favorite enterprises of a cavalry commander is to strike his enemy's wagon-train on frequent occasions. If the wagons can be taken away they become the enemy's property; if they cannot be secured they are destroyed, and, in either case, the unfortunate drivers fall into the enemy's hands and become prisoners of war.

The history of war is full of stories of attacks upon wagon-trains; one of the perplexing problems for the military commander to solve is how to keep open his line of communications when advancing into the region of war and protect the trains that bring forward the supplies for his troops. If an army could be maintained without food and ammunition, save what it could collect in the enemy's country, many a leader would be greatly relieved.

Through the recommendation of the officers of the First Iowa Jack and Harry obtained employment with the post quartermaster at Rolla. With the approval of the commander of the troops stationed there he issued new clothing and blankets to the youths, and they felt, to use an old phrase, "as proud as peacocks."

A rumor came that a rebel army was assembling somewhere to the southward for the purpose of attacking Rolla and securing the valuable property stored there. The garrison was put at work to throw up defenses, cannon were sent from St. Louis, the hills around the village were cleared of brushwood, and everything about the place assumed the appearance of war.

One day Jack suggested to Harry that they would make an excursion into the neighboring country, just to see for themselves and have a little fun.

Harry agreed to the proposal, but said there was a difficulty in the way on account of their clothing. They

didn't want to be known as belonging to the garrison of Rolla, for the double reason that the people would not talk freely with them, and, besides, they might be seized and carried off as prisoners; and furthermore, their suits were new and they didn't want to spoil them as long as spoiling could be avoided.

Fortune favored them. That very day a scouting party brought in a wagon-load of clothing which had been collected in a village a few miles away to be sent to a company from that village, and then serving under General Price. From this load of clothing the quartermaster allowed Jack and Harry to help themselves, and they managed to pick out two suits which fitted them about as well as one is ordinarily fitted in a ready-made clothing store.

Slouch hats added to these butternut garments completed their costume, and thus accoutered they set out on a tramp whose duration was an uncertainty. Their plan was to walk from Rolla to Ironton and back again. The distance between the two points was about a hundred miles, and they intended to take a different road on their return from the one followed on the outward journey.

Ironton was then the terminus of the Iron Mountain Railway, and was held by a garrison of Union troops. Colonel Wyman, who commanded the Thirteenth Illinois, then stationed at Rolla, promised to write to the commander of the post at Ironton and inform him of the proposed journey of the youths, so that their story would not be discredited on their arrival there. It was thought best that they should carry no letters or papers of any kind which might compromise them in case of capture. So they took nothing except sufficient money to pay their expenses on the way, and this was supplied by the commander of the post. The paper money of the state of

Missouri was preferred to anything else by the inhabitants of the region through which they were to pass, and therefore they carried nothing which bore the stamp of the United States government, with the exception of a few small pieces of silver coin and some of the local "shin-plasters" that were then in circulation.

The story that they were to tell in case they were questioned was that they had come from the northern part of Missouri and were on their way to visit friends near Ironton. They would freely admit that they had come through Rolla, and Colonel Wyman gave them permission to tell all they knew about the garrison there, except to give a guess as to the number of troops at the post. To all questions as to the number of soldiers at Rolla, they were to reply that they "did n't know, but thought there were five or six thousand."

The fact was a reinforcement was expected in a few days, but this was unknown to the youths, and therefore the colonel was quite willing the boys should give whatever information they could, and in saying that they did n't know the number of soldiers at the post they would be strictly within the lines of truth. On their part they were to learn all they could about what the secessionists were doing in the region between Rolla and Ironton, and to what extent it was sending recruits to the rebel forces in the field.

The only baggage either of them carried was an overcoat, if an overcoat can be called baggage. Jack wanted to add a tooth-brush and a cake of soap to his outfit, but the proposal was vetoed by Harry.

"Don't you see," said Harry, "you'd be giving yourself away at once? These fellows here don't use soap, or so rarely that it is an exception; and as for tooth brushes, I don't believe a quarter of the people have ever heard of 'em. Suppose they search us or see us using soap and

tooth-brushes; they'd know right off that we were not of their kind.

"And did n't you hear about how soap-boxes caused a lot of ammunition to be seized?" Harry added.

"No; what was that?"

"It was about the time of the Camp Jackson affair, when the state authorities were laying their plans for taking the state out of the Union and getting ready to fight. The Union commanders at St. Louis were trying to stop the shipment of arms and ammunition to the interior of the state, and all packages of goods going in that direction were examined. At first only the outside of the packages was looked at, but one day something happened to require a more careful inspection.

"The examining officers found some boxes labeled 'soap' on a steamboat bound for Lexington, on the Missouri river. Had there been only one or two boxes he would not have been suspicious, but when he found more than one hundred boxes he 'smelt a mouse.' He naturally wondered why the people in that part of Missouri could want so much soap, and from wondering he ordered some of the boxes opened.

"Every box was found to contain canisters of gunpowder instead of soap. The whole lot was seized, and after that no goods were allowed to go forward without a careful inspection. If the shipper had labeled the stuff 'whisky' instead of 'soap,' nobody would have been suspicious, as whisky is a staple article of commerce and consumption in that region."

Jack admitted the force of the argument about soap, but insisted that a tooth-brush would not be suspicious or betray their real character.

"Don't be so sure of that," replied Harry. "One of these Union men from the very region we're going through said the other day that he thought the colonel of

the Illinois regiment was a very nice man, until he saw him come out in front of his tent one morning with a glass of water in one hand and a little stick with some bristles on it in the other.

“‘He came out there,’ said the man, ‘and stood round for five or ten minutes pushing that little stick round in his mouth and hawking and spitting and sloshing that ’er water among his teeth till it made me feel sick. I don’t think he ’s much of a nice man after that.’”

Jack laughed, and agreed that the tooth-brush must be left behind, as well as the soap, and thus it happened that they started with neither of those adjuncts of a civilized toilet.

They took the road leading in a southeasterly direction from Rolla, starting one morning before daybreak, so as to be well on their way before anybody in the village was stirring. The sergeant of the picket on the road they were to travel had been notified to let them go on without question, and he did so on their presentation of a pass duly signed by the commandant of the post. By sunrise they were a good three miles out of town, and had met nobody.

The first man they met was a Union refugee, who was making his way to the post to escape persecution of his secession neighbors; at least that was what the youths inferred, though he was too cautious to say so until he had reached the protection of the Stars and Stripes. He asked if he was on the right road for Rolla, and on being assured that he was he appeared greatly relieved.

“I don’t know where you-’uns are going,” said he, “but you ’ll find lively times if you get down into Arkansas.”

“How so?” one of the boys asked.

“Why,” was the reply, “everybody ’s going to the army, and they don’t talk about nothing else. They say

they 'll be up here soon and drive the Yanks out of Rolla and everywhere else."

"They 're used to driving," said Jack ; "there 's a lot of 'em at Rolla that 's just been driven in from Springfield, and don't act as though they were going back again in a hurry."

"Yes, I 've heard so," replied the stranger ; "p'r'aps they don't want to go back there yet awhile."

The conversation lasted for ten or fifteen minutes, and was as non-committal as possible on both sides. Neither party was willing to admit friendliness for the Union side, as each was fearful of after consequences. The stranger was the first to move on, as he evidently distrusted the youths and wanted to get away from them.

CHAPTER XVI.

HINTS FOR CAMPAIGNING—IN A REBEL'S HOUSE—SNUFF-DIPPING.

AFTER they had walked four or five miles the youths began to feel hungry, and at Jack's suggestion they stopped for breakfast at the side of a little brook, which could supply them with that very important ingredient of a traveler's meal, water. Not only did they drink from the brook while devouring the hard biscuit and boiled beef they had brought along, but they bathed their feet in the stream, and carefully dried them before putting on their shoes and stockings.

Very early in their campaigning they had learned the lesson of caring for their feet. An old soldier said to them before they left Booneville :

"Make it a rule to bathe your feet whenever you have a chance, and always dry them carefully before covering them again. Of course there will be times when you must put on wet shoes and stockings and travel in them for miles and miles, but never do it if you can help it. Wet feet cause blisters, rheumatism and all sorts of trouble, and many a man has broken down on a march because his feet were not properly cared for."

"I should think the officers would look out for their men's feet," said Jack, when the soldier made the above suggestion.

"So anybody would think, very naturally," was the reply ; "but the fact is, a good many of the officers do

nothing of the kind. They are either above that sort of thing or else they give general directions to the men, and then let them take care of themselves. A good infantry captain will see to it that his men take care of their feet, just as a good cavalry captain looks out for the shoeing of his horses and tries every way he can to keep them from getting sore backs.

"And remember another thing," he continued; "at night always take off your boots or shoes, and sleep with your feet bare or only with stockings on. Your rest with your feet free does twice as much good as the same amount of rest with them confined in the leather you have worn all day. This is the rule with all old travelers. Of course there are times, when you are close to the enemy and a surprise may be looked for at any moment, when you must make an exception to the rule; but don't make the exception if it can be avoided."

Jack was skeptical on this point, and determined to try for himself. So he slept one night with his boots on and the next with them off, and found it just as the old soldier had told him. He candidly admitted his mistake, and said that for the future he should n't be so confident about his own opinions when they didn't coincide with those of persons older and more experienced than himself.

"One thing more bear in mind," said their informant, "and that is about sleeping around a campfire."

"What is that?"

"When you sleep near a fire always lie with your feet to it if you can. If you turn your head toward it you will quite likely have a headache in the morning, and, anyway, you won't sleep well. The brain should be kept cool while we are sleeping, and the feet warm. We cover our feet at night when we sleep in beds, but leave our heads exposed. Follow the same plan in camp, and if

you have warmth anywhere have it at the feet. When you sleep in a tent have your head where you can get the greatest amount of pure air to breathe. The Indians understand this, and when they sleep in their circular wigwams or lodges they have their feet toward the center and their heads nearest the circumference."

These simple directions were of great use to Jack and Harry in their subsequent campaigning, and should be remembered by any of the young readers of this story. Other hints came to them from time to time, which we may introduce hereafter.

After breakfast they continued their journey. Half a mile or so farther on they came to a house, where they asked the way to the next village, to make sure that they were on the right road. A woman and two tow-headed children were the sole possessors of the establishment, and they eyed the young travelers with an air of suspicion. After answering the question, the woman asked where they were from.

"We 've come from the other side of the Missouri," answered Jack, "and are going down to see some of our friends."

"I know where you 're going," said the woman. "You do n't look old enough for soldiers, but you 're going South. Did you see any Yanks at Rolla?"

"Yes, lots of 'em," said Harry; "and 't was n't easy to get away from there."

"Yes, yes, that 's what they say," responded the woman, fully convinced by Harry's answer that her suspicions were correct. And then she added, "Wonder 'f I could get to Rolla and get some snuff?"

The boys were non-committal on this point, but thought she would have no trouble if she went straight to the provost-marshal's office when she entered the village, and told what she wanted.

"And I want a little tea and coffee, too," she added; "and then some salt and other things for the house."

Harry told her she might get a pound or so of each, but he was sure the officers would n't let anybody come through the lines with more than that. "That's what they told us at Rolla," he added, "and so we did n't try to bring anything along,"—a statement which was literally true.

She promised to follow their directions, and then grew confidential. She told them her husband was down on the St. Francis river, where General Hardee was getting up an army to drive the Yanks out of Rolla and all that part of the state. "He's in Colonel Jones's regiment," said she; "and if you see him, tell him we're getting on all right and hope they'll be along soon, as we're getting mighty short of things to eat."

Jack gravely made a mental note of the name of the man by pronouncing it several times, and promised to hunt him up as soon as they got where Colonel Jones's regiment was. The woman then invited the youths to stay and have something to eat. As they had just breakfasted they declined the invitation, but accepted the offer of some milk. One of the children brought it from the springhouse, and the young adventurers drank freely and with a good relish. They had a conscientious twinge in so doing, but swallowed the twinge along with the milk, and after thanking the kind-hearted woman for her hospitality continued on their way.

"Funny she should want snuff before anything else," said Jack, as soon as they were out of earshot of the house.

"Nothing so very funny about that," replied Harry. "Don't you know how they use it?"

"I've heard something about it, but don't know exactly."

"I picked it up the other day," Harry explained, "and this is how it is: They call it 'snuff-dipping' in the South," he continued, "and it is very much the fashion among the middle and lower-class whites down in the cotton states, but not much in Missouri as yet. They take a little stick and chew the end until it's soft like a brush; then they dip this moist brush in snuff and rub it on the gums and around the mouth generally, and in this way they use up a good deal of snuff in the course of a year. It is said to produce a pleasant sort of mild intoxication, and after using it a little while a woman gets as much addicted to snuff-dipping as a man does to chewing tobacco or smoking. It's the same sort of vice, and I can't say I blame the women much, when all the men around them are chewing or smoking tobacco."

"Do they all use it?" queried Jack; "I mean do the young women dip snuff the same as the older ones?"

"I did n't think to ask that question," Harry responded; "but the man who told me said the women who dipped snuff mostly did it 'on the sly,' at any rate in the beginning of it. Probably they get bolder about it in time, just as boys do when they learn to smoke. After a while they get accustomed to snuff, and don't get the excitement out of it that they want, and then they take to smoking pipes just like men."

Later observation convinced Jack that Harry had been correctly informed. The further they went in the South the more they found the use of tobacco prevailing among the women, and in several instances they found little concealment practiced in the custom of snuff-dipping. At one house where they called a middle-aged woman held her snuff-stick in her mouth all the time she was talking with them, just as a man might hold a cigar there, and an older woman sat by the fireplace smoking a corn-cob

pipe with the utmost indifference to the presence of the young visitors.

They did not stop again until early in the afternoon, when they called at a house and asked if they could have dinner. There was a man about the premises, in addition to the woman and the usual complement of tow-headed children. He promptly said they hadn't much to offer, but the boys should be welcome. He had nothing but hog and hominy, and he reckoned that was all they would find anywhere on the road.

Jack took the lead as spokesman, and assured him that hog and hominy was good enough for anybody, and was all they wanted; and he further said that cold hog was just as good for them as hot, and if there was any cold in the house it would make them a first-rate dinner.

This avowal of democratic principles smoothed the way at once, and in a little while dinner was ready. Fried bacon and cornbread constituted the repast, which was washed down with milk, the boys intimating that they preferred it to any other beverage, partly for the reason that it was nutritious and partly because of the general scarcity of tea and coffee through all the war-stricken region. The host was not inclined to be talkative on the topics that were just then the most absorbing, probably for the reason that he did n't know exactly who and what his visitors might be, and preferred to remain neutral. Many men in Missouri tried to adopt this course, but sooner or later most of them were drawn into the war on one side or the other; neutrality was next to impossible where a man was able to bear arms or contribute in any way to the contest which involved the existence or the destruction of the nation.

When the meal was over Jack asked how much they owed for it. The man said he did n't want anything, but if they had fifty cents to spare for the children it might

come handy. Accordingly Jack gave twenty-five cents to one of the children, Harry gave the same amount to another, and everything was satisfactory.

Just as they arose from the table there was the sound of hoofs outside, which drew everybody to the door. The hearts of the youths beat a little faster than usual when they saw eight or ten horsemen riding up to the house and ranging themselves in front of it.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SUCCESSFUL SCOUT—CAPTURE OF A REBEL CAVALRY
SQUAD.

"ARE they friends or enemies?" was the question which rose simultaneously in the thoughts of the two adventurers. One thing was certain, they were not a cavalry scouting party from Rolla, as they were not in the army uniform, but were dressed in the common garb of the country, the universal "butternut."

Two of the men dismounted and entered the house, or rather stepped just within the doorway, while the others remained in their saddles and held the horses of the two already mentioned. The first question of the one who appeared to be leader was:

"Any Yanks about to-day?"

Receiving a negative reply, he asked if they had anything to drink. The host said he had just a drop of whisky, but he was afraid there was n't enough to go around. He brought out a bottle, and as it was less than half-full it was very evident that it would be a small allowance for the party of horsemen, supposing all of them were thirsty.

The captain, as his comrades called him, proceeded to fill the bottle with water, thus diluting its contents, and then remarked that he thought it would go around. After taking a good-sized drink for himself he went outside and handed the bottle over to his subordinates, by whom it was speedily emptied.

While they were discussing the whisky and remarking upon its thinness, the captain questioned the two youths, who replied as they had previously arranged to do. They told the story they had already given several times, and which they had begun to believe was entirely within the bounds of truth. The captain seemed somewhat suspicious at first, but before they were through talking he fell into the same error as did the woman at whose house they stopped in the morning.

"We're going south, too," said the captain, "soon as we can raise more men and horses. If you'd only a couple of horses we'd jest take you along. But you don't look old enough for soldiers. How old are you?"

Jack said they would be sixteen very soon, and he added that perhaps the war might last long enough for them to get their full size. He echoed the wish of the captain that they had horses to travel with, so that they could go along with his company.

"Well, p'r'aps you'll find some in a day or two," the captain answered; "there's some of these Union men round here that've got horses we ought to have."

Jack took the hint and indicated their willingness to help themselves to horses whenever they could find any. This was satisfactory to the captain, and he said that they might join him as soon as they were mounted, and it would n't be very hard to find him if they asked in the right quarters.

Then he gave them several names of men who could be relied upon, and told where they lived. They covered a distance of fifteen or twenty miles to the east and south, so that as soon as the youths had supplied themselves with horses they could find out the captain's rendezvous. "But don't trust this man," said the captain, nodding in the direction of the house in front of which they stood. "He talks South to our fellows and North to the Yanks

when they come around, and nobody knows where to put him exactly. He 's trying to carry water on both shoulders, and 'll be likely to spill it if he don't look out sharp."

Then the captain mounted his horse, after handing the empty bottle to the farmer, and the troop of Southern recruits rode off. The farmer was evidently glad to see them going away, and also not at all sorry when the boys followed in the same direction. He had heard only a small part of the conversation between them, but evidently caught enough of it to divine its purport.

"It 's getting rather exciting," said Harry, as soon as they were alone. "Had n't we better go back to Rolla and tell what we 've seen and heard, so as to put the colonel on the track of the captain who wants us to become horse-thieves?"

"I 've been thinking the same thing," said Jack; "but how will we work it?"

"That 's the question," Harry responded. "It won't do to turn round now, as we should be suspected by everybody who has seen us, and particularly by the man where we had dinner. I think he 's a Union man, or neutral anyhow; but we 'll take the captain's advice, and not trust him."

"I have it," said Jack. "We 're tired now, and will go into the woods and have a sleep. We 're about fifteen miles from Rolla, and can get back there by morning. Soon as it 's dark we can start back and go just as fast as we can, and by breakfast time to-morrow we 'll have a party of cavalry on the heels of the captain."

This was agreed to, and at once the boys, in the par-
tance of the Southwest, "took to the woods." They slept soundly till dark, and then took the back track for Rolla. Fortunately they met nobody save a man in a farm-wagon, and as they heard the sound of his wheels some time before he reached them they had abundant oppor-

tunity to conceal themselves by the roadside till he had passed.

Just at daylight they reached the pickets outside of Rolla, and were immediately taken before the colonel, who received them in his tent and heard their story. Then he sent for a lieutenant of cavalry, who was at once dispatched with twenty men to hunt for the captain and his band of horse-thieves. Jack and Harry offered to accompany them, but the captain declined, partly because they were in great need of rest, having traveled thirty miles in about twenty-six hours and been awake all night, and partly because they would be recognized by those who had seen them on the road, and by the captain and his men in case they should be encountered.

"But do us one favor," said Jack, when he found that their desire to accompany the party would not be granted.

"Anything in reason," said the lieutenant; "what is it?"

Then he told about the woman who had given them the milk and asked them to stay to dinner, and he described the house so that it could not be mistaken.

"Well, what about her?" asked the lieutenant, as Jack paused.

"Take her this," said Jack, handing out a package containing half a pound of tea, which he had obtained from the colonel's servant while they were waiting the arrival of the lieutenant, after the boys had told their story. "Just leave it and say it is from friends; you need n't tell her anything more, and it isn't necessary for her to know. We feel rather guilty at having had her hospitality for nothing, and want to compensate her in some way."

The lieutenant laughed as he tossed the package to his sergeant and gave the order to mount. In two minutes the party was off. It was accompanied by two Union

men, natives in that region, who were to act as guides in designating the roads leading to the probable retreat of the captain with whom the youths had formed so brief an acquaintance.

The lieutenant carried out the request of the boys and left the woman a good deal puzzled over the affair. He did not stop five minutes at the house, and briefly told her that an old friend had sent her something he thought would be acceptable. As the boys could not in any sense be considered old friends, she never once thought of them, and especially as they had gone, as she supposed, to the South, and turned their backs altogether upon Rolla and the way the Yankees came from.

Let us follow the scouting party and see how it turned out.

About fifteen miles out from Rolla, and near the point where Jack and Harry turned back, the lieutenant halted his men and sought a place of concealment in the woods by the roadside, first putting out a picket to prevent any one passing in either direction. Then, as the Union guides were known, he had them change clothing and horses with two of the men, whom he sent forward to one of the secessionists whose name had been given by the rebel captain to the youths. For this work he selected two young and beardless men, on the chance that the captain had told the secessionist that the two youths might ask his whereabouts.

The lieutenant's calculations were correct. The resident readily told where the captain was to be found, and the men returned by a circuitous route to where the soldiers were waiting for the desired information. Then there was a change back again to clothing and horses as before, and the hunt for the human game was renewed.

So well was the affair managed that the whole band was captured without the shedding of a drop of blood.

With the aid of the guides the camp of the rebel recruits was surrounded and the whole party was taken by surprise. At first they were inclined to fight, but when they saw their assailants were double their number, and also were better armed, they considered discretion the better part of valor and gave up as gracefully as they could.

The lieutenant returned in triumph to Rolla with his prisoners and their horses. To guard against accidents the prisoners were not mounted on their own steeds, but carried in a wagon which formed a part of their camp equipment. Four soldiers with their carbines ready rode on each side of the wagon, and if any attempt had been made to escape it would have resulted badly for those who tried it.

The captured horses were turned over to the quartermaster, with the exception of two, which the colonel gave to Jack and Harry for their own use. Jack selected the one which had belonged to the captain, and remarked as he did so that he had carried out that gentleman's wishes in helping himself to a horse, though possibly not in the way the latter intended.

The colonel praised the boys for what they had done, but advised them to give the region of their late operations a wide berth in future.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REBELS ON THE OFFENSIVE—SIEGE OF LEXINGTON.

THE morning after their arrival at Rolla, the prisoners taken through the instrumentality of Jack and Harry were sent to St. Louis, where they were held until an exchange was arranged. Colonel Wyman thought the interests of the service would be advanced by keeping the captured captain and his comrades in ignorance of how their seizure was accomplished, and in obedience to his orders the two youths kept out of the way of the prisoners, and nothing was said in their presence that could enlighten them.

It was several months before the captain found out how cleverly he had been taken. At first he was inclined to be very angry with the boys, and vowed vengeance upon them if he ever met them again; but on reflection he remarked that all was fair in love and war, and perhaps he was not quite free from blame in talking so readily with two entire strangers. "They played the game well," said he; "splendidly, in fact, for a pair of youngsters, and if I can ever give them a helping hand when they're in trouble I'll do it." He was n't at all a bad sort of fellow, that captain, and you can be sure that after that he was n't quite so ready to confide in persons whom he had never seen before.

Not only did the boys have a selection from the captured horses, but they had a choice of saddles and also of the pistols which formed the armament of the prisoners.

All the pistols were old, and some of them were quite as likely to do damage at the rear as at the business end. The captain had the best weapon of the lot—a Colt's revolver, and there was another just about as good. Jack and Harry drew lots for the choice. The advantage fell to Jack, who immediately picked up the captain's revolver and handed it over to Harry. "I 've got the captain's horse," said he, "and you ought to have something to remember him by, so you must take this along." Thus the division was settled, and both were happy.

Thus armed and mounted, the boys were what might be called "swells" in the garrison of Rolla, and the envy of many of their associates. There was not a great deal for them to do for a month or more, as the enemy did not make the attack upon the post they had been threatening to make, nor did they even make a feint of one. The boys went on several scouting expeditions on their own account, with the approval of the commanding officer of the post, and though they made some discoveries and obtained information that was of use, they did not succeed in making captures of prisoners and horses.

Recruiting for the rebel army was in progress in all the interior counties of Missouri, and often almost under the eyes of the Union authorities. Now and then an expedition seized a squad or company of recruits and brought them triumphantly within the lines, but as a general thing the most of the men who wanted to join the Southern armies succeeded in doing so. The fact was, it was not possible to garrison every town and village throughout the State, and it was thought best to allow those with secession proclivities to get away to the field whenever they wanted to go, rather than remain and be a cause of trouble.

General Fremont had been assigned to the command of the Department of the Missouri shortly before the battle

of Wilson's Creek, and it was to him that General Lyon had appealed so earnestly and so vainly for reinforcements to enable him to hold out against the advancing rebels. After the retreat of the army to Rolla and the occupation of Springfield by the rebels, General Fremont set about organizing a force to take the field early in the autumn, with the hope of securing possession of the state and flying the Union flag all over its territory.

After the battle of Wilson's Creek the disagreement which had existed between the rebel leaders—Price and McCulloch—increased, and finally threatened to end in warfare almost equal to that which they were trying to wage together against the Union. McCulloch refused to advance further into the state, in spite of the entreaties of Price. An appeal to the Confederate government did not result in securing a peremptory order for McCulloch to advance as Price desired, and the result was a separation. McCulloch went back to Arkansas, while Price, whose forces had been strengthened by recruits from various parts of the state, marched northward in the direction of the Missouri river.

Price's openly-declared intentions were to capture Jefferson City, the capital, and re-establish Governor Jackson in authority there. A state convention had met there in July, and, of course, there was no governor to welcome it, and no commander-in-chief of the state forces. The convention declared the office of governor vacant, and chose a new governor, Honorable Hamilton R. Gamble, to fill Jackson's place. It is needless to say that Governor Gamble was a Union man, and from that time onward the power of the state was exerted in favor of the national government and against the rebellion of the South.

Jackson, the fugitive and rebel governor, never saw the state capital again after he left on the day of the memorable flight to Booneville. He continued with the rebel

armies in southwest Missouri and Arkansas and died in the last-named state long before the end of the war. General Price survived the war and afterward went to Mexico, where he was one of the founders of a colony of Americans who had sworn never to live under the flag of the United States. He died there in 1867.

With twenty thousand men in his command, and with his numbers increasing every day of his advance, Price reached Lexington, on the banks of the Missouri, having two or three encounters with the Union forces on his way, none of which were of much account. The superiority of his numbers gave him the advantage, and his opponents wisely retreated as he moved on. Lexington was garrisoned by about two thousand six hundred Union troops, consisting of volunteer infantry and Home Guards, under command of Colonel Mulligan, of the Irish Brigade. A fortification had been thrown up around the college buildings, which stood in a commanding position between the new and old towns of Lexington, and about half a mile from the river. The bank of the river was a high bluff, and with the exception of a small supply from cisterns and springs, water for the garrison had to be brought by hand or hauled by teams from below the base of this bluff.

Colonel Mulligan arrived at Lexington on the first of September, and the fortification, which he greatly strengthened, had been laid out by the commander of the troops already there. The spot was not wisely selected, as we shall presently see. As one of the officers said afterwards, "It was a very good place for a peace fortress, but very bad for warfare, especially when the warfare has to be defensive."

The men worked night and day to complete the intrenchments, which were ten feet high, with a ditch eight feet wide, and capable of inclosing ten thousand men. Rumors

of the advance of Price were in the air, and it was definitely known that he was moving toward Lexington. Appeals for reinforcements were sent to St. Louis, but they did not succeed in bringing troops to the aid of the garrison, for the simple reason that none could be spared from that city.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, the eleventh of September, the Union scouts and pickets were driven in by the enemy only a few miles out of Lexington. The rebels followed rapidly and attacked one of the angles of the fortifications, but not very vigorously. The fighting was kept up on the twelfth and following days, while the rebel army was coming up and making its preparations for the reduction of the fortification and capture of the garrison.

There were nearly three-thousand mules and horses inside the fortifications, and as the rebel shot and shell fell amongst them they caused a great deal of trouble. Numbers of them were killed and their bodies lay rotting in the sun, the garrison being too much occupied with defending the position to give attention to burying the dead animals or doing any other work of the camp. Frequently some of the affrighted animals broke loose from their fastenings and ran wildly about the camp, and it was finally found advisable to allow some of them to run outside, as their value was not sufficient compensation for the trouble and danger of caring for them.

The college building was within the inclosure, and occupied as the headquarters of Colonel Mulligan. Very naturally, it formed a fine target for the rebel artillery, and they fired away at it with good effect. One night they fired hot shot at it, but did not set it on fire; had they succeeded in doing so it would have created considerable havoc among the garrison, as the ammunition for the defense of the place was stored in the cellar, where it was covered with dirt and sods.

The rebels went to work leisurely, as before stated. They planted some of their artillery on the river bank, where they stopped every steamboat going up or down. They seized the ferry-boats that connect Lexington with the opposite bank of the river, and thus prevented the crossing of reinforcements which were moving from Kansas to join the threatened garrison. Several steamboats were thus taken, and for a while, at least, General Price was certainly master of the situation.

The country around Lexington grows a large amount of hemp, and thousands of bales of this article were stored in the warehouses of the town. The rebels rolled out this hemp, and with it constructed movable fortifications, with which they proceeded to reduce the earthworks of the Union army.

And this is the way it was done: The hemp was thoroughly wetted, so that there would be no danger of its taking fire, and then the bales were rolled toward the Union works, one after another, until they formed a breastwork; and all the time not a head of a man could be seen. Then other bales were brought forward and rolled on the top of the first layer, and in this way the assailants had a defense that no bullet could penetrate. Even the four or five pieces of light artillery which Colonel Mulligan possessed could do but little against such a bulwark as this.

The first of these hemp breastworks was thrown up to the west of the fort; another on the north, where it was partially sheltered by timber, followed it very quickly. In the night they were pushed forward, so that they were within very short range, and from the spaces between the bales the rebels kept up a fire upon every Union head that was shown on that side of the earthworks. It was a repetition of the trick of General Jackson with the cotton bales of New Orleans in 1815.

There were several houses within range of the fort, and these were speedily occupied by the rebels. Then from every rock, elevation, fence, gully and tree bullets were steadily whizzing, the great numbers of the rebels enabling them to keep their lines of attack fully manned at all times.

Rations were growing short in the fortifications, and the men were worn out with hard work and the necessity of being almost constantly on duty. The stench from the dead animals within the lines was fearful, and threatened to breed an epidemic; some of the Home Guards were demoralized and wanted to surrender, but the commander refused to entertain the idea of giving up the place.

CHAPTER XIX.

SURRENDER OF LEXINGTON—PRICE'S RETREAT AND FREMONT'S ADVANCE.

To the lack of ammunition and provisions, the stench of the dead animals, the immense preponderance in numbers of the enemy, the abundance of hemp with which the rebels could construct breastworks, the beleaguered garrison had to face an additional horror—that of thirst.

As before stated, the fortification was at some distance from the river, and within the limits of the fortification there were two cisterns, which were soon exhausted, and just outside the lines were two springs, which afforded a scanty supply, the rest being taken from the river. As soon as the besiegers ascertained this state of affairs they proceeded to cut off the supply of water, which they were able to do with their greatly superior numbers.

All communication with the river was severed, and then a force was posted in a position to fire on anybody who went to get water at the springs. Men can fight under great privations of food and with short supplies of ammunition, but they cannot fight against thirst. So determined were the men to hold out, that during a heavy rain on the second night after the siege began every tent and wagon cover was spread to catch as much water as possible; in this way a great amount was secured, and more was obtained by spreading blankets, and afterward wringing them out.

Twice a white flag was raised on the ramparts without the authority of Colonel Mulligan, and immediately hauled down as soon as he learned of it. A third time it was raised, also without his authority; but when he considered the sufferings of his men and found there was no prospect of relief, he consented to surrender, and negotiations were begun immediately. Unconditional surrender were the terms demanded by the besiegers, and under the circumstances the besieged were forced to accept them. They piled their arms and handed over their colors. Colonel Mulligan wept as he gave up his command, and many of his men fairly rolled on the ground in their rage at having been defeated. But it was practically impossible that they could hold out any longer, and the surrender was certainly in the interests of humanity.

The losses were less than might have been expected in a fight that lasted from the eleventh to the twentieth of September, though it must be remembered that for the first few days it was not very energetically pushed by the besiegers. The water supply was cut off on the seventeenth and from that time to the twentieth the garrison had no water beyond what they caught in blankets, tents and wagon-covers in the rain that has been mentioned. Less than two hundred were killed and wounded on the Union side, and about the same number on that of the rebels. Each side claimed to have inflicted a greater loss on the enemy than it sustained itself, a circumstance which has been more or less intimately connected with warfare since the world began.

Immediately after the surrender the rebels swarmed around the prisoners, and while some treated them kindly, others heaped abuse upon them, and if the Unionists had not already laid down their arms there would have been a good prospect of a renewal of the fight. The prisoners were paroled not to take up arms against the Confederacy

until regularly exchanged, and then they were set across the Missouri river and marched to a point near the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway and told to go where they pleased. During this march they were in charge of General Rains and his brigade, and most of them testified to the kindness of the soldiers of Rain's Brigade and of the people along the road they traveled.

After the surrender Lexington was a lively place. With nearly thirty thousand victorious rebel soldiery in the town, and many of these soldiers filled with whisky, in addition to being flushed with victory, the streets were anything but quiet and orderly. The officers of the Confederates were gentlemanly enough, but as for the soldiers they were anything but well-behaved. It required all the authority of the officers to keep the men from breaking loose and setting the town on fire or committing some other folly or barbarity. In some instances it became necessary to order the men out of town and form camps three or four miles away, which no one could leave without express permission.

There was the same lack of uniforms that had characterized the troops at Wilson's Creek, only a few hundreds of all the army under General Price having been able to obtain the Confederate gray. Some of the generals and colonels were uniformed, but many were not, and wore their civilian dress, with cloth shoulder-straps to indicate their rank. Many of the soldiers fought quite independently of all command, and took their positions wherever they were best suited.

An eye-witness of the siege said that the mode of fighting was well illustrated by something that came under his observation. There was an old Texan, dressed in a buckskin suit and armed with a hunting-rifle of the kind in use on the plains before the war. About seven o'clock every morning this Texan used to go to the Con-

federate breastworks, carrying his dinner in a tin pail. He hunted around for a good position till he found one, and then he fired away whenever he saw a head until the sun showed the meridian.

Promptly at noon he knocked off for an hour and ate his dinner. Then he went to work again and kept at it till six o'clock, when he went home to supper and to spend the night in peaceful sleep. Morning saw him at his post again; and thus he continued at his daily task till the surrender took place. There were a good many independent warriors of this sort, and if they did not kill many of their adversaries it was because the latter kept their heads out of range.

As soon as Lexington was surrendered Price turned his attention to gathering supplies and recruits from the rich and populous counties along the river. While he was engaged at this business, General Fremont assembled an army at Jefferson City for the purpose of heading him off. A portion of Fremont's army marched from Jefferson City to Tipton and Syracuse, while the balance was sent forward by railway to the same point. It was intended to march from these points to Springfield and reoccupy the place, which Lyon's army had been compelled to give up in August after the reverse at Wilson's Creek.

At the same time the garrison of Rolla was strengthened, and a column was ordered to move from that point to join the main force at Springfield. This movement promised to give occupation to Jack and Harry, who had been chafing at their inactivity while preparations were in progress. True, they had scouting expeditions occasionally, but as they did not succeed in finding any enemy, except in a very few instances, there was not enough to make the life of the camp at all exciting.

Movements were delayed by a lack of supplies and transportation, and it was not till the middle of October

that the Union forces took the offensive. In the main column from Tipton and Syracuse, General Sigel's division had the advance; while the other commanders were waiting for transportation Sigel scoured the country and picked up everything that could be of use. His wagon-train when he started was one of the funniest things of the kind ever known; there were some army wagons of the regulation pattern, but there were more emigrant wagons, such as are used by pioneers seeking new homes in the far West beyond the lines of railway, and where steamboats are unknown.

Then he had stage-coaches, family-carriages, drays, hay-carts, in fact all the kinds of vehicles known to that part of the country, and whenever a pack-saddle was found it was taken along. And the motive power was as varied as the vehicles to be moved; it comprised mules and horses as a matter of course, and it also included oxen, and even cows where the latter were found docile enough to be yoked or harnessed. There was a rumor that some of Sigel's men attempted to harness up a drove of pigs; that they took the pigs along there can be no reasonable doubt, but probably for some other purpose than breaking them in as draft animals. However burdensome to carry a pig may be, he has never been found a satisfactory beast of burden.

Before Fremont could get his army in motion, Price had taken the alarm and evacuated Lexington. He was too wily to wait till his enemy could get in front of him to cut him off, and the most that Fremont could hope for was that Price would make a stand in the neighborhood of Springfield and give chance for a battle.

Fremont did not encounter any enemy on his southward march until he was in the neighborhood of Springfield. When within fifty miles of that place he sent forward two companies of his body-guard, comprising about one hun-



PASSING THE CANTEN.



dred and fifty men, under the command of Major Zagonyi, and composed of most excellent materials for a cavalry squadron. The members of the body-guard were from the best class of young men of St. Louis and Cincinnati. From the completeness of the body-guard's outfit and the dashing appearance it presented, it was derisively known as the kid-gloved regiment. It consisted of four companies of cavalry, and the intention was to increase it to a full regiment of ten companies, an intention never carried out. After the removal of Fremont the famous organization was sent to St. Louis and disbanded.

Well, the body-guard got within eight miles of Springfield without seeing the enemy, but at that distance from town it found a brigade of infantry, with some cavalry, drawn up to receive them. Major Zagonyi ordered a charge, and it was made in gallant style. It was like the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava—it was magnificent, but it was not war. The enemy was routed and the town was occupied only to be abandoned as soon as night came on, for the very natural fear of a surprise, which might easily have been disastrous to the seventy or eighty men that remained of Zagonyi's command, the rest having been killed, wounded, or scattered in the fight. Fifteen were killed and twenty-seven wounded, and fully fifty horses were killed or rendered useless by reason of wounds and over-riding.

Jack and Harry discussed the affair, when the news reached them, with the coolness and critical air of major-generals.

"What was the use of such a charge as that?" said Jack, with his eye fixed on Harry as though he would pierce him.

"It was a splendid fight," was the reply, "and did great credit to the men that made it."

"Nobody says it did n't," responded Jack; "but just

look at the waste of life, and nothing to show for it. The rebels were preparing to leave Springfield; in fact, the two thousand that Zagonyi says he encountered were only the rear-guard of Price's army, and when our army came along it could have occupied the town, as it afterwards did, without any opposition. The lives of those soldiers were just thrown away, and it is n't the only time men have been sacrificed just to enable somebody to show off."

Harry nodded assent, and the conversation shifted to other topics.

CHAPTER XX.

OCCUPATION OF SPRINGFIELD—ANOTHER BATTLE IMMINENT.

FREMONT's army reached Springfield two days after the charge of the body-guard, the rebels retiring as the advance of the column approached. There was an amusing incident connected with the charge which may here be related.

A corporal and half a dozen men became separated from the rest of the body-guard and straggled into Springfield after the others had left. While the corporal was undecided what to do, a flag of truce came in from the rebels, asking a suspension of hostilities to permit the burial of the dead.

The corporal received the flag of truce at the courthouse, and, on learning the object of the visit, said he must consult his general, who was lying down in an inner room of the building. He disappeared for several minutes, and after a sufficient time had elapsed for a parley with the imaginary general, he returned with the partial and conditional approval of the request. He cautioned the officer bearing the flag of truce not to approach a certain piece of woods near the scene of the fight until word could be sent there that a truce had been arranged; otherwise there would be danger of a collision between the troops, as the general's division was too much exasperated to be under control. He said it would take not less than three hours to arrange the matter, and meantime the burying party must remain away. The flag of truce de-

parted, and the corporal hastily summoned his men and decamped in the direction which his chief had taken.

A ruse not unlike this was played by the colonel of a Kansas regiment that was suddenly confronted while on the march through western Missouri by a force four times its own strength. The colonel immediately deployed his entire regiment into a skirmish-line and boldly advanced to battle. The rebels naturally thought that when an entire regiment was deployed as skirmishers there must be a good sized force behind it. They retired carefully and in good order, the Kansas colonel pressing them sufficiently close to give the impression that he was anxious for a fight. By this ruse, which required a good deal of nerve to undertake, a battle was avoided and the prestige of victory went to the Unionists.

The day after Fremont's advance reached Springfield the column from Rolla made its appearance, and went into camp just outside the town. Jack and Harry were attached to the wagon-train as before, but with the advantage in their favor that they were allowed to retain the horses which had been given to them after the capture of the rebel captain, and therefore they were able to see more of the country than under their former circumstances. There had been no opposition on the march, and therefore the trip from Rolla had been devoid of incidents of importance. The boys went several times with scouting parties that were sent out to examine the country, on both sides of the line of march, but however much they wanted to get into a brush with the enemy they could not find an enemy to brush with. All the men who sympathized with the rebellion seemed to have gone to the rebel army, with the exception of those who were too old for service.

But if the men were absent, the women were not; and what was more, they were not slow, in most cases, to

make known their feelings. They denounced the "Yankees" and "Dutch" in the bitterest terms, taunting them with robbing and killing honest people who were fighting in defense of their homes; charging them with being cowards and hirelings, and sometimes cursing them roundly in language altogether unfit for ears polite or lips refined.

One day a woman poured upon Jack and Harry a volley of vituperation that was delivered with such rapidity as to render fully half of it unintelligible. Jack was at first inclined to anger, and started to "talk back," but Harry restrained him, and asked the woman if that was all she had to say.

"All I've got to say?" she screamed; "no, I've got more to say; and that is that you're a pair of brainless boys that sense is wasted on. 'T ain't no use talking to such babies without no more beards than the back of my hand."

"Did you ever read Washington's farewell address to his army, madam?" said Harry, with the utmost gravity depicted on his face.

"No; I don't know nothing about it," she replied. "Who's he, I'd like to know; one of your Dutch thieves, I s'pose?" and her voice came down a note or two from its very high pitch.

"He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," said Harry, with his mock gravity continued throughout.

"I s'pose he's one of your Dutch generals or colonels," retorted the woman. "He'd better not come around here, or I'll tell him what I think of him and all his other Dutchmen."

"He will not come, madam; I'll take care that he does n't. But in his farewell address he remarked that there was nothing half so sweet in life as two souls with-

out a single thought, and two hearts that beets and cabbages could not turn from their faithful allegiance."

"What 's that got to do with us, I 'd like to know," said she. "He 'd better not come around here alone talking that way; but if he fetches along his Dutch thieves, we can't help ourselves. You-'uns ought to go home if you want to save yourselves from killing, for the Southern men won't leave one of ye alive."

"That is what I was saying to my friend here," responded Harry; "and now that we 've had our call, we'll take your advice and go."

Away they rode, and had a good laugh as soon as they were out of sight of the house. Jack admitted that Harry had shown good sense in making light of the vituperation they received, and said he would follow the same plan in future.

"It 's no use trying to convert these people to our way of thinking," said Harry, as they rode along on their way to rejoin the column. "Argument is wasted on them just as it would be wasted on us. Nobody could win us over to believe in secession, and why should we expect these men and women, born and bred with slaves around them, to regard slavery and what comes of it as we regard it."

Jack acquiesced in Harry's theory, and he further admitted that if he had been born in the South and brought up there, it was fair to suppose that he would have believed in state-rights and the other principles that the Southern leaders had advocated since the formation of the republic.

After the arrival of the column at Springfield and its junction with the forces of General Fremont, there was a prolonged halt to wait for supplies for the army, preparatory to a further advance into the enemy's country. The rebels fell back toward the Arkansas line, and it was reported that a force was advancing to join them from

Arkansas, when they would be ready to meet us. Scouting parties were sent out, and ascertained that there was practically no enemy within fifty miles, the rebel army being concentrated at Cassville, where they waited the reinforcements mentioned. The country far beyond Wilson's Creek was entirely safe, only a stray scouting party of rebels having been seen for several days.

Jack and Harry obtained permission to visit Wilson's Creek and the battle-ground from which they had been driven eleven weeks before. "The thing that impressed us most," said Jack, in his letter to his father, which he wrote the evening afterward, "was the absolute stillness of the place in contrast to the roar of artillery and the crash of the small arms on the day of the battle. There was no sound whatever to break it, except the occasional chirping of a bird or the rippling of the creek, except our own voices and the breaking of the twigs under the feet of our horses. At every step we took we could not help contrasting the cool autumn morning with that hot day in August when shot and shell and bullets were flying all around and the sound of the cannon was like rapid peals of thunder.

"My horse stumbled over something in the grass, and I looked down to see what it was. It was a human skull on which his foot had fallen, and the skull turning had caused him to stumble as he did. A few feet away lay the dismembered skeleton to which the skull evidently belonged. It was probably the remains of a soldier who had been wounded and crawled under a tree for shelter and died there, as the spot was among the trees, and away from the beaten track. There were bits of cloth scattered over the ground, and it was evident that birds or wild animals had been at work there; and also upon another skeleton a little further on, which was disturbed and scattered like the first.

"On the battle-field there were numerous graves, that showed how severe had been the carnage; some were single graves, while others were sufficiently broad to contain a dozen or more bodies. Fragments of weapons, pieces of the broken wheel of a gun-carriage, and of the shell that destroyed it, were lying all around, and the trees everywhere were seamed and scarred by bullets. Then there were skeletons of horses lying where the animals fell, and these had also been the prey of birds or animals, to judge by the general aspect of dismemberment.

"We looked for the spot where General Lyon fell, and found it marked by an inscription carved upon the nearest tree. A farmer living near the battle-field came out to show us around, and he told us that the rebel soldiers cut off the glossy mane and tail of General Lyon's horse and divided it among them, to wear as badges of honor or send home to their friends. Then they took away the teeth and bones as souvenirs of the fight, and when these were exhausted the teeth and bones of other horses were secured as relics of the general's favorite steed.

"We rode over and around Bloody Hill and then descended to the valley of the creek, where the rebels had their camp on the morning of the battle. Here there were more traces of the conflict in the shape of the ashes of the wagons that were set on fire at the time of Sigel's attack, and the bits of iron which the fire could not consume. And all the time the stillness impressed us so much that it was almost painful."

They returned to Springfield by the Fayetteville road, having gone to the battle-field by the route which was followed by General Lyon.

The next day there was a rumor that the rebels had been reinforced and were advancing. A battle could be

looked for very soon, and the whole camp was in a state of excitement.

On the morning of the second of November the scouts brought positive information that the rebels were advancing, and the next day it was reported that they were camped on the old battleground at Wilson's Creek and would fight there. The general officially announced it, and gave orders for an advance on the following day.

The army was ready to move, pickets were doubled and grand guards increased, and a battery of four guns was placed on the Fayetteville road to greet the enemy if he chose to come on. Jack and Harry slept that night with their horses saddled; their sleep was more in theory than practice, as they were so excited that they hardly closed an eye during the night.

CHAPTER XXI.

ARMY SCOUTING—REFUGEES AND THEIR SUFFERINGS.

FOR some time there had been rumors that General Fremont was about to be removed from the command of the Western Department. It was said that the authorities at Washington were greatly dissatisfied with the way he had managed affairs, and thought he gave more attention to making a grand display than in pushing operations against the enemy. Rumors of the impending change grew more and more numerous, and finally, on the second of November, General Fremont was officially notified of his removal from command and the appointment of General Hunter in his place.

Then on the third came the report that the enemy was in force at Wilson's Creek, and the plan of battle was formed. But the arrival of General Hunter at midnight caused the order for the troops to march at daybreak to be countermanded, and so the army did not move out to fight, greatly to the disappointment of our young friends.

It was fortunate for Fremont's reputation that the army did not make the proposed march, as the fact would have been revealed, which was discovered next day by a reconnoitering party which General Hunter sent out, that there was not a rebel camped on the old battleground or any where near it. A scouting party of about fifty men had been in the neighborhood, but they did not remain an hour; they had simply satisfied themselves that the Union army



GOING FOR THE DETACHMENT.

was still in Springfield, and then returned to their army at Cassville.

"How could General Fremont have been so deceived?" was the very natural inquiry of Jack when it became known exactly how little foundation there was for the report of the near presence of the enemy.

"He was deceived by his scouts, I presume," said Harry. "Suppose we ask one of our friends, who 'll know more about it."

So they referred the matter to one of the soldiers attached to the commissary department, and the latter explained as follows :

"You understand," said he, "that a general must depend a good deal on what his scouts tell him, and to avoid being deceived by them he is compelled to use a great deal of judgment. There are three classes of scouts : those who are really brave, cool and truthful ; those who intend to be honest, but are timid and credulous, and lastly those who are born liars and boasters. The first are not always to be had, and at best are scarce, and so a general's scouting force is largely made up of the second and third classes. The second class get their information from the frightened inhabitants, and the fifty or so that composed the scouting party of rebels which came as far as Wilson's Creek were easily magnified into five or ten thousand ; the imagination and fears of the scouts doubled the numbers given by the inhabitants, and thus the fictitious army was created. As for the liars and boasters, they are always, if their stories could be believed, doing prodigies of valor and whipping ten or twenty times their number of the enemy.

"What they principally do is to scare the people through whose country they ride, and many of them are not above plundering after a fashion no better than downright robbery. Generally they are in no hurry to meet the

enemy face to face, but confine their scouting to places that are entirely safe."

The soldier knew what he was talking about. Among Fremont's followers were several men of this sort with the rank of captain or lieutenant, and several who were unattached to any command and had an air of mystery about them. One of them used to ride out of camp about sunset as though bent on an important mission. He would return in the morning with a thrilling story of a night's ride, in which he had several times been fired upon by rebel scouting parties, and had used his revolver with such effect as to leave five or perhaps ten of his enemies dead upon the ground.

The fact was he went only a mile or two, and there spent the night at a farmhouse, having previously informed himself as to the entire safety of the place.

Another so-called scout was a forager whose equal is rarely to be seen. Whenever the army went into camp he would take half-a-dozen companions and start on a foraging expedition, from which he returned with a varied assortment of things, most of which were utterly unsuited to the uses of an army in the field and had to be left behind. One day he brought back a wagon drawn by two oxen and two cows, and with a horse attached behind it. Inside the wagon he had a pair of bull-terrier pups about three months old, a hoopskirt, and other articles of the feminine wardrobe, a baby's cradle and also a grain-reaping one, a rocking-chair, some battered railway-spikes, three door-mats and a side-saddle. Another time he returned with a family carriage drawn by a horse and a mule, and containing a litter of young kittens without the mother-cat, a bird-cage with a frightened canary in it, an empty parrot-cage, several bound volumes of sermons by celebrated English divines, and a box of garden-seeds.

This same scout got into trouble afterwards in a queer

sort of a way. While on a foraging tour at one time he secured a lot of ready-made clothing, which he found in a trunk where some salt belonging to the rebel authorities had been stored. The quartermaster refused to receive the trunk and contents, and so the captain carried it to St. Louis and took it to the hotel where he temporarily stopped.

It so happened that some detectives were hunting for a suspected thief, who was said to be stopping at the hotel. They got into the captain's room by mistake and searched his trunk while he was absent; they did not find the articles they sought but they did find thirteen coats of different sizes, without any waistcoats or trousers to match. This was considered such a remarkable wardrobe for a gentleman to carry, that they did not hesitate to arrest him on general principles. He was locked up over night and did not succeed in obtaining his liberty until the quartermaster could be found to show that the goods were not stolen, but were simply the spoils of war.

Immediately after his removal, General Fremont, who had been in command just one hundred days, returned with his staff to St. Louis, and the army was ordered back to the line of the railway. On the ninth of November it evacuated Springfield, which was soon after occupied by General Price, and the second campaign of the Southwest was over. General Hunter remained only fifteen days in command and was succeeded by General Halleck, who proceeded to undo pretty nearly everything that Fremont had established.

Late in November Jack and Harry found themselves once more in Rolla, where a part of the army of the Southwest went into winter quarters. The rebels were content to remain in Springfield, though they sent scouting and foraging parties at irregular intervals to scour the country between those two points and gather whatever

supplies could be obtained. The commander at Rolla also sent out similar expeditions, which were frequently accompanied by our young friends, and thus each army was fairly well informed as to what the other was doing.

The retirement of the Union forces gave the rebels great encouragement, and they pushed their recruiting through the interior country with great activity. They threatened to capture St. Louis, at least in words, and so loud were their promises that many of their sympathizers believed them.

During January, 1862, the camp at Rolla was increased by the arrival of troops from Illinois, Iowa and Kansas, and it was evident that the spring was to open with another campaign. General Samuel R. Curtis arrived and took command, transportation was cut down as much as possible, stores were accumulated and sent forward as far as the Gasconade river, a cavalry division under General Carr was pushed forward, and by degrees the country was occupied to within fifty miles of Springfield, where Price's army was known to be in force. It was ascertained that McCulloch's army had gone into a winter camp at Cross Hollows, in Arkansas, and would probably move north in the spring to join Price, or in case of a Union advance would wait where it was until Price could fall back to that position.

Among the regiments that came to Rolla was the Ninth Iowa, which contained several officers and many men of the First Iowa, which had been mustered out of service after its return from Wilson's Creek, its time having expired. Its colonel, William Vandever, was assigned to the command of a brigade, so that the control of the regiment fell to its lieutenant-colonel, F. J. Herron, who had fought at Wilson's Creek as a captain in the First Iowa.

Jack and Harry were overjoyed to see so many of their old acquaintances, and at the request of Colonel Vandever

the two youths were turned over to his care. They had made such a good record in their scouting services during their stay at Rolla, that Colonel Vandever, whom we will now call general, as he was shortly afterward promoted to that rank, decided to make use of them as scouts and orderlies whenever occasion offered. They were allowed to retain their horses, of which they had taken excellent care. The animals showed much attachment to their young masters, and evidently were quite reconciled to serving under the Union flag instead of the rebel one, beneath which they were captured.

Orders to advance were impatiently waited, and at last they came. Early in February the army of General Curtis moved out of Rolla with drums beating and trumpets sounding, and every indication of a determination to push on to victory. Sixteen thousand men, in the proper proportions of infantry, artillery and cavalry, composed the force which was to carry the flag across the borders of Missouri and into the rebellious state of Arkansas.

But before we follow the army of the Southwest and make note of its fortunes, let us briefly turn our gaze elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXII.

A GENERAL ADVANCE—A SCOUTING PARTY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

CAREFUL students of the war did not fail to see that there was a systematic advance along the whole line from Virginia to Missouri during the early part of February, 1862. During the winter work on the gun-boat fleet had been vigorously pushed and many steamboats purchased or hired as transports. As fast as the ironclads were ready to move they were sent to Cairo, Illinois where the transports were assembled and vast amounts of stores had been accumulated. General Grant was in command at Cairo, and that aqueous town was a vast encampment. At the same time the army at Rolla had been strengthened, as we have already seen, and the movement of each force was practically simultaneous.

Nor was this all. From Washington the army moved into Virginia, and the checkered campaign of 1862 began. Then a fleet and an army went down the Atlantic coast and captured New-Berne, North Carolina, and farther down the coast there was an aggressive move against Charleston. Then at the mouth of the Mississippi a fleet of war ships appeared, backed by a fleet of transports carrying a land force ready to occupy and hold whatever the fleet secured. In Kentucky the Army of the Ohio occupied Bowling Green, and prepared to move upon Nashville.

The first success along the whole line of attack was

when on the sixth of February the fleet under Admiral Foote bombarded Fort Henry and compelled its surrender. Then followed the attack on Fort Donelson, when General Grant "moved immediately upon the works" of General Buckner and took him a prisoner, together with all those of his garrison that could not escape. The whole North was in a blaze of excitement as the news was published in the papers, which appeared in the form of "Extras," with a great many lines of heading to a very few lines of news. Such a sensation had not happened since the battle of Bull Run, in the previous year—and, unlike that of Bull Run, the story was one of victory and not of disaster.

The effect of the news in a city like St. Louis, whose population was divided in sentiment, was a curious study to the outsider. A man's sympathies could be known half a block away by the expression of his face and the air with which he greeted his friends. If he was for the Union his head was high in the air and his countenance showed him to be "smiling all over;" but if he sympathized with the rebellion, his steps were sad and slow and his head was downcast, as though he had lost a ten cent piece or a diamond ring, and was on the lookout to find it. There was no occasion to ask a man how he felt; the subject was too momentous to permit him to conceal his thoughts.

When the newsboys appeared with the extras they were eagerly patronized by the Union men and as eagerly repelled by the Secessionists. One boy had the temerity to enter the store of a noted Secessionist and shout in stentorian tones, "'Ere's yer extra; all about the capture of Fort Donelson!"

That boy soon had reason to believe that his presence was not desired there and his wares were unwelcome. He sold no papers in that store, and moreover he was ejected from it a moment after entering on the toe of a

number ten boot. His ejection was no trifling matter as it carried him quite to the edge of the sidewalk. He got up again, as though nothing had happened, and went on with his business as usual.

It is sad to record that there was a great deal of drinking in St. Louis over the result of Grant's movement against Donelson. The Union men drank in joy and congratulation, while the Secessionists did likewise to drown their sorrow. In Chicago and other Northern cities the drinking was more one-sided than in St. Louis, but the average to each inhabitant was not greater.

It is said that on some of the dead-walls of Chicago the day of the fall of Donelson a placard was posted to the effect that every man found sober at nine o'clock in the evening would be arrested for disloyalty. History does not record that there were any arrests in Chicago that day for disloyalty. Whether there was anybody around at that hour capable of making arrests is also without record.

Having thus taken a general survey of the field, we will return to Jack and Harry, whom we left with the Army of the Southwest.

The army moved, as before stated, and encountered no opposition as it advanced beyond the Gasconade river and occupied the town of Lebanon, sixty-five miles from Rolla. Harry called Jack's attention to the desolation that seemed to prevail along the route, compared with what the road was when they first saw it on the retreat from Wilson's Creek. Many houses had been burned, and many of those that escaped the torch were without occupants. In every instance where inquiry was made it was found that the burned or deserted house had been the property of a Union citizen who had been driven away by his rebel neighbors or by scouting parties from Price's army.

The few people that remained were almost destitute of food, and it was next to impossible to obtain feed for horses. The country had suffered terribly from the ravages of war, and was destined to suffer still further before the war ended. As long as the war lasted it was infested by roving bands of guerrillas, although the regular armies of the Confederacy had been forced much farther to the south. At first the Secessionists encouraged the presence of these guerrillas, but after a time they found their exactions so great that they would gladly have rid themselves of their so-called "friends."

The roads were bad and the march was slow, but in spite of the bad roads and the wintry weather the army pushed forward resolutely. Jack and Harry found themselves covered with mud at the end of every day's march, and as they were frequently sent with scouting parties away from the road, their horses as well as themselves were pretty well used up when night arrived; but they came out as lively as ever the next morning, and the horses seemed to echo the words of their young masters, that they were having a good time.

On one of their scouting expeditions they stopped at a house whose owner boasted that he had built it himself and lived in it for seventeen years, and though it wasn't equal to some of the fine houses in Springfield or Lebanon, it was as good as he wanted. It was built of logs, like the ordinary frontier dwelling, and consisted of a single room, where the family of six persons lived, ate and slept. It had a door but no window, and in order to have light in the daytime it was necessary to keep the door open, no matter how cold the weather might be. Near the house was a smaller one of the same sort, and this was occupied by three negroes, the slaves of the owner of the place.

Harry found on inquiry that the man had bought these slaves from the money he had saved by selling the produce

of his farm, preferring to invest in this kind of property rather than build a more comfortable house, with glass windows and other luxuries. One of the slaves was cook and housemaid, the second was the family nurse, and the third, a man about fifty years old, attended to the stable and out-door work in general. The master worked in the field with his colored property, but he said that when he had "two more niggers" he would have all his time taken up looking after them. Naturally he was in sympathy with the rebellion, and did not believe in the Yankees and Dutch coming along and setting the slaves free.

The black man watched for a chance to speak to one of the boys, and after a little maneuvering he managed to do so without being seen by his master.

"Ef you Linkum folks wants to find some rebs," said the darkey to Harry, with a grin, "I knows whar you 'll find 'em."

"Where 's that?"

"You jest go down dis yere road about a mile and you 'll find some of 'em with a wagon load o' pork dey 's takin' to Price's army."

"How many rebs are there with the wagon?"

"Dere 's six on 'em—t'ree is on horses and t'ree in der wagon. Dey 's been gettin' dat pork round yar, and hain't been gone more 'n half an hour. I knows dey 's going ter stop at der creek to fix one of de wheels, and you 'll find 'em dar. Don't let on wher yer found 'em out."

"Of course not," was the reply. "We 'll keep you all safe. Now clear out, and don't look at us to see which way we go."

There were six of them in the scouting party, and they were entirely able to cope with the escort of the wagon. Harry slipped to the side of the sergeant in command and said they 'd better be off, and he would then tell him why.



DESTROYING PONTOONS AND AMMUNITION AT FALLING WATERS.

The sergeant then said to his men that it was time to be getting back, and gave the order for mounting. At the end of the little lane where the house stood they stopped for consultation, Harry telling what he had learned, and suggesting, that in order to divert suspicion, they had best start the other way and then suddenly turn about as though a new idea had occurred to them.

The sergeant acted under Harry's suggestion. The party went half-a-dozen rods one way and then turned about and cantered slowly down the road in the direction indicated by the negro.

"Steady, now, boys," said the sergeant. "Don't pump your horses, but keep them fresh for a dash when we want to make it."

So they went gently along, Harry keeping a little in advance to watch out for the wagon of which they were in search. The road rose and fell over the undulations of the ground, and when they had gone about a mile it was evident that they were coming to a depression, which was probably the bed of the creek.

Harry hugged the trees at the side of the road, so as to screen himself from sight. His horse pricked his ears and evidently scented the presence of other animals of his race.

A few more steps in advance and the wagon was in sight. It was standing close to the creek, and the men were busy adjusting one of the wheels, the three horsemen having dismounted and tied their steeds to some trees a dozen yards away.

The sergeant gave the order to advance at a walk, and if possible get between the men and their horses before the presence of an enemy was discovered. As soon as they were seen they would go in with a dash.

They were not able to carry out the plan completely, but for all practical purposes it succeeded. When the

first of the rebel party saw the advancing Federals they had not time to secure their horses. The sergeant gave the order for an advance, and in the squad dashed, in fine style.

The sergeant had told Jack to get hold of the saddle-horses the first thing, and he did so. The rest of the party surrounded the wagon. The rebels showed fight, but, taken at a disadvantage and with the carbines of the cavalrymen aimed at them, they surrendered before any blood had been spilt, but not without an exchange of shots, of which Harry received one through the sleeve of his coat.

The prisoners were secured and marched back in the direction of the road where the army was on its march. The wheel was speedily adjusted, and then Harry mounted the box of the wagon and soon made the four mules that comprised its team understand their duty. The captured horses were led behind the wagon along with Harry's horse. Without further adventure the party reached the camp, and the pork intended for Price's army found its way down the throats of General Vandever's soldiers.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE CAMP OF THE REBELS—CAPTURED LETTERS AND
THEIR CONTENTS.

It was impossible to prevent news of the advance of the Union forces being carried to General Price at Springfield. That astute commander knew that he was in no condition to cope with an army of sixteen thousand men, and so he wisely withdrew when certain that he would have to fight if he remained. He left in haste and did not take time to pack up all his correspondence, of which a considerable portion fell into the hands of the invaders.

General Curtis had hoped to surround Price in Springfield and prevent his retreat; he did surround the town on two of its four sides, but left the other two wide open, and consequently Price was able to march serenely and leisurely down the road in the direction of the Arkansas line.

General Sigel was sent along a parallel road in the hope of heading off Price, but the latter got wind of the movement and accelerated his own speed so that heading off was out of the question. Then, too, his rear was rather closely followed by General Curtis's cavalry, so that the rear-guard pressed against the column in front of it and urged the retreat. General Sigel's officers afterwards complained that they were foiled in their heading-off attempt by the vigorous pursuit of the cavalry that led the main column.

Jack and Harry were with a scouting party that visited

the deserted camp of the rebels close to the town of Springfield, and were much interested in studying the buildings which had been erected for the use of the troops. They consisted of log and board structures, and were sufficiently numerous and extensive to accommodate ten thousand men, in the way troops are lodged in barracks, without any overcrowding. The log-houses were well chinked with mud and clay, and the board ones were well built and comfortable; both kinds of buildings had floorings of boards, and at one end of every house there was a chimney and a fireplace.

"In some of the camps," said Jack afterwards, in describing the place to a friend, "the buildings seemed to have been dropped down hap-hazard, without any effort at regularity, while in other camps they were laid out into streets and lanes. Some of the streets had signs at the corners, and of course the names were sure to be those of the Confederate generals. The bunks were arranged in tiers, sometimes four or five in a tier; some of the roofs of the buildings were covered with rawhide, and we saw several chairs and sofas seated with the same material.

"We thought by the looks of the place that they must have left in a hurry. There was a dead pig lying on the ground with the knife still sticking in his throat, and close by was a sheep hanging on a peg in the side of a house, with its skin about half taken off. Dough was fresh in the pans, and there were cooking utensils in considerable number, many of them containing food wholly or partially cooked. They took away their blankets, hardly one having been left behind. The sick men who remained in camp said that there was a very short supply of blankets, and they were sure the army would suffer greatly for want of proper clothing and covering.

"I 'm certain they left in a great hurry," continued Jack, "or I would n't have this."

As he spoke he drew from his pocket a gold watch, which he had found in a bunk in one of the houses, evidently a house where the officers of a regiment were lodged. It was a pleasing souvenir of the visit to the camp, and Jack said he hoped to carry it home to show to his friends in Iowa.

"And what did you find, Harry?" said one of the listeners, turning to the other of our young friends.

"There were no gold watches, or even a silver one, in any bunk that I examined; but I found this, which was quite likely a treasured possession of its former owner as much as was the watch to the man who left it behind for Jack to pick up. But it would n't sell for as much; in fact, I don't think it would bring any price at all in the market, as it's only a bundle of love-letters."

Then he read some of the letters aloud, to the great amusement of the entire party. It is a fact worthy of record that anybody's love-letters are amusing, and generally silly, to all except the one person for whom they are intended and the other person who writes them.

The love element was not stronger than the devotion of the fair writers to the cause of the South. One of them urged her lover to stay with the army and fight till the last slave-stealing Yankee was put out of existence and the triumph of the Confederacy was assured. "And you won't have long to stay," she added, "as we hear the northern people are starving, and all of them are fast getting sick of the war. They won't be able to hire any more Dutchmen to fight for them, and when they can't hire Dutchmen the war will stop and the South will be independent."

"I know I can trust you when you get among the northern women," she says in conclusion; "and am sure you won't forget me and fall in love with one of those ill-looking, wheezing, whining, ignorant creatures. That's

what Johnny Scott says all the Yankee women are like, and he 's been North three or four times, you know."

"Poor, dear, confiding girl," said Harry. "I 'm afraid Johnny Scott wanted to make her mind easy about her far-off sweetheart, and so invented this charming fiction about the northern lasses. How her eyes would be opened if she could take a run through the cities and country towns all the way from the state of Maine to the Missouri river and see the thousands and thousands of pretty faces that could be seen there."

To judge by the passages of the letters giving the news and rumors concerning the progress of the war, it was evident that the most astounding stories of the prowess of the southern soldiers and the cowardice of the northern ones were in active circulation. The latter had been defeated over and over again, and generally ran at the first fire ; sometimes they even ran before a shot was fired, and gave the enemy the victory without spilling a drop of blood.

There was an amusing juxtaposition of paragraphs, one of which said the Yankees were being driven back everywhere as fast as they could be met, and the other saying they were pushing down into the South all the time "further and further." Evidently the writer of the letter was puzzled at this, for she says :

"I asked Colonel Jones that if we were whipping the Yanks all the time, how it was they kept coming further down South as fast as we whipped them. He said a woman could n't understand war ; he could excuse my asking such a question, but if it had been a man that asked it he would have arrested him for a Yankee spy. Of course I am aware, Charles, that I don't know anything about war, and I wish you 'd write me something, so that I can talk understandingly. I think I can guess it ; the southern generals want to entice the Yanks down into

the South, and when they get ready to kill the whole lot, none of them can get away."

This was the explanation given on several occasions by the rebel leaders in reply to inquiries as to the reasons for certain retirements of the rebel troops. A letter from Colonel Thomas H. Price, of General Price's staff, was among the correspondence captured at Springfield. It had been left behind by the general in his hasty departure. This letter was dated at Memphis, January sixth, and contained, among other information, the following :

* * * I shall start in the morning for Richmond. I have not the least wish or curiosity to go, but Major Anderson and Colonel Hunt, of the Quartermaster and Ordnance Departments, advise to go immediately there. I tell everybody who mentions your retreat that you only moved your camp to be more convenient to forage, etc.

There were many other letters which the rebel general left behind in his flight that were of special interest to the union commanders, as they revealed the methods of recruiting and gathering provisions in the Confederate states. There was a complaint that the governor of Arkansas had placed an embargo on the shipment of pork, corn and other produce to New Orleans, on the ground that it would all be needed for feeding the Arkansas troops in the field. One man said he had bought twelve thousand pounds of pork to ship to New Orleans, and on which he expected a handsome profit, but owing to the action of the governor he was unable to sell a pound of it.

This was agreeable news to the union commanders, as it went far to insure a good supply of provisions in any movements the Army of the Southwest might make in Arkansas. Various letters gave the strength of the rebel forces at different points, and altogether a good deal of information was obtained from the captured correspondence.

The rebels had established a foundry and armory at Springfield. In the former they were casting shot and shell for the use of the artillerymen, and in the latter small arms were being repaired and cartridges made for the infantry, while swords were fashioned and put in serviceable condition for the cavalry.

Several buildings were filled with provisions, one large one being quite untouched. The reason why the torch was not applied to these storehouses and their contents will be seen later on.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A RAPID PURSUIT—"THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER"—GAME CHICKENS AND COCKING MAINS.

THE union army followed closely after the rebel one, and for more than a hundred miles the chase was continued. Sometimes the advance of the pursuers was not more than a mile or two from the rear of the pursued. A retreating army always has the advantage, as it has a clear road, while the advancing one must carefully reconnoiter the ground to prevent falling into ambuscades. Then, too, the retreating force can forage upon the country, where there is anything to be obtained in it, and by clearing it of provisions and supplies of every kind make it a difficult matter for the pursuers to feed themselves, unless by waiting for the wagon-trains, which are always an encumbrance and hinder rapid movements.

General Price did not stop to form ambuscades or otherwise engage the advance of General Curtis, but kept straight on toward the southwest till he formed a junction with McCulloch at Cross Hollows in northern Arkansas. Cross Hollows is a curious sort of a place, and is well described by its name. The rolling and hilly country is suddenly broken by a series of ravines that spread out from a common center like the rays of a star. Ravines in this part of the country are generally known by the more prosaic name of "Hollows," and the crossing of the hollows gives the name to the locality.

The main road from Springfield to Fayetteville and the

southwest traverses the center of the hollows. A short distance before reaching the hollows it crosses a fine stream of water, which bears the name of Sugar Creek. The water of Sugar Creek is pure, like that of a mountain brook. In its shallow parts it is without color, but wherever it attains a depth of thirty inches or more it is deeply tinged with blue. This is the character of the streams generally through that section of country, and when one looks down from a height upon the valley of one of these streams the effect of the pools of blue alternating with the white water of the shallow portions and the green of the enclosing banks forms a very pretty picture.

Down to that time none of the union forces in southwest Missouri had ever crossed the line into Arkansas. General Vandever's brigade was leading the advance of the infantry column, a half mile or so behind the cavalry, and Jack and Harry were as far in front as they were permitted to go. When the head of the column reached the line a halt was ordered, the regiments were closed up, and preparations were made for commemorating the invasion of the seceded state in an imposing manner.

For some days the bands had been practicing the music of "The Arkansas Traveler," one of the far-seeing officers of the staff having supplied the leaders with the score. After the column had been halted two of the bands were brought forward and stationed on each side of the road, where a post marked the boundary between Missouri and Arkansas. When all was ready the bands started up "The Arkansas Traveler," and with their rifles at right-shoulder shift, and in column of fours the infantry filed past. As each company crossed the frontier a loud cheer was given, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. To add to the good spirits of the men the news of the fall of Fort Donelson reached them and spread like wildfire on their first night in camp on the soil of Arkansas.

CAPTURING THE LOG HOUSE



Price and McCulloch united their forces at Cross Hollows and made a stand against the union advance, though evidently not a serious one, as there was only a slight skirmish, after which the rebels retired in the direction of Fayetteville twenty-two miles further on. The cavalry division pursued them to that point, but the infantry halted at Cross Hollows. Even at Fayetteville the rebels did not feel strong enough to make a fight, but continued their retreat after a short resistance over the Boston Mountains in the direction of Fort Smith, where for a long time the United States government had formerly maintained a military post.

The rebels had accumulated at Fayetteville a considerable supply of bacon, corn and other materials for feeding their army, and when our troops arrived most of the storehouses containing these supplies were on fire. It was afterward ascertained that the burning of these storehouses had been the cause of a serious dispute between Price and McCulloch—a renewal of their quarrel at the time of the Wilson's Creek campaign.

Price wanted to leave these supplies for the use of the union army, and he argued as follows: We've got to retreat, and the union army is going to stay here till we drive them out. They are in our country, and more than two hundred miles from their base. They will forage on the country for a large part of their supplies, and if we leave this bacon and corn they will have just so much less to take from the people, who are our people, and not theirs. Arkansas is a seceded state, and the Yankees and Dutch won't have any compunctions about living on the state that they might have in Missouri, which they claim to be still in the union, and are trying to keep there. The easier it is for them to find their living the easier it will be for Arkansas.

On this line of argument Price opposed the destruction

of the supplies. McCulloch opposed his view of the matter, and said it was no part of their business to help feed the Yankee army, and what happened to the people was simply the fortune of war. The quarrel reached its height and came near a fighting point when McCulloch accused Price of disloyalty to the South and a willingness to see Arkansas subjugated by the Northern troops.

Price was overruled and the stores were set on fire. His prediction was verified, as the union forces foraged right and left among the people, and certainly caused them much more hardship than would have been the case had the supplies fallen into our hands. Which of them was right in the argument the reader may decide for himself. Certainly the question, like most matters on which men differ, had two well-defined sides.

McCulloch's army had spent the winter at Cross Hollows, where it erected buildings capable of lodging eight or ten thousand men. When the rebels retired from Cross Hollows these buildings were set on fire, and by the time our troops arrived all but half a dozen of them had been consumed. The ashes remained to mark the spot, and the positions of the smoking ash-heaps showed that the cantonment was laid out with the regularity of a carefully-platted town.

The Third Illinois Cavalry, which was attached to General Vandever's brigade, followed closely upon the heels of the enemy after the skirmish at Sugar Creek, and pushed on in the direction of Fayetteville. A single company was retained by the general for scouting purposes, and to this company Jack and Harry were temporarily attached. The youths were among the first to enter the rebel cantonment and try to save what they could from the flames.

Harry's sharp eyes fell upon some chickens, of which a hundred or more were running wildly about the place.

The slaughter of the innocents began at once; chickens were not abundant in that part of the country, and Harry thought a fine fowl would be very welcome at the general's mess-table that evening, and he was also of the opinion that a similar bird would taste well for himself and Jack.

He secured two, and remarked to Jack that they were the thinnest birds of the kind he had yet come across. "But they're chickens, anyhow," said he, "and if they're too tough for broiling they will do well in a stew."

Jack was equally fortunate in his chicken hunt, but his second bird was a surprise that caused his eyes to open very wide.

"Just look at this," said he to Harry, as he pointed to the legs of the fowl; "wonder what this means?"

The objects that arrested his attention were a pair of steel "gaffs" as sharp as needles, and attached by straps and cords to the legs of the chicken; they were hollow at the base, so that they passed over the natural spurs of the bird.

"I never saw anything like this," said Jack, "and don't believe it grows there."

"Nor I either," replied Harry. "Here comes the general; let's show it to him and find out what it's all about."

Jack ran to General Vandever and exhibited his discovery. The latter immediately ordered the slaughter of the chickens to cease, and it was stopped at once, but not till two-thirds of the number about the camp had fallen.

"These are game cocks," said the general, "and they're kept for fighting purposes. I heard that the Third Louisiana had a lot of game cocks, and were keeping them here for amusing themselves. They come from a chicken-fighting region, and this is one of their favorite

sports. They get up matches, on which they bet heavily, and then the fighting-cocks are equipped with these spurs or gaffs, and put in the ring against each other. The bird that can first pierce the other with these gaffs generally wins the fight, as a well-directed blow with them is fatal.

"Probably we interrupted a fight," the general continued. "This bird was certainly all ready for the ring, and if you look around you'll find another similarly equipped and about to proceed to business."

Sure enough, the antagonist of the bird was found in the hands of a soldier; at any rate, there was another chicken with the gaffs on that had been killed before his character was known. Game chickens are not considered edible except in case of emergency. Those that had been killed were, however, duly served up, as it was thought extravagant to waste anything in the chicken line at that particular time. It was as Harry had predicted, the chickens were not good for broiling, but they did fairly well when stewed, especially when the stewing continued all night.

The birds that were saved from slaughter were the source of much amusement to the officers while the army remained in camp at Cross Hollows. Almost every day there was a cock-fight in front of one of the tents, but it was generally bloodless, as nobody knew anything about handling the birds, and the steel gaffs were never used. The names of the rebel leaders were given to the fighters, and it was a common occurrence to have Beauregard pitted against Jeff Davis, Price against McCulloch, or Lee against Johnston. General Vandever turned two of the birds over to the care of Jack and Harry. Harry's pet was called Magruder, and Jack's received the fighting name of Breckinridge.

In the first encounter Breckinridge tore three feathers

out of Magruder's neck and otherwise disabled him, so that Harry lost his wager. But as betting in money was not in order, and the stakes consisted only of army crackers, the youths' losses were not heavy.

One after another the fighting-chickens went to the cooking-pots, as they were not securely guarded and several of the officers had negro servants. There is a traditional affinity between the negro and the chicken, an affinity which results in the absorbing of the latter by the former. Some of the negro servants were good foragers, and ran considerable risk in their search for supplies, as we shall see later on.

CHAPTER XXV.

A RAPID RETREAT—AN EXPEDITION AND A FORCED MARCH.

FOR two weeks after the army reached Cross Hollows it remained apparently inactive, though really far from idle. Foraging expeditions were constantly in motion, scouting parties were sent out in every direction, and small forces of infantry and cavalry went to visit the various villages and towns within a radius of fifty miles to the east and west. Several times detachments of cavalry visited Fayetteville, and made sure that the rebels had not re-occupied the place.

As already intimated the negro servants of the officers were active in search of chickens and other articles of food. General Vandever and Colonel Herron had as manager of their mess a negro named William, generally abbreviated to Bill, who could scent a chicken at least a mile away, and a concealed ham even though a load of hay had been piled on top of it. In the same brigade was the Twenty-fifth Missouri, commanded by Colonel John S. Phelps. The latter officer rejoiced in a negro named Jake, and he and Bill went together almost daily in a hunt for provisions. Not infrequently they ventured beyond the lines, and on two or three occasions had narrow escapes from capture.

One evening Bill gave the following account of the day's performance:

"Me and Jake went out for to find suthin', and I says

to Jake that chickens was gettin' mighty sca'ce round yere. We went out on a side road off from de Fayetteville road, and while we was at a house dere and trying to find out if dere was any chickens in de chicken-house, and if de man what owned de place was to home or not, we heern a noise.

"I looks out o' de chicken-house, and down de road I sees some dust, and in dat dust I sees two or free dozen rebs. I jest says 'Rebs' to Jake, and him and me lit out o' dat dere chicken-house and over behind der barn and den we got out inter de road.

"De rebs dey comes up and stops at der house, and den me and Jake lit out for camp. And yer jest ort to a-seen Jake run; dere nebber was a nigger run like Jake did; he jest streaked it along ez if a tiger was arter him, and mighty near cotechin' him, too."

Here Bill doubled himself up with laughing at the picture presented by the swift-footed Jake. After laughing awhile he paused, and repeated his belief that Jake was, "de runnin'est nigger dat eber was know'd."

"Well, what did you do, Bill?" said the general, when the negro stopped laughing long enough to permit the question to be edged in.

"Wot did I do? Wot do yer s'pose I did, Ginerel? I jest retreated, fell back, alongside o' Jake, and got inter camp 'bout five minutes ahead of him."

"And that's the way of war," the general remarked to the rest of the party. "We retreat or fall back, but others run."

Jack and Harry had a retreat of this sort one day when out in search of a quantity of bacon that was said to be concealed in a barn several miles away. They did n't get the bacon, but they did get a brush with a similar but larger party of the enemy, probably on the same baconian intent. Being in the minority, the union squad-

ron retired in good though somewhat rapid order, which was doubtless described afterward by the rebels who witnessed it as a dead run. Harry admitted as much to a friend, but insisted that it was a retreat, and not a run for safety.

Rumors reached the army that the rebels had formed a camp about twenty-five miles south of Fayetteville, and were receiving reinforcements. The position at Cross Hollows was a strong one, and in view of the reports from the front General Curtis did not care to advance and thus abandon his very desirable camp. With an abundant supply of water, and with the natural advantages of the ridges that bounded the hollows, and on which his artillery was planted, he thought it best to wait there for the advance of the enemy rather than advance to Fayetteville.

The front of the army was extended so that it covered a distance of about five miles, the camps being pushed out to the south of Cross Hollows and the wings extended both ways from the line of the main road. General Sigel's division was moved to Bentonville, several miles to the west of Cross Hollows, in order to increase the opportunities of foraging for supplies and also to guard the roads in that direction. It was supposed that the advance of the main body of the enemy would be along the main road, and only a small force would be sufficient to hold the roads on the flanks. The rear of the Union army was at Sugar Creek, and the quartermaster's train, heavily laden with supplies, was along this creek and at Elkhorn Tavern, a country hotel, which derived its name from a pair of antlers or elk horns over the front entrance.

On the second and third of March several expeditions were sent out for the purpose of collecting supplies and also of breaking up small camps where the rebels were said to be recruiting. One of these expeditions went in

the direction of Pineville, Missouri, and arrived within half a mile of the object of its search, when it received orders to return. It got back to camp without meeting the enemy, but it was afterward ascertained that it crossed the intersection of two roads only half an hour before a rebel division reached that spot in sufficient force to have completely overwhelmed the little detachment.

Another detachment which went to Maysville, near the western boundary of Arkansas, was completely cut off and compelled to march northward to avoid capture. A third expedition went to Huntsville, in Madison county, to break up a rebel camp; but it failed of its mission, as the rebels had left two days before it arrived there.

Harry and Jack accompanied this expedition, and therefore we have a special interest in knowing how it turned out. We will let Harry tell the story of their adventures.

"We were not a large party," wrote Harry afterward; "only a thousand men in all. There was a part of the Ninth Iowa and the Twenty-fifth Missouri, two companies of cavalry and two pieces of light artillery from the Dubuque battery. General Vandever commanded the expedition, and we expected to be away four or five days.

"We were two days getting to Huntsville, where we found the rebels that we were after had gone. Huntsville is an Arkansas county-seat of two or three hundred inhabitants, and hardly an able-bodied man could be found in the whole place; all were away fighting in the rebel ranks. The principal store in the place was a whisky-shop, and the proprietor claimed to be a union man. One of the officers, a captain, bought a canteen of whisky of him, and offered a United States treasury note in payment.

"The man took the note and looked at it carefully. Then he returned it, saying he must have either gold or Confederate paper money.

“‘Isn’t this good enough?’ the captain asked.

“‘Good enough as long as you-’uns are here,’ said the man; ‘but when you turn your backs the other fellows would hang me if I had that kind of money.’

“Nobody had any Confederate paper, and the captain didn’t know what to do. He wanted the man’s whisky, as the weather was cold, but he knew the fellow was right about getting into trouble for having our money.

“Another of the officers had been in the first expedition to Fayetteville, and happened to have in his pocket a whole sheet of private ‘shinplasters,’ or promises to pay, that he picked up in a printing-office in that town. He took the sheet from his pocket and asked if that was the kind of money the man wanted.

“‘Just the thing,’ said the whisky-dealer. ‘Give me one of them slips and you can have a canteen of whisky for it.’

“The slip was cut from the sheet and handed over. The man’s attention was called to the fact that it had not been signed, but he declared it was just as good, and nobody would know the difference.

“Another and another and another were cut off, and finally the whole sheet had been disposed of for canteens of bad whisky. Then somebody fished out another sheet of the same sort of stuff, and the whisky-dealer did a lively stroke of business as long as the paper lasted. Probably he worked it off on his neighbors and suffered no loss owing to the notes having been without signature.

“Well, we did n’t make many prisoners at Huntsville, but the few we did make set us thinking pretty lively. .

“We picked up four or five men of no particular consequence, and they were examined apart from each other to make sure that they had not patched up lies to tell us. Next we picked up two men who had left the rebel army

only twenty-four hours before, for the reason that they had no weapons and were simply useless mouths to feed.

"They gave us the startling intelligence that the rebels were already advancing to attack our army. They had left the camp about twenty-five miles south of Fayetteville, but not until they actually saw the troops marching out on the road to the north. They said there were thirty thousand of the rebels, and they were commanded by General Van Dorn.

"General Vandever immediately sent off a courier with this information to General Curtis, and very soon afterward he gave the order to return to camp. We went about six miles and then camped, but before we had been in camp an hour we had a courier from General Curtis with the same information and ordering our immediate return.

"General Vandever," continued Harry, "gave orders for us to start out of camp at two o'clock and make a forced march to rejoin the main column. Do you know what a forced march is ?

"Well, it's something pretty tough when you have to make it, as it means a march without any rest until it is ended. We had forty-one miles to go that day, and it took us from two in the morning until ten at night, but we did it. It was n't so bad for the cavalry and artillery, as they had their horses, but it was terrible for the infantry. The word passed along the lines that the enemy was on the road to attack us. General Vandever had great fears that the rebels knew of our expedition and would try to cut us off at the crossing of the White river, and so he hurried on till he got the stream behind us. There was about three feet of water at the ford, and to save the infantrymen from getting their feet wet, and consequently sore, he crossed them over with the cavalry. An infantry soldier jumped up behind a cavalryman and

was soon on the other side. Others climbed on the caissons of the artillery, and so by two trips of the cavalry the whole force was crossed over with dry feet.

"We only halted for about fifteen minutes at a time, and three times in all during that long day's march. The infantrymen were completely tired out when they got into camp, but they were ready for the battle the next day, and they did good work, too, you may be sure.

"While we were on the march we met couriers that had been sent out by General Curtis to tell us that fighting had already begun away on the right of our line where General Sigel was. They also told us that we should find the center or main position at Sugar Creek, where the shape of the ground was such as to give us a better defensive position than the one at Cross Hollows. General Curtis had decided to concentrate his forces there as soon as he heard of the rebel advance, and the movements of the various parts of the army had such a concentration in view."

Not the least weary of these who took part in General Vandever's expedition on its return to camp were Harry and Jack. The noble-hearted youths had done all they could to help along their comrades, and for nearly half the way they had loaned their horses to footsore infantrymen who were unable to keep up with the column. Harry declared that a little exercise would do him good. Jack shared his kindly feeling, and walked briskly along as though it was the greatest fun in the world. General Vandever said they were a pair of Mark Tapleys, who could be jolly under the most adverse circumstances.

When they were yet four or five miles from camp the general sent Harry to give notice of the coming of the expedition and order a supper prepared for the weary men. Harry took his horse from the man who had been riding it, and darted away as fast as he could go. The

men in camp set to work with a will, and when the expedition arrived a supper as good as the army rations could supply was ready and waiting. Harry satisfied his own hunger and secured a good meal for Jack, who was not long in swallowing it; the horses were fed and watered, and then the pair of young veterans stretched themselves on the ground to get what sleep they could before the breaking of day should be the signal for battle.

While they are sleeping we will look at the organization of the two armies, and the plans on which the battle of Pea Ridge was fought.

As before stated, the army of General Curtis was about sixteen thousand strong when it started from Rolla, but the number had been reduced by leaving a garrison at Springfield and by the other causes that always reduce the strength of an army in the field, so that the aggregate of effective men ready for battle was little if any above ten thousand. It was in four divisions—the first being commanded by General Osterhaus, the second by General Asboth, the third by General Jeff C. Davis, and the fourth by General Carr. Some of these officers had not then received their commissions as generals and were still known as colonels; but as they all rose to the rank shortly afterward, it will be convenient and not unjust for us to designate them by the higher titles, whose duties they were performing.

Each division consisted of two brigades, but some of the brigades were very small, and did not contain enough men for a full regiment. General Sigel was in command of the first and second divisions, and thus held the position of a field marshal, under the superior command of General Curtis, the commander-in-chief. The infantry regiments that were in the battle of Pea Ridge on the union side were the Twenty-fifth, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh and Forty-fourth Illinois, the Eighth, Eighteenth, and

Twenty-second Indiana, the Fourth and Ninth Iowa, and the Second, Ninth, Fifteenth, Twelfth, Seventeenth, Twenty-fifth and a part of the Third Missouri ; of cavalry regiments there were the Third Iowa, the Third and Thirty-ninth Illinois, and the First, Fourth and Sixth Missouri together with two battalions of Benton hussars, and Major Brown's battalion of cavalry, which served as a body-guard to the general-in-chief. The artillery comprised about fifty field-guns of various sizes, in four and six-gun batteries, from the same states as were represented by the infantry.

The rebel army was commanded by General Earl Van Dorn, and its aggregate was said to be not far from thirty thousand men. Van Dorn's army was composed as follows: Missouri troops, under Major-General Sterling Price, about nine thousand ; Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas troops, under Brigadier-General Ben McCulloch, about thirteen thousand ; Choctaw, Cherokee, Chickasaw and other Indian troops, with two white regiments, under Brigadier-General Albert Pike, about seven thousand. No exact statement of the number of rebel troops in the battle has ever been published, but the above-named figures are not far from the correct ones. An officer of Price's army wrote an account of the battle, which was published in the *Richmond Whig*. In this account he said the rebels estimated their strength at thirty-five thousand, and making all deductions for stragglers and the usual falling off on the line of march, they had from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand men to go into action.

CHAPTER XXVI.

VAN DORN'S ADVANCE—SIGEL'S MASTERLY RETREAT—THE
BATTLE BEGUN.

VAN DORN had learned through his spies and the country people about the strong front presented by General Curtis on the northern bank of Sugar Creek and the hills that bordered it. He therefore made his plans for attacking on the other side, going completely around to the rear and placing himself between the union army and its base. With his great superiority of numbers he felt sure of winning the battle, and in case he did so the whole union force would be compelled to surrender, as it would have no line of retreat. Possibly some of the cavalry and horse artillery might get away, but this would be a small matter compared with the capture of the whole of the infantry and the immense wagon-train.

In carrying out this plan Van Dorn left the main road about half-way between Sugar Creek and Fayetteville, and moved by a side road which is nearly parallel to the main one. This side road passes through Osage Springs and Bentonville, branching at the latter place in the direction of Pineville, and connects with the main road near the Missouri state line about eight miles further north. The men carried rations for four days, and all were confident that by the end of that time they would be living on the stores they were to capture from the union army.

At Bentonville, ten miles from the main camp at Sugar Creek, Van Dorn's advance encountered General Sigel's

command on the sixth of March, and had a sharply-contested battle, though not a very destructive one on either side. At first General Sigel supposed it was only a scouting party that had advanced, but very soon the numbers increased so rapidly that he saw it necessary to retreat. And just as the attack began he received orders from General Curtis to fall back to Sugar Creek, and consequently his movements had the double stimulus of obedience to his superior and overwhelming numbers of the enemy.

The retreat was skilfully conducted, and was pronounced by impartial students of the war a splendid display of military ability. Sigel sent his train ahead and got it away safely; then he put the rest of his forces in motion, holding the enemy at bay with a single battery of artillery and about one thousand of his best infantry. As the enemy advanced it was met with a vigorous fire of shot and shell from the rapidly-worked guns, supported by the infantry. Half the battery was used for this purpose, and while the advancing forces of the rebels were thus checked and thrown into confusion, the rest of the battery was sent ahead to take up a good position.

As soon as the report came that the other section was in position the first would be limbered up and rapidly rushed on, the infantry fell back to the support of the guns which were ready for their work, and then as the enemy advanced the reception of a few minutes before was repeated. Meantime the first section had taken up a new position; and, fighting in this way, the retreat was brilliantly successful, and Sigel's forces joined those of Curtis before nightfall.

What made Sigel's success all the greater was that the roads were in sad condition, being cut up by recent rains, and all of them narrow. Much of the country was wooded, and in some places densely so; but this circum-

stance, while a disadvantage to the retreating force, was also a hindrance to the assailing one, as they were liable to fall into ambushades unless they exercised great caution. Sigel's loss in this retreat was less than one hundred men altogether, and a good part of these were captured by going on a wrong road and marching directly into the enemy's lines. During the night a battery of four pieces met the same fate, and the incident was thus humorously described by one of the rebel officers :

"It was a little after dark," said he, "when our pickets heard and soon saw a battery coming leisurely along the road. The sergeant in charge of the picket took in the situation at once, and when the battery came up to him he promptly challenged it. In the gloom of the night the captain did not observe the gray uniforms, and thought himself among friends.

"'We want to find General Asboth's Division,' said the captain.

"'All right,' replied the sergeant. 'Keep along this road, and you'll find it on the left. I'll send a man along to show you.'

"The captain thanked the sergeant and accepted the guide, who took the battery into camp and quietly told the boys what was up. They gathered around, and before they knew where they were the artillerymen were snaked off their horses and told to surrender. The poor devil of a captain was awfully down in the mouth when he found what a trap he 'd walked into."

During the night of the sixth Van Dorn kept most of his men in motion, so that by daylight he had stretched his line completely across the road between the union army and its base at Springfield. General Curtis at the same time was not idle, and changed his position, as we have before stated, converting into the front what had formerly been his rear. This compelled him to move all

his wagons, excepting such as had already fallen into the hands of the enemy, which, happily, were not numerous; but it also compelled him to fight on ground that had no advantages for him, as would have been the case on the Sugar Creek front; besides, it was even better known to the rebels than to himself, as they had nearly all the people of the country on their side.

This was the state of affairs when Harry and Jack returned from their expedition with General Vandever. From a resident of the country they learned that the ground where the union army was encamped was known as Pea Ridge. Here was the force of General Curtis that was to fight with nearly three times its number. It was a wooded table-land with occasional openings, where the timber had been cleared away to make room for fields. There was hardly any water upon it, and for the two entire days of the battle few of the animals had an opportunity to drink. The men also suffered severely, but as a supply could be taken from Sugar Creek, at the rear of the camp, they were less badly off than the horses and mules.

We will let Harry tell the story of the battle, which he did in an account that he sent home, and was afterward delighted to see in print.

“Neither Jack nor I got much sleep last night, as we were all eagerness to see how the next day was going to turn out; and even if we had been sleepy, the noises that kept up all night long would have interfered with us a good deal. Our men that had walked so far were allowed to rest, but most of the other regiments were moved about so as to have them in a good position for the day’s work, that was sure to be very lively.

“Very soon after daylight the scouts came in and told General Curtis that the country to the north, right along our road to Springfield, was full of rebels, and they were

advancing to attack us. The general thought it would be a good thing to attack them first, or at all events to meet them before they got close up to where we were.

“General Sigel was on our left with the divisions of Generals Osterhaus and Asboth. It was reported that a heavy force of rebels were coming in that direction, and so Sigel was ordered to meet them. He sent General Osterhaus out for that purpose, and he reached the line on the road running north from Bentonville without opposition. Just beyond the road he encountered what was supposed to be a small body of rebels, who were posted in a wood, and in order to drive them out he opened fire upon them with three cannon. After a few rounds had been fired he ordered the artillery to stop, and sent some cavalry to finish the fighting and clear the wood.

“Well, the wood was cleared; but it was cleared the other way from what had been expected. Instead of a few rebels there, it turned out that ‘the woods were full of ’em,’ the place being held by Pike’s division of white and Indian troops. The cavalry met a heavy fire of rifles, shotguns and small arms of every kind, and the charge was completely broken up; and not only was the charge broken up, but the rebels followed the retreating cavalry, and in the confusion they managed to capture the three cannon that had been shelling them.

“But they did n’t keep the cannon very long, for General Osterhaus brought up his infantry and drove the rebels away. The white and red rebels were busy plundering and scalping the men they had captured, and were quarreling over the possession of the horses and saddles, and while their attention was thus drawn away they were attacked and defeated. The Indians and whites were all mixed up in this fight, and several of the Indians were left dead on the ground, along with some Texans, who

were armed with big bowie-knives in addition to their firearms. The Texans fought with these knives, and several of our soldiers were killed by them."

This statement was made at the time, and has been denied by the rebels. In proof of the correctness of the assertion the following quotation from a rebel account in the *Richmond Whig* of April 9, 1862, ought to suffice:

"About forty-five men lay in the space of two or three hundred yards to the rear of the battery, all save one entirely dead, and all but three dismembered. One was gasping in the agonies of dissolution; three were our comrades. There was a sadder feature of the war than any I had yet seen. The Texans, with their large, heavy knives had riven skulls in twain, mangled blood and brains and bone. The sight was a sad one, but not devoid of satisfaction to our own eyes from home and wife."

Pea Ridge would seem to have been the scene of more barbaric fighting than any other battle of the war, when we include the performances of Texans and Indians; but in defense of the Texans it may be said that the bowie-knife is really no more barbaric a weapon than the sword in its mode of operation, whatever may be urged against the practice of carrying it habitually. The wounds described by the writer in the *Richmond Whig* could easily be attributed to a cavalry saber and nobody would think it out of the ordinary modes of warfare.

With the increase of civilization in Texas and the Southwest generally since the war the bowie-knife seems to have gone out of fashion. Little is heard of it nowadays, and as the state of Texas has a law imposing a heavy fine for the carrying of concealed weapons, it is probable that this famous implement will soon be forgotten altogether, and be seen only in museums by the side of the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

"Why is it called the bowie-knife?" a youthful reader asks.

It is so called after Colonel Bowie, its inventor. His name has clung to his knife just as that of Doctor Guillotin has adhered to the beheading machine which he designed, and that of Colonel Colt to his revolving pistol.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FIGHTING NEAR ELKHORN TAVERN—HARRY'S
EXPERIENCE UNDER FIRE.

VAN DORN's movements were delayed by the obstructions on the roads by which he moved. As soon as General Curtis became satisfied that the rebels were trying to get around to his rear, he ordered General Dodge, who commanded the fourth division of the army, to cut down trees along the road leading north from Bentonville, and the order was instantly carried out. General Dodge had been ill in his tent for three days, but when the news of the approaching enemy reached him he was cured as if by magic. Remarking that it was no time to be sick, he got out of bed, assumed the active command of his division, and during the afternoon of the sixth supervised the work of a large detail of men, who felled trees across the road and otherwise blocked it to delay the rebel advance. He kept at it until the rebel skirmishers began to fire upon his men, and as he had orders not to bring on an engagement he prudently withdrew.

"General Dodge was a trump," said Harry afterwards, when telling the story of the battle; "sick in his tent and in the doctor's hands before the battle began, he was almost constantly in the saddle for three days. When the battle was over and the enemy had retreated, he dropped to the ground and went back to his sick-bed. It's a good example of what a man can do under excitement."

"And there was another example of the same sort," said

Jack. "There was Major Post, of the Thirty-seventh Illinois who became General Philip Sidney Post, and served gallantly in a good many battles. Early on the second day at Pea Ridge he was wounded in the arm, but he kept his place with his regiment and would not stop to have his wound dressed. The surgeon insisted, but he would n't go. 'I can walk and give orders,' he said, 'even if I can't use my arm, and I'm going to stay here.' The colonel of his regiment had to order him to go to the field hospital. He went very reluctantly, as he wanted to see the battle fought out to the end, and was determined to do all he could toward winning it."

The same spirit prevailed among officers and men throughout the whole army. Of course there were instances of shirking, as will always be the case in any battle, but they were not numerous. Perhaps the knowledge that the enemy was right on the line of communications, so as to cut off retreat and render surrender necessary in case of a defeat, had something to do with the good conduct of a few, but it could not be the case throughout the whole army. And to do the rebels justice, they displayed similar courage, but they had the advantage of being the attacking party and knowing that they were superior in numbers to the union forces.

"On the morning of the seventh," said Harry, in his story of the battle, "there was great activity all through the union camp. Every drum and fife in the army was called into use, and never before had the woods of Pea Ridge resounded to so much martial music. Rations for two days had been prepared, the soldier's cartridge-boxes were filled to their fullest capacity, every man made a careful inspection of the lock of his rifle to make sure that it was in perfect order, and then the order was given to load with ball cartridge and be in readiness to advance when the word was given.

"We were kept waiting while General Sigel had his fight with the enemy on the left of our line that I've already told about. While we were getting ready for work Jack and I went to General Vandever and asked what we should do.

" 'What do you want to do?' said he.

" 'We want to do the best we can,' I answered, 'and help all we can. We'll do anything you tell us to do.'

" 'Well, then,' the general said, very quickly, 'stay near me and act as my volunteer aids till I tell you to do something else.' Then he turned away to attend to getting his brigade in order, and we stood still and waited till he came back.

"He was gone only a minute or two, and then told Jack to ride over to General Carr and say the second brigade was waiting for orders. He told me to go to General Dodge and ask if he had received orders to move yet, and to let him know whenever orders came.

"Jack came back with the order for the brigade to follow that of General Dodge, which had received its orders just before I got to it. One of General Carr's aids had brought the order to General Dodge, and he rode with me to General Vandever to repeat the order which Jack had already brought.

"The order to advance was loudly cheered, and the men stepped off as gayly as though they were going to dress-parade, and most of them a great deal more so. I couldn't help thinking how many of these gallant fellows would be stark and stiff on the ground or suffering with wounds before another morning sun would rise on them. We could hear the roll of musketry and the booming of cannon where General Sigel was engaged on the left, and before long our advance was engaged with that of the rebels, and the shot and shell were crashing among the trees as their artillery opened upon us,

‘General Dodge’s brigade marched up the main road toward the Missouri state line, and filed off to the east near Elkhorn Tavern. As soon as it got into position it opened with a battery upon the rebels, who were posted in a wood on a slope in front. The battery was promptly replied to, and then the shots were exchanged with great rapidity. There were six guns on each side, though some of our men thought the rebels had eight or ten guns, but we afterward learned they had only six; but it was the best battery in their whole army. Our battery was the First Iowa, and its captain prided himself on having brought it to a state of great efficiency, but he wasn’t quite equal to his antagonist.

“General Vandever’s brigade went a little beyond Elkhorn Tavern and took position on the left of the road nearly opposite to where General Dodge had stretched out to the right. As I sat on my horse close behind the general I could see that we had a dry ravine in front of us and a wooded slope farther on, and it did not need sharp eyes to discover that this slope was well occupied by rebels. The general ordered the Dubuque battery (Captain Hayden) to open fire on these gray and butternut coats, and as he did so there was a lively running of the fellows to cover. They showed by their actions that Captain Hayden’s shots were well aimed; but we had not given them more than two or three rounds before a battery on the other side replied to us.

“That battery was evidently in the hands of a good officer, as he got our range at the very first fire. A shot came whistling close to the general, and I thought it passed between him and me, but an officer who was there said it went over our heads. You have no, idea if you’ve never heard it, what a spiteful screeching a cannon-shot makes when it goes by you. Involuntarily you dodge, but really dodging is of no use, as the ball has gone past

you before you hear it. A cannon-ball moves a great deal faster than sound. According to our school-books sound moves one thousand one hundred and forty-two feet a second, and the scientific gunners say the velocity of a cannon-ball is from one thousand four hundred to one thousand, eight hundred feet a second. That of a rifle-ball is greater, and so by the time you can hear the sound made by a missile, whether large or small, it has gone way past you.

“At the third fire the rebels blew up one of our limber-chests, which was standing close behind the gun to which it belonged. The great puff of smoke that rose from it showed the rebels that they were taking good aim, and they poured in their shot very rapidly after that. In ten minutes more they blew up another limber-chest, and then the general ordered the battery to change its position, and sent me to carry the order to Captain Hayden.

“It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the first shots were exchanged on this part of the field, and in fifteen minutes the whole of General Carr's division was engaged. Before I could get to Captain Hayden to give him General Vandever's order the rebels made a rush upon the battery and captured one of the guns; the rest were hauled back a short distance, and at the same time the Ninth Iowa, which was supporting the battery, poured in a heavy fire and covered the ground with the enemy's dead and wounded. The rebels were driven back to their cover in the woods, and the gun that had been captured was retaken, as they did not have time to drag it from the field.

“‘They stand like veterans,’ said General Vandever, referring to the soldiers of the Ninth Iowa. ‘Their long march yesterday has n't affected their courage. There were never better men on a battlefield.’

“Just as he said this Colonel Herron, of the Ninth came

up, and the general congratulated him; and then the general rode along the line and said to the soldiers the same that he had to their commander. The men cheered him and were evidently determined to do their part toward winning the battle for the union side. But would they succeed against all those masses of men that could be seen on the hill-slope to the east and west, and crowded in the brushwood and among the trees that stretched away to the north?

“After this for a while there was a lull in the fighting, and meantime we could hear the artillery and small arms to the left, where General Sigel and General Davis, with their divisions, were sustaining the shock of the enemy. They were overmatched in numbers, but their weapons were more effective, and they had a better supply of ammunition. Many of the enemy were armed only with squirrel-rifles and shot-guns, and, of course, they could not load and fire with the rapidity of our men. Had they been able to do so, and had their weapons been equally effective with ours, the battle would have been hopelessly lost to us by reason of the great superiority of the rebels in numbers alone and their better knowledge of the ground.

“By and by we heard that Sigel and Davis had driven away the enemy and were slowly drawing in their lines, as only a small force were in front of them. The attack on General Carr’s division was renewed by the rebel artillery, and we could see that they had a great number of men gathered behind their battery to charge upon our lines at the proper moment. So General Carr sent an order for General Vandever to fall back, and at the same time he gave a similar order to General Dodge.

“We fell back perhaps a hundred and fifty yards, close to Elkhorn Tavern and a little to the north of it. There our battery opened fire again, still supported by the Ninth

Iowa, and there the rebel battery again poured its fire upon us.

“Near the house were two companies of infantry drawn up in line and waiting orders to move. I had just gone to carry an order for them to come up to the support of the Ninth, when a shell passed close to me and struck in their ranks, where it burst. Two of the men were killed and five were wounded by this shell. Almost at the same time another shell exploded on the ground in front of the house and shattered the leg of a soldier who stood there. Another fell among some horse-teams, frightening the animals into running away. They dashed up the road in the direction of the enemy, and were lost in a cloud of dust. In its runaway career one of the wagons knocked down some of our soldiers, wounding one seriously and two or three slightly. A solid shot struck the house and went completely through it, but did no damage to any one, as the family had taken refuge in the cellar.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GENERAL CARR'S DIVISION DRIVEN BACK—JACK BECOMES A PRISONER.

"WHEN I had delivered my orders, and just as I was returning to General Vandever," continues Harry, "the rebels made a charge upon our battery and the infantry that supported it. This was about noon, or perhaps a little later; I can't say exactly, as I was too much excited to make a note of the time.

"It was n't a bayonet charge that they made, because they had no bayonets to charge with. They charged with double-barreled shotguns, loaded with ball and buckshot, and to judge by the result, the shotgun in this way is a formidable weapon. They reserved their fire until they were pretty close to our lines; then they delivered it at short range and without taking any particular aim, relying on the scattering of the balls and buckshot to give a deadly effect to the assault. They were met with well-delivered volleys from our rifles and driven back, and they left the ground strewn with their dead and wounded.

Again they charged, after resting a little while, and again they met with the same reception; but they managed to force us back a little. Then there was another lull, but only a short one, and suddenly the shot and shell rained along the whole length of our line. General Dodge was forced back, and so was General Vandever. Many of our officers fell and were carried to the hospitals in the

rear, and many of our brave soldiers were stretched on the ground. There was a melancholy satisfaction in knowing that the enemy was losing heavily, but with his advantage in numbers he could keep up the fight, if only his ammunition held out, long after our whole force would be used up. General Carr sent several times for reinforcements, but there were none to be sent to him. General Curtis told him to 'persevere,' and so he did, and, fighting whenever the enemy advanced, he continued all through the afternoon.

"'I must have three regiments and two batteries, or sunset and darkness,' said the general, 'or I cannot hold on.'"

Just before one of the charges which the rebels made near Elkhorn Tavern, General Vandever sent Jack with an order to Colonel Herron. On came the rebels, and down went Jack's horse with a bullet through his neck; another bullet grazed Jack's side, but only scratched the skin, after tearing a great hole in his coat. At the same time Colonel Herron's horse fell dead, a cannon-shot having gone clear through him, and in the fall the colonel was severely hurt; a musket-ball struck his leg, and between the fall and the wound he was unable to stand. Jack rushed to his side to raise him, and as he did so the rebels closed around them.

"Surrender!" said a tall fellow in a butternut coat and trousers, as he flourished a shotgun and pointed it at Colonel Herron.

"There's nothing else to be done," replied the colonel. "But you'll have to help me to go along with you; I don't believe I can walk."

"I'll show you how to walk," exclaimed the fellow. What he proposed to do will be forever unknown, as just then an officer came up and received the colonel's surrender. He ordered two men to assist him to the rear, and



DISTRIBUTING THE FLAG.

then went on to look after the fighting that was raging in front.

Jack's presence had not been specially observed, as both soldier and officer had been attracted to the advantage of securing the captured colonel. Jack was meditating on the possibility of slipping through the lines somehow and getting to his friends, when he thought of the wounded colonel and the possibility of assisting him.

"It 'll be a hard time for Colonel Herron, wounded and a prisoner," said Jack to himself, "and it 'll be mighty risky for me to try to run back through the lines. I might be shot by my own friends, and that I should n't like."

Whether he meant by this that he had no objections to being shot by the enemy we will not undertake to say, but certain it is that he was not unlike others in being specially averse to being shot by mistake. One of the bitterest reflections that has ever been made by the southern people on the death of Stonewall Jackson is, that he was killed by his own men, who mistook him and his escort for a scouting party of the enemy.

Jack had hastily made up his mind to stay by the colonel, when he was rudely taken in charge by one of the rebel soldiers and ordered to march along with him. He asked to be allowed to remain with Colonel Herron. At first the request was refused, but on the latter giving his parole not to attempt to escape, and vouching that Jack would do the same, he was permitted to accompany the officer to whom he was so much attached.

They were sent to the rear, but for some minutes were not out of danger, as the cannon-shot from their own lines were crashing through the trees or plowing up the ground in their vicinity. A limb cut from a tree by one of these shots fell close to Jack, and some of the twigs brushed him in their descent; had the limb fallen upon him the

result might have been serious. Not six feet from where he was standing at one time a falling branch killed a Confederate soldier and severely wounded two or three others. A company of cavalry was completely broken up by an exploding shell, the horses taking alarm and becoming utterly uncontrollable. In spite of the efforts of their riders to restrain them they ran away, and the men were violently thrown to the ground or brushed off among the trees.

We may remark here that owing to the wooded nature of the ground where the battle of Pea Ridge was fought, the cavalry on both sides were of comparatively little use. Among the brushwood and trees that spread over that region it was impossible to preserve the formation of the lines sufficiently to make a charge with any effect, except in a very few instances. Then, too, where the artillery was firing, the crashing of the shot and shell among the trees and the falling of the limbs frightened the horses, as we have just seen, and rendered them worse than useless. The cavalry was unable to accomplish anything of consequence, through no fault of the men, but owing to the nature of the country, and in several instances the runaway horses demoralized the infantry by dashing through the lines at inopportune moments.

The history of warfare in all ages abounds in accounts of panic created by runaway animals on the battlefield. Frightened elephants and horses caused the loss of battles by the Greeks, Romans and other warriors of antiquity, long before the invention of gunpowder. Since its discovery and use the instances of its panic-producing qualities are numerous. So much is this the case that the elephant among the Eastern nations has been almost entirely discarded on the battlefield, and is now only used in war for the more prosaic purposes of a beast of burden. With the increased range of artillery and small-arms in

the past forty years the horse is gradually diminishing in importance as a fighting animal, and cavalry is chiefly useful nowadays for scouting purposes and for pursuing a demoralized enemy in retreat.

We will leave the two captives in the hands of their captors and return to Harry, whom we left with General Vandever.

The Ninth Iowa was getting out of ammunition, and the general sent Harry to order up a fresh supply. Away he rode to the rear, where the ammunition-wagons were stationed, and very quickly hunted up the one that he wanted and sent it forward. He not only sent but accompanied it, partly in order to show the road and partly to make sure that the driver did not turn aside on the way and seek a place of greater safety than where the shot and shell were falling. The driver was a brave fellow, however, and energetically lashed his team to keep up with the galloping youth in front of him.

By the time they reached the fighting line the regiment had again fallen back, leaving Elkhorn Tavern in the hands of the enemy. Not only did Harry bring the ammunition, which was speedily distributed, but he brought a message from General Curtis to General Carr that he was about to be reinforced.

"General Asboth has just returned from pursuing the rebels on the left," said Harry, "and is coming with two regiments and a battery to support you."

The word ran along the line like wildfire, and the men cheered heartily. Again the rebels came on in great force, and again they were met by a withering fire, and also by a bayonet charge by the infantry of both brigades of Carr's division.

But the rebels were as brave as the men they were facing, and before the reinforcements could reach the sorely-pressed division there was another charge, which

forced the union line back across a series of open fields to the edge of a wood, which gave it the same sort of shelter the rebels had enjoyed during the greater part of the day. The union forces had the advantage now, as the enemy was obliged to make its charges across the fields, which could be raked with the artillery and small-arms with destructive effect.

"We've got 'em now," said General Vandever, turning to one of his officers; "and here we'll stick till night comes to stop the fighting. Sunset will come in an hour, and we can easily hold the position till then."

His prediction was verified. The only attack made by the rebels on the last position was easily repulsed, and then the sun dipped below the horizon and the battle was over for the day.

The hostile forces lay within a thousand feet or so of each other all through the night, neither party daring to light a fire anywhere along its front, for fear of revealing its whereabouts. The air was still, and conversation was carried on in whispers, for fear of scouts creeping close up to the lines and overhearing what was said. The weary men lay down where they were, and sought the sleep they so much needed after the long day's fighting. As for the generals and other officers few of them closed an eye during the long night, as they were occupied with plans and preparations for the morrow.

In all the camp there was no one more active than our young friend Harry. He sadly missed the companionship of Jack, but having learned from a prisoner taken in the last charge and repulse of the rebels that his friend was uninjured and with Colonel Herron, he rejoiced, on the whole, at the situation. "He'll be useful to the colonel, and perhaps it's all for the best that he's a prisoner just now," was his soliloquy as he turned to General Vandever and asked if he had any orders.

"Yes," answered the general. "Go to camp and order up some coffee, bread and meat for the men, and send along their blankets and overcoats. We'll stay right here through the night, and be ready for what comes in the morning."

Away went Harry with the order. When he reached the camp he found the order had been anticipated, as the camp-guard and wagon-drivers had a good supper ready, as good as the army rations afforded, and in less than fifteen minutes it was loaded into wagons, where the overcoats and blankets already were piled, and dispatched to the front.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE NIGHT IN CAMP—BEGINNING OF THE LAST DAY'S
BATTLE.

"You've done well," said the general. "Now go and lie down somewhere and get all the sleep you can, as you'll have enough to do to-morrow."

Harry touched his cap in acknowledgment of the command and then jogged back to camp, which was not more than a mile to the rear. Learning that it was possible to get to the bank of the creek without danger, he rode down there and watered his horse. The animal drank long and eagerly, as he had not had a drop of water through the long and active day. Then he returned to the camp, and fastening the animal to a wagon-wheel, having first filled his nose-bag with grain, he lay down beneath the wagon and tried to sleep.

But he slept very little, probably not thirty minutes altogether. Everything was in commotion around the camp. Ambulances were coming and going to bring in the wounded men; the doctors were busy with their suffering patients; men were sitting or standing in little groups, deeply engaged in speculating on the probable events of the morrow; mounted men were moving about with orders or messages or seeking missing officers or soldiers, and probably not one person in twenty thought of sleep. In the whole position occupied by the army during that night it is probable that the most quiet spot was where the division of General Carr had bivouacked

in front of the enemy, for there, at any rate, they slept undisturbed.

At the beginning of the battle in the morning all the teams had been harnessed, to be ready to move the wagons whenever wanted. The mules had not been fed for forty-eight hours, nor had they received a drop of water for half that time. The voice of a mule at its best is not melodious, and when to the ordinary sound of his bray is added a plaintive wail of suffering it falls distressingly on the ear. Lower and lower grew the note till it fell to a moan that was well calculated to banish sleep from any one not entirely worn out with exertion. So thought Harry, and after several vain endeavors he rose to his feet and joined one of the groups of soldiers and drivers who were discussing the situation.

During the evening the lines of the army were drawn in on the left and preparations were made to bring the forces of Sigel and Davis, who had suffered but slightly during the day, to the relief of the worn out division of General Carr. The concentration was completed by midnight: General Davis's division was placed on the left, General Carr's in the center, and the two divisions of General Sigel held the right of our line. Thus arranged, the brunt of the fighting would be concentrated on Sigel's command in case the rebels remained in the positions where they were at nightfall. In case they had changed during the night, it would enable General Carr to be quickly re-enforced if the odds against him should be as heavy as they were on the day before.

Harry rode out to the front again a little before daylight, and as he passed along the road he heard the sound of vocal music rolling up from the German regiments that composed the greater part of General Sigel's command. He was unacquainted with German, and so the words of the song were unknown to him, but the music under the

circumstances sounded strangely. "And yet," he remarked to himself, "it seems to me that I've read of something of the kind somewhere else.

"Now I remember," said he, suddenly, as he straightened in his saddle; "it was in the Crimean war, the night before the storming of the Malakoff and Redan and the capture of Sebastopol. I recall it all now; the whole British army in the trenches sang the words of a Scottish air, with which all were familiar, and the story has been told in verse by Bayard Taylor. Here are some of his lines:

" "They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory.
Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang Annie Laurie.

" "Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle eve's confession.

" "Dear girl, the name he dared not speak
Yet as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stain of powder.

* * * * *

" "And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

" "Sleep, soldiers, in your honored rest,
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.'

"Perhaps that's a love song the Germans are singing," thought Harry, as he paused in repeating the lines of the verses given above, "and they are acting over again the scene of the attack on Sebastopol. I hope the battle will

turn out as well for us as did that one for the allied army of the English and French."

Daybreak came and then sunrise. Harry had hoped for a clear morning, but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. During the previous day the smoke had frequently hung thickly over the field, at times rendering the combatants invisible to each other and greatly hindering the movements on both sides. All through that cool and almost frosty night the smoke hung low over the ground, and as the sun rose on the morning of the eighth of March it pierced through a cloud that seemed more like fog than anything else, and was first visible as a dull ball of copper, on which the youth could easily fix his eyes without blinking. The sun showed itself only a short time and then the sky became overcast, and for a while it looked as though the day might be rainy.

We will now listen to Harry's account of the last day's fighting.

"I thought they would begin at daylight, and so did everybody else; or at any rate, everybody was ready on our side for the opening of the battle. But though we could see the rebels in strong force right in front of us, and evidently as ready as we were, there was hardly a shot fired, except by the skirmishers, until after eight o'clock. They left the opening of the day's work to us, and we did n't go about it till we were 'good and ready.'

"General Curtis intended the heaviest of the fighting for General Sigel's two divisions, as they had suffered least on the day before. The rebels had been busy during the night, and planted some of their batteries on a hill perhaps a hundred feet high, which sloped away to the north, but was quite steep on the face toward us. It was very much such a position as we had at Sugar Creek, where the enemy wisely chose not to attack. Now we had no choice but to attack them, and they were prepared

for a vigorous defense, as they had large masses of supporting infantry at the base of the hill on both sides, and also several pieces of artillery scattered among the infantry.

“Under cover of the woods at the edge of the corn-field which lay between us and the enemy, General Sigel planted his batteries and drew up his infantry and cavalry where they could give efficient support. We wondered why the rebels did not open fire upon him while he was getting ready, but we learned afterward that they felt confident of defeating him when the actual fighting should begin, and besides they were short of artillery ammunition and wanted to make every shot tell. They argued that if they opened fire the guns would be withdrawn and they would be compelled to leave the place, where they had so much advantage of position, and follow us wherever we drew them.

“I stood where I could see pretty much all that was going on there, and it was certainly a wonderful picture. The white and withered stalks of the corn in the field contrasted sharply with the dark-blue coats of our men when they advanced from the edge of the wood to the open ground, and, luckily for us, the smoke blew away a little before eight o’clock and gave us a clear view across the field. We could easily make out the rebel lines and the positions of the cannon that were ready to open upon us. Our cannoneers stood to their guns and waited the command to open fire ; the rebel artillery-men were evidently doing the same thing, and on both sides the infantry were prepared for whatever was demanded of it.

“General Sigel gave the order, and a dozen cannon fired very quickly, one after the other. Each gunner took sight against a tree on the hill where the rebel batteries were stationed, and tried the effect of his shot upon it. The first shots were too high, and a turn of the elevating-

screw depressed the muzzle of the gun. The second shot was generally too high, though with some it proved just right ; but with nearly every gun the third shot was exactly the proper range. Then the aim was taken at the rebel guns that were just beginning to fire, and for nearly two hours there was an artillery duel, in which the infantry had little to do but to look on.

“Through their glasses the officers could see that our fire was having terrible effect. Several of the rebel cannon were disabled and sent to the rear. Several of our guns were disabled and retired, and their places promptly filled by others ; but somehow the enemy did not seem to have a reserve to draw upon. Their fire slackened, their infantry seemed to be melting away, and through the smoke several of their men ran across to our lines and surrendered.

“This confirmed what had already been reported through our camp, that General McCulloch had been killed, and also General McIntosh, one of their best officers, and formerly of the regular army. They said they had been entirely confident of capturing all of us, but the death of these generals had disheartened a good many of the men ; and they were very short of provisions and ammunition.

“We had thirty pieces of artillery playing on the rebels at one time. They could not respond with so many, and as their artillery fire slackened General Sigel suddenly ordered some of the guns to change their fire into the ranks of the infantry and cavalry that were waiting on the enemy’s flanks ready to charge us when ordered.

“The shell, grape and canister tore great swaths in the crowded ranks and piled up windrows of dead and wounded. No troops except the most stolid Asiatics could stand such a fire as that. The cavalry and infantry melted away, and the artillery was without support. A

battery of three guns on an open space at one side of the hill, and near the road, became troublesome, and the fire of one of our batteries was turned upon it. Then, as the return fire slackened, the wind blew away the smoke and revealed its exact position.

“‘Send a regiment to take that battery,’ said General Sigel to one of his staff.

“The honor was given to the Twelfth Missouri, and as soon as the order was received away they dashed for their work. Across the field they went at full charge, losing twelve men killed outright and more than twice that number wounded, but not once did they halt. When the rebels saw them coming they rallied several companies of infantry to the support of the battery, but too late to save it. The charge was successful and the guns were ours.”

CHAPTER XXX.

THE REBELS DEFEATED—END OF THE BATTLE—INDIANS
SCALPING OUR SOLDIERS AND MUTILATING THEIR BODIES.

“WHILE Sigel’s batteries had been pouring their iron hail upon the hill which formed the center of the rebel position the divisions of Carr and Davis had slowly advanced till they occupied the woods where the rebels were posted when the fight began. I should have said our guns stopped two or three times, partly to allow them to cool and partly to carry them forward to a closer range. The melting away of the rebel lines was the last act of the battle. The order to retire was given, and before noon the fighting was over.

“General Sigel’s command went in pursuit, while the rest of the army remained on the field. The chase was kept up for twelve miles and then given up, as the rebels had a fair road before them and could push on without danger, while we had to be constantly on the lookout for ambuscades. General Sigel captured a good many wagons with supplies and some ammunition, and his men picked up about a thousand stand of arms which the fleeing rebels had thrown away. They were of very little use, as they were mostly shotguns and squirrel-rifles. The best among them were picked out by the officers, to send home as trophies of the campaign and in memory of the battle we had won.

“As soon as it was certain that the rebels had gone and the field was ours we set about looking after the wounded.

General Vandever went to the hill where the rebel batteries had been posted in the morning, and took me along with him. Such a sight as I saw there I hope never to see again.

"The ground was covered with dead and wounded men, the most of them dead, as they were struck down by shot and shell or by grape and canister. Some were killed by the falling limbs of trees, and one man was crushed by the weight of a limb five or six inches in diameter that had fallen directly upon his shoulders and pressed him to the ground. One tree had been pierced through from side to side by a solid shot; its top was shivered by a shell, and its trunk was pierced by a dozen or more canister-balls. Here lay the fragments of a battery-wagon that had been blown up, and not far off were five artillery wheels. Three mules lay dead by the side of the broken wagons, and one of them was so torn by the explosion that little more than the general shape of the animal remained.

"In a space thirty feet square I counted seven dead men and three wounded ones, one of the latter just gasping his last. A little further on there were fifteen wounded rebels, all begging and imploring for water. I gave them all my canteen contained, and so did the rest of the party, and the general sent me off for more. As I turned my horse to ride away he jumped aside to avoid stepping on a prostrate man whose arm had been torn off by a cannon-shot, and as he jumped he almost trod on another whose leg had been shattered. Close by a tree was a dead man whose head had been blown off by a shell, and by his side was another dead man whose breast was pierced by a grapeshot. A letter had fallen from his pocket, and I sprang to the ground and picked it up, intending to read it later.

"The letter was addressed to Pleasant J. Williams, Churchill's regiment, Fayetteville, Ark.; it was from a girl



“THERE AIN’T NO REAR.”



in Kentucky, to whom Williams was evidently engaged, if I may judge by the tenor of the document. I shall keep it in the hope of some day being able to return it to the writer. She was an ardent rebel, but evidently a very sweet and loving young woman, though, unfortunately, she does not inclose her photograph.

"I went for the water as fast as I could, and wondered how I was to bring it, as I had but a single canteen. On the way I passed through the camp, and when I told a captain of the Third Illinois cavalry the object of my mission, he detailed four men to go with me, and told them to gather up a dozen canteens to carry water to the wounded men. Tired as the men and their horses were, the soldiers went eagerly on their errand of mercy, and it almost made me cry to see how tenderly they cared for the poor fellows who were so lately their enemies. Curious thing, this business of making war! Soldiers try their very best to kill each other, but when the fighting is over they do all they can to help the very men they shot down only a little while before.

"Before I got back to the hill where the wounded men were lying a rebel surgeon had arrived with a flag of truce, and was doing all he could for the sufferers. But several were so badly hurt that they could n't be saved, and one of them died within two minutes after swallowing a draught of water I gave him.

"A horrible thing happened here close to this hill. The bursting of shells, or some burning wads, had set fire to the dry leaves that covered the ground, and the woods were burning in every direction. We tried to remove the wounded before the fire reached them, and thought we had got them all away; afterward some were found in secluded spots, and though still alive, they had been terribly burned and blackened by the fire among the leaves and fallen brushwood. One poor fellow had crawled

close to a dry log that was set on fire by the burning leaves, and was so badly burned that he died soon after being found. The doctors said his wounds were so severe that it is doubtful if he could have lived even if the fire had not reached him.

"We had repeatedly heard that the rebels were very badly supplied with shoes, and there was proof of the truth of this statement in the way they stripped the shoes from the feet of dead and mortally-wounded men, no matter to which side they belonged. Not one corpse in twenty of all that I saw on the battlefield had shoes on its feet. In some cases pantaloons and coats were removed, but such instances were not numerous, the great need of the rebels seeming to be in the line of shoes. Of course, the clothing of our soldiers would hardly be desired by the rebels, as it would be dangerous for them to wear, and they have no ready means of changing its color.

"The general told me to look for him at Elkhorn Tavern as soon as I had carried out the order about taking water to the wounded rebels, and I did so. On the way I passed the spot where a captain of a rebel battery was killed near the close of the battle, his head having been carried away by one of our cannon-shot. They said his name was Churchill Clark, and that he was the son of a prominent politician well known in the state of Missouri. Young Clark was educated at the military academy at West Point, and was said to be a splendid officer. He turned against the government the advantages of the education he had received at its expense. He was carried away by the idea that the right of the state was paramount to the right of the nation, and this is the end of states-rights for him—killed in battle at Pea Ridge.

"But if the battlefield was horrible, the scene at Elkhorn was worse. Dead and wounded men were lying all about, the house was filled with wounded, and every few

minutes a corpse was brought out to make room for a man whom the surgeons hoped to save. Blood was everywhere, and the sight was a sickening one. All the medical men were busy as they could be, and with the hardest work they were not able to give much attention to each individual case.

"The next morning the general sent me to Elkhorn with a message to one of the surgeons. Outside of the building was a row of corpses of officers and men mingled indiscriminately, most of them having died during the night from the effect of their wounds or after amputation of limbs. Several legs and arms that had been cut off were lying on the ground, some of the legs having the stocking and perhaps a portion of the pantaloons still in place.

"The attendants were busy removing the corpses and carrying them to a place of burial. Each was covered with a blanket, and officers and men were moving among them, raising the blanket coverings one after the other, in order to find some missing individual. 'That's Captain ——,' said one of the officers, as he turned down a blanket and revealed a face and the double-barred shoulder-straps which indicated the rank of the wearer. 'That's private ——, of Co. B,' or 'that's Sergeant ——, of ——regiment,' were the remarks of the attendants as they went steadily on with their work. Here sat a soldier who was crying bitterly, as he had just discovered the body of his brother among the dead. The surgeons and their aids gave him no attention; in fact, they were quite regardless of anything except the wounded whom they were trying to save.

"Details were sent out to look carefully over the ground where the battle was fought, in order to bring in the wounded and bury the dead. The work of humanity was rapidly performed, and before night all the dead had been laid to their rest, and all the wounded, except a few who

were not discovered until afterwards, were relieved as far as possible. The dead, where they lay thickly, were buried in trenches containing ten and in some cases twelve or fifteen corpses, but in most cases they were buried singly or by two's and three's. Most of those who fell at Pea Ridge found their graves where they lay, and there they will sleep undisturbed through all the rest of this war that is convulsing the country and threatening the existence of a nation which was founded as the home of universal liberty.

"From the hospital I carried a message to Colonel Bussey, of the Third Iowa Cavalry, who had returned from pursuing the rebels as far as Bentonville, and was just then in that part of the field where his regiment made a charge upon the combined white and Indian troops of General Pike, and was repulsed with the loss of several men. It afterward, as I have said elsewhere, rallied and defeated the rebels, recapturing three guns of a battery which had been temporarily lost.

"The rebels may deny as much as they please that the Indians scalped their fallen foes, but here was the evidence that they did it. Eight men of Colonel Bussey's cavalry were killed in the charge, and the Indians occupied the ground immediately and took off the scalps of those eight men and otherwise mutilated their bodies. Some of the bodies indicated that the men were only wounded and not dead when the Indians came into possession of them by the repulse of the cavalry, but the scoundrels quickly dispatched them with the tomahawk. Marks of the tomahawk, or some weapon like it, were plainly visible on several bodies, and the surgeons who examined the gunshot wounds on some of the bodies declared that they were not sufficient to cause death.

"Colonel Bussey and several of his officers and men have made oath to the evidences of the use of the toma-

hawk and scalping-knife by the Indian allies of the rebels, and the documents will be placed on record. It is probable that more than this number were scalped, as several bodies were buried before an investigation was thought of, but about these eight there can be no mistake. We hope the rebels are proud of these murderous savages, who may yet turn upon them in their frenzy when least expected to do so. A few of the Indians were captured, and if our men had not been restrained by their officers they would have hanged or shot the rascals. General Curtis has allowed all the rebel surgeons to come and go freely under parole, with the exception of the surgeon of an Indian regiment; him the general is keeping a close prisoner, and will send under guard to St. Louis."

The rebels disappeared so suddenly from the battlefield that the union commanders could not make out where they had gone. General Sigel went after them in one direction and Colonel Bussey in another, but could not overtake them, and the pursuit was soon given up. It seems they turned off through several hollows and ravines, taking obscure roads, and finally reuniting in the neighborhood of Bentonville, where they camped for the night. A good many of them continued along the road without halting, determined to get a safe distance between themselves and the terrible Yankees. Previous to the battle the officers had spread the most startling stories about northern atrocities to prisoners, with the object of nerving the men up to a high pitch of courage.

On this subject let us listen to Jack, whom we left in the hands of the enemy, and who was carried away by them in their retreat.

"The night after they captured the colonel, and took me along with him," said Jack, "we had a hard old time of it. We had very little to eat, and nothing but our clothes to sleep in. We were no worse off than the officers and

men around us, as there were a good many of them that had n't any blankets, and nearly all were ragged and fearfully out at the elbows. Each man had for his rations a piece of corn-bread as dry as a stone and nearly as hard, and some of them had nothing more than an ear or two of corn, that they chewed on as though they were horses. One of the doctors dressed Colonel Herron's wounded leg. He could n't stand on it, and when he wanted to move around I helped him on one side and one of the hospital attendants on the other. They put him in an ambulance along with one of their own wounded officers and started us off on the road to Bentonville, and there we stayed through the night. Probably they would have sent us further if they'd known how the next day's battle was coming out.

"They were going to send me off with the soldiers, but Colonel Herron asked to be permitted to keep me as a personal attendant. He offered to give his parole and become responsible that I would not escape, the same as he had done when we were first captured, and this they accepted after a little palaver. At one time I thought they wouldn't do it, and began to think I'd have to trudge along the road with the soldiers. And I think I owe my good fortune to an old friend; at least I'll call him so, as he acted like a friend, though he had no reason to remember me kindly.

"You remember the captain we helped to capture near Rolla when we went on our scouting expedition on foot?"

"Certainly," replied Harry; "I remember him well."

"He was the man that befriended me," said Jack, "and he did it just at the right time, too. He was one of the officers that was debating whether to do as the colonel wanted, and let me go with him, and while they were talking a little way off from us he kept eying me all over. After a while he came up to me and said :

“‘Are you one of the boys that was out one day on the road from Rolla to Pilot Knob, and found out where a captain had a recruiting camp?’

“I turned all sorts of colors, I know, and while I was trying to stammer out something to convince him I was n’t the boy he was looking for he nodded his head in a satisfied sort of way.

“I thought my case was done for and he’d have me shot sure, but he only laughed and said I was made of good stuff and had ‘got the sand,’ whatever that was. Then he went back and talked with the others, and after a few minutes he came to me and said he would be responsible for me.

“My heart went down in my boots at this, but he did n’t let it stay there long. ‘You’re all right,’ said he, ‘and you may go with your colonel. But, first, you must give me your solemn word of honor that you won’t try to escape as long as you are allowed to be with him.’

“I gave my word of honor and signed a parole which he wrote out, and then he said he thought he could trust me. ‘You caught me once,’ said he, ‘but you were n’t under any parole, and I had no business to talk with you as I did. You boys did a smart thing, and just the kind of thing I believe in, and as long as you’re in my hands I’ll look out for you. And I’ll look out for you, too,’ he added, dropping his voice, ‘if you try any Yankee tricks on me now that you’re under parole.’

“I repeated my promise, and felt relieved at the way he acted toward me. Then he hurried a man off and got something for us to eat. It was n’t much, only a slice of corn-bread and a piece of bacon for me, and a tin cupful of tea and some more bacon and bread for the colonel. He told me to stay by the ambulance, where the colonel was, and said I could ride with the driver, except when they were going up-hill, where I must get off and walk.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

JACK'S EXPERIENCES AS A PRISONER—REBEL SOLDIERS'
OPINIONS.

"To judge by the number of times I had to get off and walk," continued Jack, "it was up-hill pretty nearly all the way to Fayetteville. A wounded major of the rebel army was put in the ambulance alongside of Colonel Herron, and when we got to Fayetteville I had to give up my place to a rebel captain who had been shot in the arm. Of course I could n't complain at this, and thought myself lucky to have been allowed to ride so far as I did ride. I had to walk the rest of the way, and though I was young and strong, it was impossible for me to keep up with the ambulance when they had a good road. But as most of the road was bad and a good deal blocked by wagons, I managed to be along with the ambulance every night and two or three times generally during the day. It was lucky for me that the ambulance horses were pretty well tired out with overwork and poor feed, and at one time the driver was afraid he would n't be able to get them through to Van Buren, where we had been ordered to go.

"There were six men on horseback who rode along with the ambulance, to make sure that we did n't get away. Our captors were evidently mindful of the old motto, 'Fast bind, fast find,' and they had us not only on our parole, but under guard. When it was found that I had to walk I was put with half-a-dozen other prisoners in

charge of two of the mounted men. They were rather surly at first, but after a while we got on good terms with them by helping them to pick up forage for their horses, of which they were in great need. There was n't much to be picked up, as the country had been pretty thoroughly cleaned out by the army in its advance to attack us, and in the previous retreat when we first came into the state.

"The road over the Boston mountains is a rough one, and the wagons could n't get along there any faster than men on foot; they had to go slow to avoid breaking axles and smashing wheels, and all along the road there were dozens of wagons that had broken down and been abandoned. Soon after we left Fayetteville the news came that the army had been defeated and was falling back, but this was treated as a rumor at first, and our rebel guards laughed at it as absurd. A few hours later some mounted men came along carrying dispatches to Fort Smith, and then we heard positively that our side had won and the rebels were really falling back.

"I wanted to raise a cheer, but thought it would not be wise to do so, as our guards might make it harder for us if we made any sort of a demonstration. I passed the word among the rest, and we agreed to pretend that it could n't be so, as our army was so much smaller than theirs and we had used up nearly all our ammunition at the time we were captured. We consoled ourselves with the reflection that we should probably be exchanged before long, as we ought to have prisoners enough in our hands to make an even trade.

"We camped as soon as night came on, and I had no trouble in finding the colonel's ambulance and giving him all the help and comfort that I could. His wounded leg pained him a good deal, and the rebel surgeon said it would be better if it could be bathed in cold water.

"I went at work at once and bathed the swollen part so that it visibly went down, and the pain was much less. I was at it for a full hour, and then the colonel made me lie down and sleep, as he would n't hear of my being up all night. I slept as sound as a log, but was up before daylight to give the leg another bath before we started. My friend, the rebel captain, came around while I was at work and said I seemed so handy that he reckoned they would keep me as a hospital attendant, and not send me back in exchange if they made any. I told him I did n't want to go back until the colonel did, and I was perfectly willing to be a hospital attendant as long as I could be with him.

"All along the road there was great curiosity to look at the Yankee prisoners and see what they were like. By the way some of the people stared at us, they must have expected to see some horrid monsters, and were really surprised to find that we were human beings. Some of them abused us, and others looked on in silence, as they might have looked at an elephant or a five-legged calf. At one house, where we stopped to get a drink of water, a woman came out and lashed her tongue in a fit of rage at the 'Yankee cut-throats,' as she called us. She hoped we would all be hanged as soon as we got to Fort Smith, and if she had her way we should be strung up then and there.

"Poor creature! I did not blame her so much, as she had been told the most awful stories of what the Yankees did wherever they got possession of the country. All the atrocities ever committed by savages were attributed to us, together with some that no savages ever thought of. One of our guards told us that he had heard of our putting fifty prisoners in a log-house, having bound them hand and foot, and piled them up as though they had been so many sticks of wood. Then we piled shavings and

straw on them till the house was filled with it, and after this was done we set the straw on fire. The house and all the prisoners were consumed, as a matter of course. In another case we tied prisoners to trees and used them as targets for our infantry soldiers to practice upon when learning how to handle fire-arms.

“Of course the leaders knew better than this, but the stories were intended for the ignorant masses of the people, to excite them to rush to the defense of the imperiled South and save their homes from the desecration and destruction that they said would be certain if the Yankees once obtained possession of the country. But in one way they were ‘hoist by their own petard,’ to use an old phrase, as the fear of what might happen to them in case of capture caused many of the rebel soldiers at Pea Ridge to run away rather than face the terrible Yankees. From what the soldiers said, I’m certain that this is what caused several regiments to break and run after they had fired only a few rounds from their shotguns and squirrel-rifles.

“If this were a place for moralizing, I would say that lying never pays, whether by wholesale or retail. The rebel leaders in Arkansas found it out before the end of the second year of the war.

“We got to Van Buren, on the north bank of the Arkansas river, three days after leaving Bentonville, and were pretty well used up by the time they brought us to a halt. The colonel was sent to the military hospital, which was in some wooden barracks just outside the town, and I was allowed to go with him as his personal attendant, on the same conditions as before. I ought to say that on the closing day of the journey I got my old place on the seat by the driver for the last five or six hours, the wounded captain having stopped in a house where he had friends who would take care of him until

his arm was well enough to allow him to return to his regiment.

"There was plenty of room in the hospital when we got there, but the wounded came in fast, and within two days it was crowded full. I made myself as useful as I could, and soon got into the good graces of the surgeons, by helping them to dress wounds and do anything else that came in my way. I was about the hospital during the day, and could come and go as I liked, only I was under parole not to go outside the building and the one adjoining it. At night I slept in a sort of a guard-room at one end of the building, but there was n't much of a guard there, and I might have run away without any trouble if it had not been for my parole not to do so. It is just possible, however, that I was watched in a way I was not aware of, and my old friend may have 'looked out for me,' as he promised to do.

"The army followed closely after us, and there was no doubt of the defeat and retreat of the rebels. The soldiers were very much disappointed and disheartened, and if they could have got away without rendering themselves liable to be shot for desertion, I'm sure that half of them would have gone within two days after they got back to camp. As it was, there was a great deal of straggling, and I heard an officer say they had lost not less than five thousand men in one way and another by the campaign to Pea Ridge and back again.

"By the fourteenth the whole army, such of it as held together, had come in and was encamped around Van Buren. Some of the regiments were ferried over the river to Fort Smith, but the most of the troops remained on the north bank. I did n't have much chance to see them, as I was kept in the limits of the hospital, but so far as I could observe they were a forlorn-looking lot.

"Only a few regiments wore the gray uniforms of the

Confederacy, the greater number of the men being clad in the ordinary home-spun cloth of the country familiarly known as 'butternut.' During the Pea Ridge campaign they had been very poorly fed—some of them going for thirty or forty hours during the retreat without a morsel of food other than a few grains of corn; raw turnips and carrots had been considered a luxury, and the men who secured them were envied. Raw cabbages were eagerly devoured, but unfortunately the country was not stocked with these products of the soil, or the troops might have been better fed."

CHAPTER XXXII.

JACK'S DIPLOMACY—HIS RETURN TO CAMP—A NEW MOVE.

GENERAL CURTIS remained a few days in the camp near where the battle was fought, and then, as the country around was exhausted of supplies, he drew back a few miles to Keitsville, Missouri; but not until he had positively ascertained that the rebel army had retired to Fort Smith and Van Buren, on the line of the Arkansas river.

A day or two after the battle negotiations were begun for an exchange of prisoners. Both the commanders were favorable to the exchange, as they were so hard pressed for supplies that the prisoners on their hands were burdensome in the way of devouring rations, and, besides, they required a strong guard to hold them securely. Each side wanted its men back under their own colors, and as the number of prisoners was about equal the exchange was speedily arranged.

Colonel Hebart, of the Third Louisiana, was a prisoner in General Curtis's hands, and was traded off for Colonel Herron, and each army thus secured the return of an honored officer. There was some delay in arranging the exchange of the men of the rank and file, and in consequence of this it looked as though Jack would have to remain behind when Colonel Herron started from Van Buren for the Union camp.

Jack was equal to the emergency, and when he learned that the colonel had been exchanged and was to start on the following morning, he devised a plan, which he un-

folded as follows to his friend, the rebel captain, already mentioned:

"It's clear the colonel can't walk or can't ride on horseback. He's got to be carried in an ambulance or a wagon."

The captain admitted that this was the case.

"He's to go in an ambulance," said the captain, "and I'm to accompany him on horseback. Dr. —— will go along, too, to take care of the colonel's leg."

"I'm glad of that," said Jack; "but who'll drive the ambulance?"

"One of the drivers, I suppose," replied the captain.

"Now, there's just where I can come in," said the persistent youth.

"How so?"

"Why, don't you see, Captain? Let me drive the ambulance. I can do it just as well as anybody else."

The officer shook his head with an emphasis that indicated the proposal to be something quite out of the ordinary run of things, and not to be entertained. But Jack was not to be put off thus.

"I ask it as a great favor, Captain," said he, "and I'll be sure to return it with interest one of these days. Let me drive the ambulance, and when it gets to our lines we'll have one of your men drive it back, and it will bring some wounded officer along, if there's one to bring. It will be in your charge and protected by the flag of truce, and you'll save having one of your drivers go up to our camp and back again."

Viewed in this light, the proposal did not seem so very far out of the way, and as it met the wishes of Colonel Herron, who was highly popular among the rebel officers with whom he had been brought in contact by reason of his amiability and courtesy of manner, the matter was speedily arranged. The ambulance started at the time

appointed, and Jack handled the reins as though he had been bred to the business and intended to be at the head of it before very long. The fact is, no great handling was necessary, as the horses were not at all fiery in their natures, and had been very much reduced in flesh by the experiences of the campaign.

There were no adventures of consequence on the journey, the presence of the captain and the white flag that fluttered in front of the vehicle being sufficient to protect it from any kind of molestation. The colonel suffered considerably with the jolting of the ambulance, and more than once he half wished he had remained in captivity long enough to allow the wound to heal. But, on the other hand, he was elated at the prospect of soon being among his own friends, and you can be sure he was received with open arms by his fellow-officers.

As for Jack, he was a person of great consequence when he returned to camp and told the story of his adventures among the rebels. His first thought was for Harry, whom he hunted up with the least possible delay. In fact, the two youths were hunting for each other, as Harry had heard of Jack's return with Colonel Herron from a soldier who had seen the flag of truce on its way to the headquarters of General Curtis and recognized Jack as the driver of the vehicle.

Leave of absence was granted to Colonel Herron, and he returned to St. Louis and thence to his home in Iowa, where he remained until he was restored to health. As soon as he could do so he went into active service again, and long before the end of the war his uniform was adorned with the double stars of a major-general. But he never forgot his experiences in captivity after Pea Ridge, nor the devotion of Jack through all those days of suffering.

Jack offered to go with him as far as Rolla, or even to Iowa, if he desired; but as the colonel had his own serv-

ant with him, and was to be accompanied by one of the newspaper correspondents, who was returning to St. Louis, he declined the offer, as he readily divined that the youth had no desire to go home just then. In spite of their numerous experiences, both Harry and Jack thirsted for more, their appetites having been sharpened rather than dulled by what they had gone through.

"Wonder what we 'll do now?" said Harry one morning as they were strolling about the camp.

"That 's for the general to say," replied Jack, "and the most we can do on the subject is to guess."

"Well, here 's for a guess," said Harry, and the pair sat down for a council of war on their own account.

"From several things that were dropped in my hearing," said Jack, "while I was at Van Buren, I should n't wonder if the most of Van Dorn's army was sent off to the east of the Mississippi to join the rebel forces in Tennessee. This will leave Arkansas with no army large enough to oppose us, and so we can go where we please."

"That may be so," said Harry, musingly; "but where's all our supplies to come from? We're a long way from Rolla now, and if we get down into the interior of Arkansas we'll be farther still. We'll have to live on the country, and must do as the rebels do. We'll get along without tea and coffee and other luxuries, and settle down to corn-bread and bacon. But before we start we've got to replenish our stores of ammunition, and make up for what was consumed at Pea Ridge. In my opinion that's what the general is waiting for, and we sha'n't get orders to march until everything is ready. It won't do to go down into the middle of Arkansas without being 'well heeled,' as they say in this part of the country."

"Yes, but where do you think we'll go when we start?" queried Jack.

"We'll go for the capital of the state, and I'll bet on

it," said Harry. "When we have taken Little Rock we shall virtually have the State in our possession, and that will be a blow to the rebels. Of course, there 'll be parts of it still in their hands, but the possession of the capital is a strong point on our side."

The youths mentioned their belief to some of their comrades, and the latter repeated it to others. The story grew with each repetition, and by the end of the day it was currently reported throughout the camp that the army was about to advance on Little Rock, and was only waiting for supplies and reinforcements. Inasmuch as that was the objective point that General Curtis then had in view, he was naturally puzzled to know how the story arose when it was reported to him. Careful and close inquiry traced it to Harry and Jack, who promptly acknowledged their authority to be nothing more nor less than guesswork.

There was a vast amount of this amateur generalship during the war, and it was by no means confined to the men in the field. Every cross-roads grocery, and every place, in fact, where men assembled to the number of half a dozen or more, was a center of strategy, in which campaigns innumerable were laid out and battles without number were fought, and always won by the side on which the sympathies of the strategists were enlisted. There was hardly an editor of a newspaper who did not feel himself fully competent to direct the generals in the field how to conduct their campaigns, and if all the editorial advice and criticism of the war could be gathered and printed in a book, it would form probably the largest, and undoubtedly the heaviest, volume ever known.

It was no more than natural that the soldiers in the field should put their brains at work to discover what moves were intended, and very often the generals were obliged to use a good deal of deception to prevent the

premature working-out of their plans. Some of the generals lost their temper whenever they learned that any one besides themselves had been thus using his brains, but the majority of them took it good-naturedly, and regarded it as the evident outcome of an army drawn from the intelligent population of the North. General Curtis was one of those men of broad views, and he had a hearty laugh to himself when he found that the camp rumor was founded upon the amateur strategy of those enterprising youths, Jack and Harry.

"By the way," said Jack to Harry, "do you know what the difference is between strategy and tactics?"

"I can't say exactly," was the embarrassed reply; "only I think strategy is a good deal bigger than tactics, and means more."

"There's one more syllable in it, anyhow," said Jack; "but that doesn't tell the whole story. Here comes Mr. Fayel, the correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*; let's ask him."

Harry agreed to it, so the momentous question was propounded to the good-natured gentleman, who had been with the army since its departure from Springfield.

"Harry was right," said Mr. Fayel, "when he thought strategy was larger, and included more than tactics. Strategy is the art of moving armies through a country and conducting a military campaign. It is the science of military command, or the science of directing great movements. On the other hand, tactics is the science of disposing military and naval forces in order of battle and performing military and naval evolutions. It was strategy to bring the army here from Rolla, and to fall back to the position on Sugar Creek and get everything in shape for fighting. The general showed his tactics in handling the troops on the battlefield, and by winning the fight he showed himself a successful tactician."

"Ever so much obliged to you for the explanation," said Harry, to which Jack added his vote of obligation.

Harry was about to ask another question, but was interrupted by the sudden arrival of an orderly, who said the youths were wanted immediately at General Vandever's tent. Wondering what the sudden summons could mean, they started at once to obey it.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A NEW SCOUTING EXPEDITION—CAPTURED BY THE ENEMY.

“GENERAL CURTIS wants you to go on an expedition,” said General Vandever, when the youths reported to him. “Are you ready for it?”

“Certainly, General,” replied Harry; “anything that you order we ’ll do if we can.”

“It is n’t an order,” said the general, smiling, “as it is one of those things that come outside of orders.”

Then he paused, and the youths waited for him to continue, which he did in a moment.

“It ’s an expedition into the enemy’s country, where you ’ll run a good deal of risk; but, as you are not enlisted into the service, you can undertake it without compromising yourselves to the same extent that a soldier would. You ’ll have to go in disguise, and conceal your real character. There ’s where the risk comes in.”

The general left them, while he strolled outside his tent, to give them an opportunity to consider the proposal.

“I ’m ready to go, Jack,” said Harry, “provided you are.”

“Of course I ’m ready enough,” was the reply, “and feel sure we shall get through all right. We can play our old game that we succeeded with last year, though we may have to vary it a good deal, according to circumstances.”

When the general returned they announced their decision. He immediately accompanied them to General Curtis’s tent, and they received their instructions.

"I want you to go to Fort Scott, in Kansas, about one hundred miles northwest from here; go as quickly as you can, but don't press your horses or appear to be in a great hurry. Take two days for the trip, or three, if necessary, and when you get there do as the commander of the post directs you. I will see that you are provided with 'butternut' clothes during the day; and if you are using military saddles on your horses, you had better change them for common ones of the country.

"I have heard of the cleverness you have shown on previous occasions," the general continued, "and have no doubt you will get through all right and come back safely. But it will require courage and presence of mind, as you are likely to meet scouting parties of the enemy, and must be prepared to play your characters well."

The boys promised they would do their best, and at a signal from General Vandever they saluted and retired.

From a quantity of clothing in the hands of the quartermaster they selected two well-worn suits of common material of the country. Though well worn, the suits were clean, having been recently washed, and by order of General Vandever the garments were sent to General Curtis for his chief of staff to inspect. The inspection showed that they needed mending in several places, to insure their holding out through the journey, and they were accordingly submitted to the care of the headquarters' tailor for a few hours. To make sure that the work was properly done, the chief of staff had it performed in his own tent, and directly under his eye, being unwilling to trust the tailor out of sight.

Toward evening the patched and mended garments were ready, and were brought by an orderly to General Vandever's tent. Their hats and boots were in keeping with the rest of their wardrobe, and when fully rigged the boys looked the very picture of natives of the soil of Mis-



COUNTING THE ENEMY.

souri or Arkansas. By General Vandever's order they did not show themselves about the camp in their new outfit, but remained closely concealed in a tent in the rear of his. They ate a hearty supper and went early into their blankets, so as to be up and off before the break of day.

Nearly two hours before daylight their horses, which had been tied close to the general's tent and well fed, were saddled, and the boys, after swallowing a hasty and very early breakfast, announced themselves ready to start. The general bade them good-bye, and said his adjutant would escort them out of the lines.

"But we have n't any dispatches yet," said Harry. "We supposed General Curtis had some dispatches for us to carry."

"Don 't you remember, he said, 'Go to Fort Scott and do as the post commander directs you'? That 's all. You 'll get your orders when you arrive there."

Satisfied with the explanation, Harry returned the general's good-bye, and so did Jack. The adjutant appeared at this moment, and under the convoy of a single cavalryman they moved in the direction of the northern boundary of the camp.

Under the orders of the adjutant the picket allowed the two youths to pass, and in a few moments they were lost in the darkness. They jogged slowly along the road until daylight came, and then, as the country became visible, quickened their pace.

After riding about three hours, and meeting no interruption, they halted at the crossing of a small creek to eat some of the corn-bread they carried in their pockets, and give their horses a chance to graze. It was Harry's suggestion that they should provide themselves with corn-bread instead of dry biscuit or hard-tack, such as formed the rations of the soldiers. "You see," he explained, "the hard-tack might give us away in case we are stopped and

searched ; but if we carry nothing but corn-bread, which everybody eats in this country, it won't be at all suspicious." Jack agreed to the soundness of this argument, and accordingly corn-bread formed their sole supply of provisions, with the addition of a few slices of bacon.

While they were lying on the ground, indulging in their very plain meal, a party of ten or twelve men appeared suddenly, from the direction they intended to go. Their leader brought them to a halt, and they quickly surrounded the two boys.

Harry and Jack were prepared for just such an emergency, and continued to munch their corn-bread with the greatest unconcern. The leader of the scouting party asked who they were and where they were going.

"We 's from Forsyth way, and want to find some Home-Guard Yankees that stole two of our horses," Harry explained.

"Forsyth way? Then you know Pony Matteson, down on Dobbin's Branch."

"Don't know him," answered Harry, "but I've heard tell of him. We ain't lived there long enough to know many folks ; used to live up close to Rolla, till the Yanks drove us out six months ago."

This suggestion appeared satisfactory to the questioner, as it implied the soundness of the youths on the war-question. But he was not altogether convinced, and asked if they 'd been in the army.

Harry answered that they tried to get down to join Price's army before the battle of Pea Ridge, but were captured by the Yankee soldiers, and only got away by promising to go home and stay there. Since the battle the country had been in the hands of the Yankees and Home Guards, and they had to hide in the bushes most of the time to keep out of the way.

Then he went into a general denunciation of the Yan.

kees, and gave details, somewhat garrulous, about their appearance and conduct. To this he added stories of what the people around the battlefield said about them, and altogether gave them anything but a good character.

The leader cut short the talk by ordering the boys to stand up. Needless to say they obeyed, but with a wondering expression on their faces.

"We'll go through you," said he, with more emphasis than civility in his tone, "and if we find out you're lying it'll be bad for you."

At his orders four of the men searched the youths, turning their pockets inside out, and looking in the inside of their hats and shoes. If any dispatches had been concealed there they would surely have been discovered. By advice of General Vandever, rather than their own inclination, they had taken no weapons of any kind, and now they thanked their stars that they were unarmed. Had they carried their pistols they would have been of no use at this juncture, and would certainly have got them into trouble.

Harry had a pocket-knife, very old and worn, and this he was allowed to keep. Jack had a dozen fish-hooks in his pocket and three or four yards of line, in addition to eight or ten dollars in rebel shinplasters. The shinplasters and fish-hooks were appropriated by the searchers, and also the line, the captain remarking that they could buy more line when they got home. The pieces of corn-bread which they had in their pockets were left to them, along with the pocket-knife, and then they were told they might go.

Jack protested against the loss of his fish-hooks, but he did not continue the protest very long. Then Harry assumed the rôle of questioner, and asked about the roads leading to the northwest, and was particularly anxious to ascertain if any Home Guards had been seen in that

direction. He described the lost horses minutely, and asked the captain to send word to James Pratt at Forsyth in case he found out where the horses were.

With this parting request he mounted his steed, thankful that it was left to him, and Harry followed his example. It was fortunate for the youths that the scouting party were all well mounted and their horses were fresh, as they would have been quite likely to ask for an exchange, and make it, too, without waiting to ascertain if an exchange was desired by the parties of the second part.

"They're pretty searching in their investigations," said Harry, as soon as they were out of sight and hearing. "It was lucky we had no dispatches about our hats or boots."

"Yes, indeed," responded Jack. "Wonder what the next party 'll do? Perhaps they 'll make us take off our clothes and see if we have n't something written on our skins."

"That's a good idea," said Harry. "I'll suggest it to General Vandever the next time he wants to send a courier through the enemy's country."

"I have it," exclaimed Jack. "Why not put a dispatch under a porous or some other plaster between a fellow's shoulders? Nobody would think of disturbing it."

"Don't be so sure of that," was the reply. "The plaster is an old trick of diamond smugglers; it has been successfully used, and it has also been detected. It might work on these country jayhawkers, but anybody of experience is sure to have heard of it."

As they rode along they busied themselves with devising means of concealing dispatches and making ciphers which would be absolutely blind to the uninitiated and only read by those possessing the key. As fast as one of them designed a mode of concealment the other cited an

instance of its previous use, and whenever one proposed a cipher the other managed in one way or another to show its defects.

They had about come to the conclusion that Solomon was right when he said there was nothing new under the sun, when suddenly a gruff voice from the bushes at the roadside called out :

“Halt, there !”

They looked in the direction whence the sound came, and saw the muzzles of four or five rifles pointing directly at them. It is needless to say they halted.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CAPTURED AGAIN—HOW JACK “PLAYED CRAZY.”

THEIR new captors proved to belong to the band through whose hands they had passed, as already described, and after another examination, in which their pockets were again turned inside out, they were allowed to proceed. As they rode on Jack suggested a new idea for their actions the next time they were stopped, as he was fearful they might encounter somebody from “Forsyth way,” and thus it would be discovered that they were not telling the truth.

“I tell you what,” said Jack, “the next time they stop us, if they don’t come on us too suddenly, I’ll play crazy.”

“How ’ll you do it?” Harry asked.

“Why, I’ll act crazy or idiotic enough, and you can say you’re my brother taking me home. We live somewhere in the western part of Missouri, and have been away from home a long time; or perhaps you can locate us in Kansas, near Fort Scott.

“All right,” responded Harry, “we’ll try it on and see how it works.”

They did n’t have any occasion for trying it that day, as they encountered no other roving bands. They stopped at two or three houses along the road, partly to ask the way and partly to keep up their assumed characters by asking if anything had been seen of some Home Guards with two horses, one a dark gray with a short

tail and one ear notched, and the other a roan that carried his head very high and had a white patch on the side of his nose. The white horse was called Ironsides, Harry explained, and the roan one Tatters. The people were evidently suspicious of strangers, and did not welcome them with a show of delight, but they gave them the directions they wanted about the roads. They were careful not to ask for Fort Scott, or any other place in Kansas, but confined their inquiries within the boundaries of Missouri. Night overtook them at a deserted house, and they at first thought they would sleep there, but after some deliberation concluded it would not be altogether safe. By good luck they found concealed among the trees a small haystack, which not only gave them a sleeping-place, but all the feed they wanted for their horses. They made a supper from their bread and bacon, and then picketed their animals securely, and while one of them watched the other slept. They feared to be surprised during the night or early morning by the owner of the haystack, or some one who knew of its existence, and they naturally wished to have time to get away if possible, by discovering the approach of strangers.

They were not disturbed, and in good time in the morning they took to the road again in the direction of Fort Scott. The direct route would have carried them through Granby and Carthage, but they prudently avoided both these places by taking roads that led around them.

About ten in the forenoon they came to a house where there were signs of habitation, and Harry suggested that it would be a good place for Jack to experiment in "playing crazy." So they rode up to the house and were met by an old man and two or three women, who came to the door as they were seen approaching.

Jack sprang from his horse and rushed at the man as

though he were an old and intimate friend. The man drew back in alarm.

"Don't mind him," said Harry. "He's crazy, and thinks every old man he sees is his father who died ten years ago."

"How de do, father?" said Jack, taking the cue from Harry; "so glad to see you, father, after all this time. Where 've you been so long?"

The man thought it best to humor the boy, and said he had n't been far away; only down to the next town.

"He's my brother," said Harry, "and the doctors say the only thing to cure him is to take him home. We've been down South, in Arkansas, and we're going home to Bourbon county, Kansas, where mother lives."

"Say, father, I'm real hungry, and thought you'd have breakfast ready," said Jack. "You know, you've always had breakfast ready long before this time."

There was method in Jack's madness that might have roused suspicion, but the very boldness of the suggestion was calculated to disarm it.

"That's the first sensible thing he's said to-day," remarked Harry; "for I'm sure the poor boy must be hungry, as he has n't eaten anything since yesterday. The doctor told me he'd come to his senses some time when he wanted anything real bad."

The women had crowded around the group and were joined by half-a-dozen tow-headed children, that one after another put in an appearance from inner rooms or the rear of the house. Great sympathy was shown for the poor crazy boy, and a breakfast of corn-bread and bacon, the best that could be offered, and very acceptable it was, was set before them.

Jack, while they were preparing breakfast, had gone about the house criticising everything and commenting freely on the appearance of its occupants. He was

shrewd enough to make his comments of a flattering character ; he praised the beauty of the unkempt children ; thought one of the women looked like the governor's wife at Little Rock, and was sure she was his sister. When she denied the relationship Jack assumed anger, and Harry whispered to her that she had better humor him, as she certainly did resemble the governor's wife enough to put the idea in the boy's head.

Jack insisted that the governor's wife was the charmingest lady in Arkansas, and as Harry echoed the sentiment he found it was not received unkindly. Instead of eating their corn-bread dry they had molasses on it, a small jug of that precious article being brought out from some place of concealment by the woman who resembled the heroine of the gubernatorial mansion of the capital of Arkansas.

The boys could not pay for their breakfast, as they had nothing to pay with. At a signal from Harry, Jack assumed an air of somnolence, while the sane brother told the news from Arkansas and answered all questions about the Yankee soldiers down near the frontier. He explained that he had no difficulty in coming right through the Yankee lines, as they took pity on his poor crazy brother, but they would not let them stop anywhere in the camp nor look around to see what they had there.

Soon after they had finished breakfast they continued their journey, accepting with many thanks a goodly parcel of the bacon and bread which had been left over from the meal and would form an excellent supper. Until long after they were out of sight of the house Jack continued to wear the idiotic expression of countenance by which he had so successfully carried out his deception.

"I was half ashamed of myself, in fact a good deal more than half," said he, "when I found how kindly they treated us. They took pity on me and gave us a good

breakfast, which we sadly needed, and they could n't have been more sympathetic if we 'd been of their own kith and kin."

"And to think I flattered that woman into believing she looked like the wife of the governor of Arkansas, whom I 've never seen, and don't know how she looks. Well, anyway, she had a good, pleasant face, and if the governor's wife has as kind a heart His Excellency may be proud of her."

"We'll get even with them and make a return for their kindness one of these days," said Harry; "and perhaps we'll do it very soon. But it will never do to let them know how they were imposed upon, as it would be a reflection on their discernment."

Nothing of consequence happened to the youths until late in the afternoon, when they were suddenly confronted by ten or twelve rough-looking fellows, armed with shot-guns and squirrel-rifles, after the usual style of the scouting parties they had already seen. But if there was any difference between this party and its predecessors, it was in favor of the earlier ones, as the crowd they were now facing seemed to be decidedly a worse lot. With their weapons aimed at the heads of the youths they ordered them down from their horses, threatening to shoot them if they did n't get down at once.

"Now I'll do the crazy, idiotic trick," whispered Jack.

Harry got down from his horse, but Jack sat still and stared vacantly and with open mouth at the rangers.

"Get off that horse!" said one of the men, "and be quick about it."

"Don't mind him!" exclaimed Harry; "he's my crazy brother, and I'm taking him home. He don't know what he's doing."

This seemed to amuse the strangers, and they drew

down their weapons and waited to see what the lunatic would do next.

Jack continued to hold his mouth open and look as foolish as possible. He stared at the strangers for two or three minutes, shifting his gaze from one to another. Finally, pointing to one of the men, he said :

“That ’s General Price; I know ’tis.”

The men laughed heartily at this suggestion, and not the mildest of the laughers was the individual who had been thus designated. It is not always that the victim of a joke can enjoy it as well as do those about him.

The newly-commissioned “general” was mounted on a fine horse (which was not branded with his initials), and suddenly Jack took a fancy to the animal and proposed a trade. The general declined, and Jack insisted. To prove his earnestness he descended from his own steed and tried to pull the general down from the horse that he coveted ; but it is fair to presume that he did not pull very hard, as the general retained his place.

All this time the men laughed heartily at the antics of the supposed lunatic, and they continued to laugh when Jack asked one of them to shoot the general because he would n’t swap horses. As the man would n’t comply with his wish, Jack begged for a gun, that he might do the shooting himself, and when that was refused he threatened to find somebody who would lend him a cannon, or a whole dozen of them, and he would come around and shoot everybody that tried to stop him.

Harry begged the men not to oppose Jack, as it only made him worse. Then Jack proposed to go along with them, so that he could get the general’s horse whenever he got off ; a suggestion that did not meet with approval. But Jack insisted to such an extent that the general lost his temper, and began to swear roundly at both the

youths, till he was stopped by the one who appeared to be the leader.

Jack's ruse worked to a charm, as the rangers were now quite as desirous of getting rid of the boys as they had previously been to make their acquaintance. They assisted Harry to get Jack on his horse again, and told him they would stay where they were till the youths were out of sight. Harry mounted once more, and with considerable apparent difficulty persuaded Jack to accompany him. He only succeeded in doing so by exacting a promise from "General Price" that he would follow them at once and trade horses when they went into camp that evening.

With this understanding they rode off, and as they went over the crest of the ridge Harry peered over his shoulder and had the satisfaction of seeing their late acquaintances riding the other way along the road at a smart pace. They were greatly relieved when they saw the last of the jayhawkers, and devoutly hoped they would not encounter them again.

To make sure of being out of their reach, they rode at a good speed for two hours and more. The sun was about setting when they came to a vacant house. While they were looking through it and its outbuildings, in search of feed for their steeds, and possibly for something they could put into their own mouths, a squad of horsemen dashed up to the door, and they found themselves prisoners once more.

Things were getting lively, but they felt easy this time, as they saw that the uniform of their captors was the union blue. The squad was quickly followed by another and then by another, until not less than fifty mounted men were assembled. They were under the command of a captain, who proceeded to interrogate the young prisoners.

Harry was inclined to be suspicious, as he had been told that a band of thieves wearing the federal uniform was scouring the country and committing atrocities such as the worst of the secession bands had rarely been accused of. So he answered by telling the old story of having come from the neighborhood of Forsyth, and being in pursuit of some horse-thieves. He again described the missing horses, and asked if the depredating Home Guards had been seen by the captain or his men.

His course was a prudent one, as we can easily see. In case his captors were really union cavalrymen he knew that no harm was likely to come to Jack or himself. He was ready to declare who and what they were as soon as he was satisfied of the genuineness of the apparent unionists; but, if on the other hand, they should prove to be the band of murderers of which he had heard, the fate of both the youths would have been sealed, and their lives forfeited if they had avowed their real characters.

Harry and Jack endured very well the searching investigation of the captain; stuck to the original story and did not reveal their true characters, and were finally turned over to the care of the guard, who treated them kindly, though without giving them the least chance for getting away. This was an indication in the right direction, and Harry proceeded to follow it up.

Finding that the sentinel who had them in charge was inclined to be talkative, he engaged him in conversation, and soon learned enough to convince him that he was among friends. Then he asked to be taken before the captain again, as he had something to say that he had hitherto concealed.

His request was conveyed to the captain, and he soon followed the request. When he came into the officer's presence, the latter impatiently said:

“Well, young fellow, what is it now?”

"I want to say," responded Harry, "that we haven't told you the truth."

"That's nothing surprising," was the reply; "very few people tell it nowadays in this part of the country."

"We've told you we were secesh," explained Harry, "and we're nothing of the sort."

"That's too thin," exclaimed the captain; "if you think you're going to play union on me you're mistaken."

He looked the youth straight in the eye as he said this. Harry met his glance firmly, and after a moment's pause answered :

"We don't propose to play anything on you now, since we're satisfied you're union soldiers. We were afraid you might be guerrillas in disguise, and so told the horse-stealing story that we'd made up for our protection."

"Well, what are you, anyway, and where are you going?"

"We're from General Curtis's army, and are going to Fort Scott as soon as we can get there."

Instantly the captain's manner changed. He arose from his seat and said he thought they were the very boys he wanted to find.

"Anyway," he continued, "we'll accommodate you by taking you to Fort Scott. If you've told the truth it will be all right, and if you've lied and are the secesh you first made yourselves out to be you'll have a taste of the guard-house that'll cure you of a habit of wandering from the truth."

Then the captain gave orders that the youths should be carefully looked after and not have a chance of escaping, but at the same time they should be permitted to ride their own horses and have every privilege consistent with being carefully guarded. "They are probably all right, but they may be all wrong, and so we won't take any chances on them," the captain remarked to his

lieutenant, as the youths disappeared in charge of their guard.

Bright and early the next morning the whole party was on the road toward Fort Scott, where they arrived safely, but not without a slight brush with a small band of guerrillas whom they encountered about a mile from their camping place. A few shots were exchanged, but at such long range that it is doubtful if anybody was hurt. Certainly nobody was injured on the union side, though several bullets whistled very near.

The party which captured our young friends had been sent from Fort Scott for the double purpose of looking for messengers from General Curtis, and also to ascertain the whereabouts of any guerrilla bands that might be infesting the country. Having no proof of their character, the captain was naturally disinclined to believe their second story. He had supposed they were lying when they were first brought before him, and, therefore, was not inclined to accept without a great deal of reserve the subsequent explanation.

But all doubt was cleared up when the scouting party reached Fort Scott and handed its captives over to the commandant of the post. Colonel Hinton, the officer who then held that position, questioned the youths briefly and learned when and how they were sent away. When satisfied on this point he asked for their dispatches.

"We haven't any," Harry answered. Then he told the circumstances attending their departure.

"But I'm sure you have brought them, as General Curtis was to send a messenger about this time, and that was one of the objects for which I sent out the scouting party."

Harry repeated his assurance that they had brought no dispatches; then the colonel laughed and called his adjutant, and the latter, at the colonel's suggestion, proceeded

to rip off some of the patches on the butternut garments of the boys. The first and second of the patches revealed nothing, but the third yielded a letter written on thin paper, and inclosed in oiled silk. Another patch brought forth another letter, and by the time the garments had been restored to their original unpatched condition, no less than three dispatches had been brought to light.

Harry and Jack stood speechless with astonishment. Here they had been carrying dispatches without knowing it; the mystery of their having nothing further to do than report to the commander of the post was explained.

"This is nothing new," said the colonel, as he silently regarded the youths. "It is n't the first time a man has served as messenger without being aware of it; but your case is n't equal to that of a man in Kentucky that I heard of not long ago. He was a rebel spy, who passed frequently inside our lines. One of our spies who was with the rebel army used to conceal dispatches in the lining of this man's overcoat whenever he saw indications that he was about to go away, and when he got into our lines an officer who knew his real character used to get possession of the papers, the efficient carrier being entirely ignorant of the fact that he was thus being used. He was allowed to come and go, as his services to the Union were much greater than to the Confederacy, though he was no friend of ours."

The colonel then gave orders that the boys should be well fed and cared for, and told them they could rest a day before setting out on their return. "And when you go back," said the colonel, "you will not run as much risk as you have just been through."

They had their day's rest as proposed, and on the second morning after their arrival at Fort Scott they started on the return journey. Colonel Hinton assigned a company of cavalry to accompany them, and kept good

his promise that they should not run the same risk as in their trip upward from the army.

Harry and Jack were not forgetful of the family who fed and cared for them on the occasion when the latter "played crazy." A well-wrapped package containing a pound of tea, and another of coffee, was fastened behind Harry's saddle, and while on the way Harry told the captain of the escort all about their adventure. At Harry's suggestion the boys did not show themselves at the house, as he did not wish the people to know that they had been deceived as to their character. The escort divided a little while before reaching the house, and while one squad went there and delivered the parcel, which was supposed to have been sent by the boys, the other went by at a trot, the youths riding so that they were screened by some of the men.

The boys were of service to the escort in showing the way to the haystack which they discovered in the forest, as already mentioned. When they reached it they had a skirmish with a party of guerrillas who had already found it, and were camping there comfortably with their saddles stripped from their horses, and evidently under the belief that nobody but themselves knew where it was. Our men had the guerrillas at a disadvantage, and the fight resulted badly for the rebels; two of them were killed and three wounded, while on our side only one man was hurt, and he but slightly. Ten horses were captured and taken away in triumph; some of the guerrillas escaped with their steeds, while the rest fled on foot. A sharp watch was kept through the night lest they should return and renew the fight, but they did not put in an appearance.

Just as they were starting the next morning Harry called attention to a cloud of dust in the road they intended following, and it was immediately surmised that an enemy was in the neighborhood. Very quickly the order

to mount was given and the column moved in the direction of the suspicious dust. Hardly had they reached the road before a crowd of horsemen was seen approaching, and then both sides made ready for a fight.

There was a good deal of maneuvering for the advantage, and both parties advanced with great caution. A few shots were exchanged at long distances, where they could not possibly do any harm, but simply on the Chinese principle of letting the other side know that warm work could be expected. As the columns drew closer together the strangers were found to be dressed in blue, and as they made a similar discovery concerning our own party the shooting ceased. A flag of truce was then sent forward, accompanied by Harry, to meet a similar flag from the other side. The flags met half-way between the lines, and it was quickly ascertained that the supposed enemy was a scouting party sent out by General Curtis. Harry recognized the bearers of the flag, and there was a vigorous hand-shaking followed by a signal for both sides to put off the idea of fighting for the present unless they could find somebody else to fight with.

On their arrival in camp Harry and Jack reported immediately to General Vandever, and then to General Curtis, to whom they delivered the dispatches they had brought from Fort Scott. The general questioned them closely in regard to their experiences, and laughed heartily when he heard of Jack's exploit in playing crazy. He thought it an admirable ruse, but said it could not be tried on very often, as it was sure to leak out. Then he praised the boys for the admirable manner in which they had performed their difficult task, and said he might have occasion to call on them again.

"I'm not at all sure," said Harry, as soon as the boys were by themselves once more, "I'm not sure that I'm in a hurry to go on another scouting expedition; are you?"



FINDING THE DISPATCH.

"As to that," answered Jack, "I 'd like a little rest and a chance to think it over. But after I 've rested I shall be ready to try it on once more, but not through the same country."

"I don't suppose General Curtis would send us that way again," was the reply, "as he would know that it would be doubly dangerous for us, since we 've been seen with the cavalry and would be known to be on the union side. We could n't make anybody believe our story about hunting for stolen horses from Forsyth way."

On the day of their return to camp orders were issued for the army to be ready to move on the following morning. The boys wondered if the advance upon Little Rock was about to commence, and also whether the dispatches they brought had anything to do with the orders to march.

But the development of events did not indicate that they were going in the direction of the Arkansas capital, nor yet to Fort Scott or anywhere near it. The army moved to Forsyth, in Taney county, Missouri, on the banks of the White river, and nearly due east from Keitsville, where the camp had been. For some part of the way the principal road follows the bank of the river and gives pretty glimpses of the wooded valley and the meandering stream. Like most of the southwestern rivers, the White has a very tortuous course, and consequently the road rather touched upon than followed the stream; to have done the latter would make it needlessly long.

There was no enemy of consequence along the line of march, and therefore no opposition was expected or offered. Here and there half-a-dozen horsemen were seen, but they were not considered worthy of attention. Forsyth was occupied until the army received a supply of stores and ammunition, which was sent from Springfield by a somewhat difficult road through the Ozark mountains.

Our young friends went with dispatches to the post commander at Springfield, but as the road was well guarded and no rebels or guerrillas were supposed to be in the neighborhood, they did not consider the journey of any serious moment, and did not disguise themselves. The distance is about fifty miles, and they took a part of two days for the ride, spending the night at Ozark, which is about half-way between the opposite ends of the route. There was so much up and down hill to the road that they did not find it an easy one to travel in a hurry, and besides, they were carrying out the orders of the general in spending the night at Ozark, where there was temporarily a garrison of fifteen or twenty men.

"It is a very pretty mountain country," said Harry afterwards, when speaking of the journey, "and I wished I could make sketches of some of the landscapes along the road. In some places you look down a long distance in the valleys, and in others you are completely shut in and wonder how you will ever get out of there. An interesting feature of the country is the large springs that abound all through it; they are like the great springs we saw at Cross Hollows in Arkansas, and doubtless have the same sort of origin. There is one spring near the village of Ozark which forms the head of a good-sized brook, just as does the spring at the head of Sugar Creek."

At Springfield they found very little change in the state of affairs since they passed through the town on their way to Sugar Creek and Pea Ridge. The garrison had thrown up earthworks to protect themselves in case of an attack by the rebels, as it was thought possible that a column of cavalry, or possibly some marauding expeditions like those of Quantrell and Todd, might take a notion to pay a brief visit to the place, and the commandant did n't propose to be caught napping. The supplies for General Curtis were being pushed forward as fast as pos-

sible, but the bad condition of the roads and the scarcity of draft animals greatly hindered the work. Mules and horses were in great demand, and considering the great numbers of these animals that had been completely worn out and used up in the arduous service of transportation in the southwest, the great wonder is that supplies could be sent forward at all.

They remained two days in Springfield and then started on their return to Forsyth. Not dreaming of any danger, they did not deem it worth their while to so time the journey as to spend the night under the protection of the guard at Ozark; instead of doing so, they passed through that town and lodged in a house several miles beyond, where they had an exciting adventure, as the sequel will show.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TREACHEROUS HOST—HOW THE BOYS TURNED THE
TABLES.

THE house where they asked for entertainment for the night was a two-story frame building, and belonged to a well-to-do farmer, who was the owner of ten or twelve negroes, and therefore one of the aristocracy of southwest Missouri. Being an owner of slaves, he was naturally in sympathy with secession, though he professed the most ardent unionism whenever he was visited by any party of soldiers wearing the federal blue. His family consisted of his wife and two daughters. His son had gone to join Price's army, and the father took great pains to explain that he had done so greatly against the parental will.

The pronounced unionism of the man did not arouse any suspicions in the minds of Harry and Jack, who talked freely with him during and after the supper which was set before them. They retired early to bed, as they were wearied with their day's ride and intended to be off at an early hour in the morning, so as to reach Forsyth in good season. On their arrival, before dark, they accompanied their horses to the barn and saw them fed and cared for by one of the negroes, whose good graces they secured by slipping a quarter into his hand. They took a general survey of the barn and its surroundings, more from habit than from any thought that such knowledge might be useful to them before the next morning.

The room where they slept was in the upper story of

the house, and there was a window in it which opened upon a shed that served as a kitchen. There was no means of fastening the door, and neither of the youths thought there was any special occasion for securing it, as they did not apprehend any disturbance from the family, and it was hardly likely that an outsider could make an entrance without being stopped by some one below stairs.

They threw off their clothing and retired to the double bed which stood in one corner of the apartment, and in less than five minutes both were sound asleep. Harry was on the front of the bed, while Jack lay next to the wall.

About midnight Harry was waked by a hand upon his shoulder, and he was about to ask, "Who's there?" in an audible voice, when he heard a gentle "Hush!" close to his ear.

Instantly collecting his thoughts, he asked, in the same low whisper:

"What's the matter?"

"Hush! don't speak, and don't move till I've been gone five minutes. Keep still, and listen."

"Certainly," said Harry; "what's the trouble?"

"Father's gone to get some men, who'll carry you off. They are hiding in the woods a mile or so back from here, and he's just gone for 'em. You've time enough to git away, and you'd better git."

"We'll git, you bet," answered Harry; "but who are you?"

"Never mind," was the soft answer, "I'm your friend, that's all."

"I want to know," said Harry, "as it may be in our power to do you or your people service some time. You may be sure we won't betray you."

"Well, if you must know, I'm Cordelia, the youngest daughter of Mr. ——, who is such a Yankee when any of you fellers comes 'round. He's secesh though, and so are

we all, for that matter; but promise me you won't say so to anybody."

Harry made the required promise, and then Miss Cordelia explained that she overheard her father and mother talking about how they could have the young Yanks carried off into the woods and kept there. "I did n't so much mind your being just carried off," she added, "but I did n't know but they might kill you as they've killed some of the union men about here. I'd taken a sort o' liking to both of you, and did n't want any harm to come to you. And that's why I came and told you."

"Now," she added, "I'll creep back to where sister Jane and I sleep, and you must n't stir for five minutes. Don't try to go downstairs and out of the house that way, but get out on the shed, and at the further end of it you'll find a big chimney that's built up in steps like, so that you can get along it down onto the ground. Then find your horses and be off jest as quick as you can. There's a little lane from the back of the barn that goes downhill, and if you keep along that lane and then turn to the right where it forks, you'll come out on the main road about a quarter of a mile from the house. Now, good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" whispered Harry, "and be sure we won't forget your kindness." And as he said so he pressed to his lips the hand that had been resting on his shoulder, and which he took hold of just as it was being removed.

Then he roused Jack, who would have spoken aloud, had not Harry pressed a hand on his mouth and whispered, not as softly as the recent whispering had been, that he'd better shut up. As soon as Jack was fairly awake the situation was explained, and the five minutes in which they had been enjoined to lie still were fully taken up in laying plans for getting away.

"In the first place," said Harry, "we ought to fasten the door of the room, so as to delay our would-be captors as long as possible."

"That's so," said Jack; "but how'll we fasten it?"

"I think the chair will do it," was the reply; "at any rate I'll try it. We might move the bed against the door, but in doing it we would be very likely to make a noise."

They dressed themselves quickly, but without noise, occasionally glancing out of the window to the starlit but moonless sky. When they had completed their toilets, all but putting on their shoes, Harry leaned the chair against the door and found it made an excellent wedge beneath the latch, and would greatly hinder an attempt to force an entrance.

"That's a splendid way to fasten a door," whispered Harry. "I got the idea from Mr. Johnson, a commercial traveler, who used to come to father's house. He said that if you take a chair or a strong cane,—anything in fact that will go under the latch and rest on the floor at a sharp angle,—it will defy any effort to open the door short of bursting it in."

"All right," answered Jack; let's have short talks and quick business."

Then they opened, and very softly opened, the window, and with their shoes in their hands stepped out on the roof of the shed. Creeping along the roof they reached the chimney without making a sound, and found the place that was "built up in steps like" and facilitated their descent to the ground.

There they sat down and put their shoes on, and then they moved in the direction of the barn. But just before reaching it they heard voices that made them pause. After listening a moment they sought shelter behind a broken cart that offered a friendly place of concealment.

A group of five men on horseback came up and drew rein within a few feet of where the youths were lying. They talked in low tones, but loud enough to be distinctly heard, and both Harry and Jack perceived that one of the voices belonged to their host.

"We 'd better get their horses out first and saddle 'em," said Mr. — (we 'll call him Jones, but that was n't his name or anything like it), "and then you won't have to do it afterwards. I can help you now, but could n't when the young Yanks are looking on."

"All right, squire," was the answer, and with that all slid down from their horses. The bridles were placed in the hands of one who appeared to be the youngest, as he certainly was the smallest, of the party, and the others proceeded to bring out and saddle the horses of Harry and Jack.

When this had been done Mr. Jones suggested that all the horses should be tied to the fence close to the barn, so that Billy, the man who had been holding the five steeds, could be free to help them in case there was occasion for anything. This was agreed to, and Billy was left to watch outside while the rest of the party entered the house. Mr. Jones was to retire to bed and thus give the capture the aspect of something that had been done against his will. In case of any outside alarm, Billy was to strike against the barn-door three times ; it had been proposed to fire a shot from his rifle, but on careful consideration it was thought the other signal would answer just as well and be less suspicious to ears for which it was not intended.

The four disappeared in the direction of the house, and from their place of concealment Harry and Jack surveyed the scene and formed their plans. Having nothing else to do, the five horses of the guerrillas were inclined to quarrel with the two strange ones, and the disturbance

they made gave our friends an opportunity to whisper easily to each other, without danger of being overheard by Billy.

"We must watch our chance," said Harry, "and jump on his shoulders so as to bear him to the ground before he can call out for help."

"That won't do," said Jack, "as he might give a yell as he goes down. Better drop him with a club, and then he 'll be senseless the moment it hits him and will stay so long enough for us to get away, and there 'll be no danger of his hollering."

Harry did not altogether like the idea of the club, but he realized that it was a case of self-preservation, and the treatment was no worse than what Mr. Billy would be ready to apply to them without the least compunction. So he assented to Jack's proposal, and the two armed themselves with clubs, which were conveniently furnished by the spokes of a crushed wheel of the cart.

"I reckon them strange horse shad better be a little further off," said Billy to himself, "and then there won't be so much furse."

Suiting the action to his thought, he proceeded to separate the old from the new, and while he was occupied with this prudential duty Harry and Jack crept up behind him and, at an opportune moment, felled him with a blow from one of the cart-spokes. He went down without a sound; in less than a minute a handkerchief had been tied across his mouth, in which a corn-cob was inserted as a gag, his hands were securely fastened behind him, and his feet were tied together. He was not likely to give an alarm, no matter how soon he revived.

Harry and Jack then took possession of the seven horses, mounting their own and leading the other five. Harry took charge of three, and left the other two to Jack. They went at a walk down the lane which the

girl had indicated, and on reaching the high-road quickened their pace as much as the led horses would permit.

"It was very kind of them to saddle our horses for us," said Jack, "and to save us any trouble about it."

"Yes," replied Harry, "and I'd give one of their saddles to hear their remarks when they find we're not in the house, and come outside and see the way that Billy is waiting for them."

"I'm afraid their remarks will not be of a Sunday-school character," was Jack's answer, "nor very respectful to us."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONVICTED BY A DUMB WITNESS—SHORT RATIONS—A
CAPTURE.

THE boys pushed on as fast as they could, but it was not possible to make so good time with so many horses to lead as though they had been unencumbered. But they had a good start at any rate, and besides, they had brought away the horses of their would-be captors, and thus diminished the chances of pursuit.

"Those fellows from the woods have'n't any horses to follow us with, that's certain," said Harry; "but there's no telling how many our late host may have in his barn, or close by in the brush."

"That's so," answered Jack; "but I don't believe he has many. There was only one in the barn when we put up our horses, and we've got him along with us. But quite likely he has some out in the brush, and they may scare up two or three saddles and come after us. What shall we do if they turn up?"

"Let their horses go, and cut for Forsyth as fast as we can," said Harry; "that's the only thing I can suggest, or at any rate the safest thing. They'll stop to get their horses, and we'll easily outrun them."

Jack agreed to the suggestion, and it was resolved to put it into practice in case of necessity. As time went on it was evident that Mr. Jones did n't have any extra horses handy, as there were no indications of pursuit, and as daylight approached the boys began to feel safe. Every

hour brought them nearer the camp of the army, and they knew that once within the lines they could tell their story in perfect security.

Suddenly they heard the sound of horses' feet behind them, and as they looked back they saw three or four men riding rapidly in their direction. The glance showed that the men were in the costume of the country, and quite likely they were the pursuers whom the boys dreaded.

"We're in for it now," exclaimed Harry. "Let go your horses and I'll let go mine."

"Not much," answered Jack ; "just look ahead."

Harry looked and saw approaching from the other direction a squad of ten or twelve cavalry in the Union blue.

Harry wanted to shout, "Hurrah !" but just then he was too much occupied to do it. He took in the situation in an instant ; they were about equally distant from their pursuers and the cavalry, and the advantage in their favor was that they could get to the shelter of their friends before they could possibly be overtaken by the bush-whackers. The latter also saw the predicament they were in and immediately checked their speed. The sergeant of the cavalry saw that there was something wrong, and he and his men came forward at a gallop.

"Go for those fellows and I'll explain afterwards," said Harry, as the sergeant drew rein near him. The sergeant recognized the youths and did not wait for further words. Away went the cavalry in chase, and in a little while returned with two captured horses and one man, the rest having got away.

The cavalry squad accompanied the boys to the picket line, which was only half a mile further along the road. The picket-guard was just then being relieved, and the prisoner was turned over to it and sent to camp along



WE DISCHARGED THE GUN SEVERAL TIMES ALONE

with the captured horses. The squad then proceeded on the foraging expedition for which it had started when it so opportunely met our young friends and saved them from trouble. The boys went triumphantly to General Vandever with their prizes, and told the story of their adventure to a group of interested listeners. They were the heroes of the day, and received a liberal amount of praise for the shrewd manner in which they not only got out of their predicament, but turned it to their advantage. Of course they carefully concealed the part which the girl played in warning them, but pretended that they overheard the conversation between Mr. Jones and his wife after they had retired and were supposed to be in bed.

The prisoner stoutly denied any complicity in the attempted capture of the youths, and professed the most thorough ignorance of them or any desire to pursue and retake the runaways. He explained that he and his friends had come from Douglas county in search of some stray cattle, and were just on the point of turning back when they saw the boys and a moment afterward the cavalry.

There was nothing to disprove his story, and no evidence against him except the circumstantial evidence that he and his friends were riding very rapidly toward the youths before they saw the cavalry, and tried hard to get away immediately afterwards. If their mission was an innocent one, there was no reason for their fast riding; and furthermore they had no need to be as alarmed as they were on seeing the soldiers. But of course this was only circumstantial, and he might have been released but for a suggestion from Harry, on which action was immediately taken.

The five horses which Harry and Jack had secured at the time of their hasty flight from Mr. Jones's house were turned loose in the yard; they had not been fed since their night-journey, and might fairly be supposed to be hungry.

Soon after they had thus been put by themselves the officer who had charge of the prisoner suggested that they would go and see what the general had to say on the subject of liberating the captive. As if by accident they crossed the yard where the horses were inclosed, the prisoner not suspecting the trick and being too intent on his release to observe the presence of the captured animals, especially as they were mingled with some ten or twelve others.

As they entered the yard one of the horses came familiarly up to the prisoner, rubbed his nose against the man's shoulder, and in other ways gave most positive testimony that he had found his master. The identification of the man by the horse was complete. As the officer and his charge walked around the yard and then out of it, the horse followed like a dog; and though the man protested that he had never before set eyes on the animal, the evidence was altogether too strong against him to be doubted.

"That's enough," said the officer, when the horse had followed the man for five or six minutes. "We'll hold on to you for a while and see what'll turn up. Guess we'll send you to St. Louis and have you tried for bush-whacking."

At this the fellow broke down and confessed to his connection with the plan for abducting the boys. Then he was plied with questions, and before his inquisitors were through with him they had elicited a good deal of valuable information. On the strength of this information an expedition was immediately sent out, which succeeded in capturing a small camp and securing a goodly supply of provisions that had been accumulated for the purpose of sending to Price's army as soon as the way was open. Altogether the performance of Harry and Jack on that memorable night "panned out" very

well, to use the expression of a gold-miner belonging to one of the companies of the Ninth Iowa.

A few days after the occurrences above narrated the army moved to Batesville, Arkansas, farther down the White river, and at a point where General Curtis expected to be met by gun-boats convoying steamers with supplies and ammunition for his army. No enemy opposed them, and there were no incidents of consequence on the march. There was a small force of rebel cavalry in the town, but it fled before the advance of the army after firing a few shots, which did no harm to any one.

Harry and Jack now believed that the long-talked-of advance on Little Rock had begun. Batesville is about one hundred miles from that city, and if unopposed in its march, the army could easily reach it in a week or ten days. The rumor went through the army that Little Rock was the objective point of the campaign, and bets were freely offered that the stars and stripes would float over the capital of Arkansas long before the fourth of July.

But there were serious difficulties in the way of the advance in the desired direction. In the first place, the river was unusually low for that season of the year, as it had only four feet of water in the channel, while the gun-boats and most of the transports needed not less than five or six feet. One of the gun-boats that tried to ascend the river was blown up by a rebel battery at St. Charles, and the transports could not move without the aid of their armed brothers. The wagon road to Rolla was a long one and open to interruptions by raiding bands of rebels. One entire train was captured and destroyed by them within thirty miles of Rolla, and other trains were more or less interfered with. The army was short of food and ammunition, and in such a condition it could not take the offensive.

To add to General Curtis's perplexities a part of his army (ten regiments) were ordered to join the forces of General Halleck, then besieging Corinth, Mississippi, and to move with all possible haste. They were ordered in the direction of Cape Girardeau, Missouri, two hundred and forty miles away. They performed the march in ten days, an average of twenty-four miles a day, which may be considered one of the best instances of marching during the war. Many of the men wore out their shoes on the journey, and were barefooted for the last fifty or sixty miles. The withdrawal of this force, added to the scarcity of provisions and ammunition, made the army too weak to venture upon Little Rock, and General Curtis began to turn his eyes in the direction of the Mississippi river.

The army remained seven weeks at Batesville, and during that period it sent out many foraging expeditions, in the hope of collecting provisions enough to subsist it without drawing upon its scanty supply of rations which it had received from Rolla. But in spite of all efforts the supply could not be maintained, and many a time the soldiers had to live two days upon food that would have been no more than enough for one. The gun-boats and the transports did not come, and instead of rising the river continued to fall.

Harry and Jack accompanied many of the foraging expeditions, and, on several occasions, they were of much practical service. Harry was able to find concealed stores of pork and bacon where others declared there was nothing, and one day Jack brought from under a heap of straw sufficient bacon to feed a whole regiment for nearly a week. Harry had a keen eye for chickens, and whenever he went on a tour it was a noticeable circumstance that General Vandever usually had chicken that day for supper. Jack was as sharp after pigs as Harry was for

chickens, and many were the young porkers that fell into his hands.

One day they ran into a scouting party of rebels, and the foraging party had a sharp skirmish with their adversaries over the possession of a haystack. The rebels were discomfited and the unionists secured the coveted prize, but not until three of their number had been wounded, one of them severely. The rebels suffered to the extent of having two men killed, two or three wounded and four captured. The prisoners were taken back to camp under guard of two soldiers, assisted by our young friends, who kept a sharp watch to prevent the escape of the captives. During the march Harry fell into conversation with one of them, and very soon learned something that caused him to open his eyes with astonishment.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RETURNING CORDELIA'S KINDNESS—JACK AND HARRY ON A
NAVAL EXPEDITION.

BUT though he opened his eyes with astonishment, he did not open his lips to say why he did so. To have done so would have been imprudent to the last degree.

The question to the prisoner had revealed the fact that the captive whom Harry was so closely guarding was the son of Mr. Jones, the treacherous host from whom the two youths had had such a narrow escape, and the brother of the girl who had given them the hint which led to their hasty departure. He had joined Price's army as originally intended, and was serving with a cavalry regiment that had been assigned to the duty of harassing the union forces and preventing their obtaining the supplies they desired. His company was the one with which the union cavalry had disputed the possession of the haystack, as described in the last chapter.

"Now," thought Harry, "I've got a chance to pay off the girl for her kindness to us. I'll get her brother free and send him home to her. He'll never know how it came about, but I'm sure she'll understand."

Further questioning showed that another of the prisoners was a near neighbor of young Jones, and that he was very much attached to Miss Cordelia; in fact, the twain were lovers, and this circumstance determined Harry on his course of action, and on the way to Batesville he studied how best to accomplish his object.

He found that the young fellows were heartily tired of the war, and wanted to go home; this was particularly the case with the young lover, whose interest was greatly roused when he found that Harry had seen the girl he left behind him. Harry gave no particulars of his acquaintance with her, other than that he had stopped at the house of Mr. Jones on his way from Springfield to Forsyth, and remembered seeing a young girl such as the prisoner described, or rather such as her brother told about. He said he could not remember the name, but thought it was Corinne, or Cor—something or other.

The prisoners were fearful that something terrible would happen to them, as they had heard the usual wild stories about the barbarity of the Yankees. Harry encouraged their belief as far as he thought judicious, in order to make them all the more grateful for any service he might render them. He promised to do his best to save them from being hanged or shot, and suggested that a great deal would depend on their conduct.

“If you try to escape,” said he, “you will be shot down at once; but if you obey orders and do exactly what is told you without question, you ’ll find it to your advantage.”

They promised everything he asked of them, and on reaching camp they went demurely to the quarters assigned them, and made not the least trouble. As soon as he was relieved of his charges Harry went straight to General Vandever and asked to see him privately, a request which the general readily granted.

Under the seal of confidence Harry then told the whole story of how he and Jack had been saved from capture by the warning given by Cordelia, and how two of the prisoners then in camp were the brother and lover of the warm-hearted girl. He wanted them set free as a return for the service she had rendered the two youths,

but at the same time he specially desired that neither the prisoners nor any one else should know or suspect the real reason of his request.

"We can easily arrange that," answered the general. "I'll see General Curtis and ask him to turn the prisoners over to me, to do with as I think best: I've no doubt he'll do it, and if he does there won't be any trouble about the other details."

An hour later the general sent for Harry, who responded with alacrity to the call.

"It's all right," said the general, as soon as Harry came into his presence. "The five horses that you and Jack captured that night are worth more to us than the prisoners; the men might not like to know they've been traded for horses, but that's the way I look at it. Go and see if you can get the prisoners to take an oath not to serve in the rebel armies again during the war, and you may tell them they'll be released if they'll do it."

Harry went at once to the guard-house, where the prisoners were confined, and it did not take long for them to make the desired promise. He explained that he had urged their case before the general, and had persuaded the latter to grant his request on condition that they went home at once and stayed there, and furthermore, that they signed the required oath and gave no further aid in any way to the war.

This being arranged the prisoners were taken before General Vandever, who gave them a severe lecture, pretended he was opposed to letting them loose, but had only done so at the urgent request of Harry, who believed them to be honest, but misguided, and who felt sure they would live up to their promise. There was much more talk to the same effect, all tending to show that they owed their liberation to Harry and Jack; and finally the papers were signed, the oath was taken, and the prisoners

were escorted to the lines and allowed to go on their way toward Forsyth and home.

It was afterward ascertained that the arrival of the pair at the Jones' mansion was the cause of great astonishment to the family, and especially to the senior Jones, who had been in mortal terror ever since that night, for fear that the youths would cause his house to be burned over his head in revenge for his treachery. Cordelia blushed down to the roots of her hair, but her blushes were attributed to her joy at seeing her lover and brother safe at home from the wars. No one had the slightest suspicion that she had aught to do with the escape of the youths and the capture of the horses. As the returned soldiers babbled on about the kindness of Harry, and how he had brought about their liberation, the tears came into her eyes, and it was with great difficulty that she preserved her composure.

As before stated, the army in camp at Batesville, weakened by the withdrawal of a portion of its numbers, which were sent to aid in the siege of Corinth, and, being short of provisions and ammunition, was in no condition to advance upon Little Rock. Its only line of march was back to Rolla, or through the country that lay between it and the Mississippi river. The movement upon Rolla would be a retrograde one, while that toward the Mississippi would be an advance; consequently the latter was selected without hesitation.

From the sixth of May until the twenty-fourth of June the army lay at Batesville, making preparations for its future movements. Word came that gun-boats and transports were ascending the White river, and would probably come to Jacksonport, which is twenty-five miles below Batesville and at the junction of the White with the Black river. For ten days previous to the departure from Batesville, Captain Winslow, the quartermaster-in-

chief of General Curtis's army, bought corn and other provisions, and saved the army rations so that he had enough on hand for a twenty days' supply, which was considered sufficient to carry them through to Helena, on the bank of the Mississippi, in case the gun-boats and transports should fail to reach Jacksonport. As subsequent events developed, this precaution was a wise one.

For the first time in its history this part of Arkansas was honored with a navy. General Curtis built five large flat-boats, with strong decks, partly for the transportation of supplies and partly for use as pontoons in case a river was to be crossed. Cotton bales were ranged around their sides and firmly fastened, as a protection against musketry in case the rebels should attempt to hinder their progress, and it was thought they would even be able to stop cannon-shot of the smaller calibers. There were no naval officers and sailors with the army, and so it was necessary to improvise them. There was a liberal number of volunteers for the new service, as it promised to be exciting and was certainly novel.

Captain Wadsworth, of the Thirteenth Illinois, was put in command of the fleet, and his company formed the crew. Harry and Jack were accepted as volunteers to aid in navigating the boats, each of which was provided with sweeps, or long oars, that were necessary to keep it in the channel. Some of the old soldiers were accustomed to flat-boat navigation on the Mississippi, and felt confident they could avoid getting ashore; but, of course, it was unknown what the rebels might do to hinder their progress.

Harry was half inclined to back out when he found that the road from Batesville to Jacksonport did not follow the bank of the river, but wound among the hills at a considerable distance from it. In case of an attack upon the naval forces of General Curtis the army would not be

near enough to furnish any efficient aid, except in a few places. But, having agreed to go, he said nothing; neither did Jack.

The advance of the army moved out of Batesville on the morning of the twenty-fourth of June. Then came each of the three divisions in its order, and by noon the town was deserted. The navy pushed off from the shore and floated slowly down the stream, the captain, who had been promoted by his associates to the rank of admiral, ordering his men to make no exertions at the oars other than might be necessary to keep their craft in the current. Some of the natives of the country offered to assist as pilots, and one of them who claimed to know all about the river was taken aboard the "*Cordelia*," the boat where Harry and Jack were serving, and to which they had given the name. He was so enormously fat that Jack suggested he should be called Pauncheous Pilot, but he was careful to keep the suggestion from the ears of the subject of it.

The youths had intrusted their horses to the care of two of their comrades, as it was not practicable to take them on board the "*Cordelia*," which had only sufficient room for her crew and was encumbered with boxes and other freight. Convenient loopholes had been made between the bales of cotton, so that the occupants of the boats could defend themselves from musketry fire without serious risk. The oars or sweeps were operated in openings between the bales somewhat wider than the loopholes, and movable screens of thick plank were arranged so that the oarsmen would be fairly well protected.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BOATS UNDER FIRE—IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

THERE was a shot from the bank. The soldiers sprang to their arms and places, and everybody was ready for business in a moment. The shot had been fired from a clump of trees on the left bank of the river, and as the trees were encumbered with thick underbrush it was impossible to see any one who might be lurking there.

The river at this point was not more than fifty yards in width, so that any assailants would have the boats in very short range. But not another shot was heard, and as the boats one after another drifted past the point, their crews reached the conclusion that the bushwhackers had concluded to seek safety in flight, or, what amounted to the same thing, by making no further demonstration.

A mile or so farther down two of the boats went aground on a bar, and it required a great deal of effort to get them off. Had they been attacked at this point they would have been at a disadvantage, as their assailants could have chosen their own distance, and had the protection of the trees and brushwood along the banks. Harry and Jack began to wish they had stuck to the road rather than essayed naval service in Arkansas waters, where there was no chance of running away in case the enemy proved too strong for them. If they could not resist successfully they had no alternative but to surrender; and, as Harry expressed it, they didn't like to "go around surrendering."

An hour or more was lost at the point where the boats took the ground, and when night came on little more than half the distance to Jacksonport had been accomplished. The boats were tied up to the northern bank, which was considered safer than the southern one, at a point not more than a mile from the road taken by the army. The chance of bushwackers venturing so near was not great, but a careful watch was kept to avoid surprise.

Early next morning the boats were under way again, and before nightfall they had arrived safely at Jacksonport, where the advance of the army had encamped and was waiting for the rest of the column and also for the boats.

The union of the Black river with the White did not give sufficient water for the steamboats with supplies to ascend from below, and General Curtis learned that they could not be expected to come further up than Clarendon, seventy-five miles below Jacksonport. The only thing to do was to follow the road and river to Clarendon, and after a halt of five days the march was continued. Before the army started on its new march it was reinforced by the arrival of the Second Wisconsin Cavalry which had expected to join it at Batesville. It had marched from Springfield without encountering an enemy at any point, though reports were current of large forces which would obstruct any movements through the country.

Harry and Jack concluded to adhere to the fortunes of the navy in its further descent of the river, and when the boats dropped off to float away with the current they retained their places on the "Cordelia." The boats were ordered to proceed to Grand Glaize, twelve miles below Jacksonport, and there wait further orders. The army at the same time took up its line of march through the hills and swampy ground east of the river, and was not

expected to join the boats until reaching Augusta, thirty-five miles from Jacksonport. A regiment of cavalry was ordered to keep in the neighborhood of the boats to be ready to aid them in case of necessity, which was not long in coming.

The Sixth Missouri Cavalry met the boats at Grand Glaise and ordered them to proceed to Augusta, and on they floated with the sluggish current, winding among the hills and forests that skirt the stream. Colonel Wood, who commanded the cavalry regiment, said good-bye to Captain Wadsworth and started for the main army, but before going far he heard brisk firing from the dense bushes lining the banks of the river just below Grand Glaise.

Hastily returning, he found the boats had been fired upon, and this time with more effect than before. Captain Wadsworth was severely wounded, and some of his men were slightly injured, but nobody was killed.

Harry had a very narrow escape. When the firing began he was working one of the sweeps to bring the boat into the current, it having threatened to run upon a bar that projected from the northern shore. A bullet struck the huge oar on which he was pulling, and buried itself in the wood within an inch of his hand; another passed through the top of his hat, and still another lodged in the cotton-bale which formed his shelter. The men on the boats promptly returned the fire, and by the time the cavalry reached the spot the assailants had mounted their horses and disappeared in the forest. How many there were of them no one could say, as the density of the forest was a complete shield for them. Natives in the vicinity reported nineteen killed, but this was doubtless an exaggeration, as there were probably not above that number of them altogether. The bushes were not searched, either by the crews of the boats or the cavalry ;

the latter were too much engrossed with the pursuit of the assailants to look for dead or wounded rebels, and the former did not deem it at all prudent to venture ashore.

From this point the boats continued unmolested to Augusta, where it was decided not to try to take them further, as the road lay too far from the river to enable the army to come promptly to their support, and the country was said to be swarming with bushwhackers. All the provisions and other stores on the boats were taken ashore, and the boats and their bulwarks of cotton were set on fire and burned. The pilot who had accompanied them thus far was paid off, but he decided that it might not be safe for him to return to Batesville, as his neighbors would accuse him of being altogether too friendly with the Yanks. He was sorry he had n't thought of it before, or he would n't have ventured down the river at all.

It was the fourth of July when the army reached Augusta, and a salute was fired in honor of the national independence. Our young friends found their horses all right and safe in the hands of the friends to whom they had been intrusted, and it is safe to say that both Harry and Jack rejoiced to be once more in the saddle.

The old fever for scouting came upon them, and as the army was short of provisions they proceeded to hunt up something for feeding purposes. In the outskirts of the town they found a deposit of corn which had been carefully concealed, and had already missed the sharp eyes of several squads of soldiers. There were nearly a hundred bushels of it, and following up their success they came upon another store of still larger amount. In a clump of forest, half a mile or so out of Augusta, they unearthed more than a wagon-load of bacon; and altogether their labors were of material advantage to the

little army, which had been disappointed by the failure of the transports and gun-boats to ascend the river.

After their return from the discovery of the bacon, an old negro sidled up to Harry and said he could tell him something he would like to know.

"Out with it," said Harry. "Don't keep me waiting. What is it you want to tell me?"

"Hole on a bit, young massa," said the negro. "Dere ain't no hurry 'bout it."

"Well, I'm in a hurry," said Harry, "and if you've any talking to do, fire away."

"Now just look a-heah," said the darky, "an' I'll tell yer. 'Fi tell somethin' yer want to know real bad, 'll yer give me my free-papers?"

"Certainly," was Harry's reply; "if you give us any information that's true and useful, you'll get your free-papers fast enough."

"Dat's all I want ter know," continued the colored citizen; "and dis is what I'se gwine ter say."

Harry listened patiently while the negro with much circumlocution told him of a barn full of provisions which had been accumulated, about two miles out of town, waiting for a favorable opportunity to ship them to the rebel army or to Memphis, which was then the depot from which a large part of the forces in the West were supplied. When convinced that the negro was telling the truth, Harry quickly reported the circumstance to General Vandever and a detail of cavalry was sent to take possession. The negro did n't want to go along with the party, as it would involve him in suspicion which would be bad for him in future, but he gave such minute directions that there was no mistaking the place.

They found the barn and also the provisions. The owner of the place at first denied all knowledge that anything was concealed there, and said they were welcome to

anything they could find, but as soon as the discovery was made he assumed a different air altogether. He professed to be a union man, and explained that he had hidden the stuff away to save it from going to the rebels. "I would rather," said he, "see it all burned up than into a rebel mouth; that's the kind of union man I am."

The army remained two days at Augusta, and then took up its line of march for Clarendon, where the transports were said to have arrived under convoy of a gunboat. The country between Jacksonport and Clarendon is one of the finest regions of eastern Arkansas. A short distance from the river the bluffs along the stream fall away into low hills and gentle undulations, which become less distinct until at the divide between the White and St. Francis rivers the land becomes an almost unbroken level. A portion of this flat, alluvial country is in many places covered with canebrakes, and is often overflowed in the season of high water. At such times it becomes an almost impassable succession of swamps and quagmires. But at the time our friends traversed it the ground was dry and hard and offered no obstacle to passage save occasionally at the crossings of creeks and rivulets.

Interspersed among these lowlands is a succession of higher grounds, which are level and rarely broken by anything like an elevation. These lands are excellent for cotton, and down to the opening of the war they had annually sent a good supply of the textile plant to market. Cotton was raised there in 1861 to some extent, but in 1862, by orders of the Confederate government, much of the cotton land through the South was planted with corn. The valley of the White river was no exception to the rule, and as our army moved along it passed many fields of corn, of which the ears, just then sufficiently advanced to be edible, formed a wel-

come addition to the scanty stores possessed by the commissary department. As a single article of diet, green corn is not to be recommended, but when combined with other things it is, as everybody knows, a thing not to be despised.

Every few miles the advance of the army came upon trees felled across the roads, and considerable time was lost in removing these obstructions. From the negroes it was learned that there was a considerable force of rebels at the town of Des Arc, on the east bank of White river, about half-way between Augusta and Clarendon. They were said to be about six thousand strong, and to consist mainly of Arkansas and Texas mounted men, under command of General Rust. As they were at a convenient striking distance from the road which General Curtis was following, it was thought quite likely they would make an attack at some point where they could fight to advantage, and the result proved the correctness of this belief.

Several timber obstructions were encountered, most of them at the crossings of small creeks, but nothing was seen of an enemy until the point was reached where the road from Des Arc joins the main one, about ten miles to the east of that town. Here was the plantation of Colonel Hill, an officer of the Confederate army, and his residence and buildings were at the junction of the roads, in the southwest angle. North of the Des Arc road was a cotton-gin and press, and close by were two aboriginal mounds of unknown date. Colonel Hill was then blessed with his third wife, and the graves of her two predecessors were on the tops of these mounds, each one surrounded by a fence of white palings. "It must have been," said Harry, afterwards, "a cheerful thing for the third wife to contemplate the graves on these mounds and wonder when her turn would come and where she would be placed." Jack thought the colonel ought to put up

another mound, so as to have everything ready for the good lady's demise.

The country around the junction of the road had been cleared for cotton-fields, but a little way beyond it the forests were dense and afforded good cover for an enemy. The mounted men, in advance, with whom were Harry and Jack, discovered signs of an enemy lurking in the timber south of Hill's house, and word was sent to bring up the infantry. Harry rode back to carry the order, and in a little while the infantry had come forward and was ready for business. The Thirty-third Illinois and the Eleventh Wisconsin were the ones selected for the work; they deployed as skirmishers, and soon exchanged shots with the rebels, who were spread out in the timber. The two union regiments were not more than six hundred strong; they were opposed by about fifteen hundred rebels, but the disparity of numbers was balanced by the superiority of the weapons of the former and their good drill and discipline. The rebel forces consisted of some very raw cavalry from Arkansas and Texas, and some newly-assembled conscripts who had not been in camp many days and knew practically nothing about military life.

Soon as the firing began to have anything like vigor to it the conscripts fled in disorder, but the Texan troops stood their ground very well. As our right approached the enemy's left it was met by a volley which caused two of the companies to fall back a little; the rebels undertook to follow up the advantage thus gained, and to do so emerged from the wood into the open ground.

Here they were met by volleys of musketry and by rapid discharges of grape from two steel howitzers which were brought forward by the First Indiana Cavalry. This welcome was too much for the rebels, who broke and fled from the field, leaving a good many of their men dead

or wounded. Some of them retreated to Des Arc, and others along the road to the south. It was afterwards reported that three or four thousand men were marching from Des Arc to join them, but were unable to get across the Cache river, which is too deep to be forded and the single ferry-boat was not able to bring them over in time to be of use. When it was found that the other force had been defeated, they gave up the attempt to interrupt the advance of the union army and marched back to Des Arc.

CHAPTER XL.

A JOKE ON THE SPIES—WONDERFUL SHELLS—THE ARMY
REACHES CLARENDON.

A FLAG of truce came during the evening, but was not admitted. The bearers were informed that the dead were being buried by our own men, and the wounded receiving every attention. The next morning another flag of truce came, and as there was no good reason for it, the general naturally suspected that it was a pretext to learn something about our forces and position.

He admitted the bearers of the flag, and kept them inside his lines all day, so that anything they might learn by the use of their eyes would not be of any advantage to their side. The suspicion that the burial of the dead and the care of the wounded was not the real cause of the visit was strengthened by the inquisitiveness of some of the men, and the fact that one of them was discovered making notes of certain conversations when he thought he was not observed.

Harry was the discoverer of this note-taking, and reported the circumstance to General Vandever.

"If that's what they're after," remarked the general, "we'll give 'em all they want."

So he had the visitors transferred from the tent where they were at the time, and placed in a room in one of the outbuildings not far away. There was another room in the same building, and the partition between the two was

full of cracks, so that conversation could be heard with ease from one room to the other.

The general instructed Harry as to what he was to do, and then he went with his adjutant and two or three other officers to the room adjoining the one where the truce-bearers were held.

"Here we can talk without being disturbed," said the general. "My orderly knows where I am, and if I'm wanted he'll call me."

Everything was perfectly still in the adjoining room, and it was evident that the men there were using their ears to the best advantage.

"Now," said the general, "to begin with. I suppose you don't understand why we're marching south and along the White river."

There was a pause, and then he continued:

"We're not strong enough to go to Little Rock now," he said; "but the thirty-five thousand men with ninety-two pieces of artillery that will join us in the next week will put us on the offensive, and then Little Rock must look out."

"How are we going there?" queried one of the officers.

"General Curtis told me this morning that we should go across the country to within about thirty miles of Little Rock, or perhaps twenty miles, and there he should divide the force. Two-thirds of it will cross on pontoons, which are being brought along by the new army, and there will be enough of them to lay three bridges over the river at once. While they oppose us at one place we'll get over at another, and in three hours the entire force for that side will be safely landed. Then they'll go to the rear of Little Rock and lay siege to it, while the other third of our strength will fire away at it from the other side of the river. There will be four batteries of heavy siege-guns playing on the town all at once, and they are



LAST CHARGE OF THE WAR.

bringing two thousand shells loaded with Greek fire to burn up every house in the place if necessary. Twenty-four hours will be allowed for sending out women, children and other non-combatants, and then the battle will begin."

"But won't they be likely to interrupt us on the way with General Rust's army and other troops they can get together?"

"They may try, but it 'll be bad for 'em," was the reply. "The government has sent us some of the new shells invented by a Yankee somewhere in Massachusetts, that have done wonderful work in Virginia."

"What are those? I haven't heard of them."

"Well, we 've been keeping it pretty quiet," was the reply, "as we don't want the rebels on this side of the Mississippi to find it out if we can help it. These new shells are loaded with a composition that spreads out when it explodes, and kills everybody within twenty yards. It's a secret composition, and the government pays fifty dollars for each shell the inventor delivers, and he guarantees that if two of these shells are fired where there is a regiment, it will kill every man in it. They are not wounded at all, but just fall down as though struck by lightning. Here's an account of what they 'll do."

The general took a document from his pocket, and pretended to read a wonderful story of how the entire garrison of a rebel fort on the James river was killed by one of these new-fangled shells, which had been dropped into it from a mortar fully a mile away. He told his friends they must keep the matter secret, as it was known only to General Curtis and a few of his higher officers, and they were particularly desirous that the information should n't leak out. "There 'll be three hundred of those shells," said he, "and half of them will be enough to kill all the rebels in Arkansas."

Then he went on with other wild yarns with the utmost

seriousness, and at length was interrupted by Harry, who delivered some despatches just received by General Curtis from General Halleck and brought by a courier, who came through from Helena in disguise. They announced a great victory for the union army in Virginia, the imminent capture of Richmond, the surrender of a large part of Lee's army, together with other bits of information that would have been highly important if true.

When it was thought that the eavesdroppers had been properly "loaded," as the general expressed it, the party retired, and the flag-of-truce bearers were left to ponder on what they had heard. In the afternoon the army moved forward to take up a new camp, and when the column was under way—in fact after the greater part of it had marched off—the truce-party was released and allowed to go back to its own camp.

The seed was sown on good ground. There was great alarm through the rebel ranks at the new terrors in store for them, and in spite of all the vigilance of the commanders, there were numerous desertions daily. The more intelligent among the officers had a suspicion that the eavesdroppers had been hoaxed, but they were powerless to stop the spreading of the reports, which grew in horror as they passed from mouth to mouth. The wonderful shells which could sweep off so many men "as though they had been struck by lightning" disturbed the dreams of many a soldier of Arkansas or Texas, and were not often out of his thoughts in his waking hours.

Very soon after this event the rebels abandoned Des Arc, and concentrated in the capital or around it. Earthworks were thrown up to defend the city against the threatened attack, and so much attention was paid to Little Rock that all other parts of the state were practically deserted.

And those wonderful shells are yet resting in the brain

of the man who invented them. Perhaps they will be developed in some future war.

It is well to remark at this point that the trick which was played on the flag-of-truce bearers is by no means a new one, though it was new enough on that occasion. It was played several times by both sides during the war; but its most successful performance was by Stonewall Jackson in one of his campaigns in the Shenandoah valley.

Several captured union officers were under guard in a house in Winchester, and expected to be sent to Richmond and locked up in Libby prison. General Jackson had a council of war with his division commanders in a room adjoining the one where the officers were confined. He gave his orders with great exactness, told where each division was to march, and sent the commanders away one after another to get his force in readiness. They were to advance on the union position and give battle, and everything was prepared with the utmost care.

Then he asked his adjutant-general when he had sent the prisoners to Richmond.

"They have n't been sent off yet, General," was the reply. "But we 'll start them soon after daylight. General Stuart said his cavalry must rest till then."

"If they have n't gone now," said the general, "you 'd better parole them and send them down the valley. Let them start immediately, so that they 'll be well out of the way before we begin our advance."

With this the general went out and was soon followed by the adjutant. In fifteen minutes an officer came to take their paroles, and they were escorted to the union lines by a flag-of-truce party. As they passed through the town they saw that preparations were going on for a movement, and when they got within their own camp they of course told what they had heard.

Of course their information was valuable, and prepara-

tions were at once made to resist the advance. Hour after hour passed away waiting for Stonewall Jackson, but he did n't come. All those hours he was marching the other way as fast as possible, and executing one of those movements for which he was famous. He suddenly appeared at a point where he was least expected, and then it was realized that his talk in hearing of the prisoners was all a ruse.

For the rest of the way to Clarendon General Curtis met with no opposition other than that caused by trees felled across the road. It had been reported that a gun-boat and two transports with supplies had reached Clarendon and were waiting for him, and he was very desirous of finding them. The rumor passed along the lines that transports and supplies were at hand, and so the soldiers pushed vigorously on to that point.

They reached Clarendon on the afternoon of the ninth of July, and were bitterly disappointed. The gun-boat and transports had been there and waited a while, but as they could get no tidings of the whereabouts of General Curtis, and the rebels were said to be mustering in force for their capture, it was considered prudent to retire. The transports had been gone about twenty hours when the advance of the column arrived, and with them the supplies that had been so anxiously desired. Truly the army seemed to have been deserted in the wilderness.

From all that could be learned there was no enemy between Clarendon and the Mississippi, the nearest point of which was about sixty miles away. There might be a few straggling bands of bushwackers, but nothing that could make any serious opposition. But sixty miles is a long distance in a strange country, and when provisions are running short.

The inhabitants of Clarendon were much like those of Batesville and Jacksonport, thoroughly secession in their

sympathies, and wondering when the war would end, so that they might get their cotton to market. They had very little to sell in the way of provisions, as they had been pretty well cleaned out by their own government; but the usual foraging, in which Harry and Jack took a prominent part, served to bring many things edible to light.

Most of the able-bodied men were away at the war, leaving behind only the aged and the boys who were too young for service. Among those who remained was a lawyer, a dignified and red-nosed citizen of some sixty or more years, who demanded audience with General Curtis, in order to prove to him that he had no constitutional right to invade the State of Arkansas!

CHAPTER XL.

A NIGHT ATTACK BY PIGS—BATTLE BETWEEN FORTS AND
GUN-BOATS—DISASTER TO THE MOUND CITY.

ON the night of the ninth, Harry and Jack had an adventure of a new sort, which happily turned out to be bloodless.

The greater part of the baggage-wagons failed to come up until late in the evening, and it became necessary for the soldiers to bivouac without shelter, as the little town was not equal to their accommodation. Our young friends picketed their horses, having first cut a quantity of green oats from a field near by, with which they fed the faithful animals.

Then they took two or three bundles of the oats to lie upon and flattered themselves that they would make a comfortable bed, or one which would certainly be an improvement upon the bare ground. With a thin layer on the ground and a good-sized bundle for their pillows, they went to sleep in very short order.

They were sleeping soundly, and possibly dreaming of home and friends, when they were suddenly and rudely awakened. The night was dark and their first thought was that they had been surprised by the enemy.

There was a long and very dark form standing over Harry and another over Jack, and each of the assailants seemed to be looking for the throat of his victim.

Harry gave his disturber a heavy blow with his fist, which sent him reeling over upon the soldier who was

lying close by and snoring loudly. The snoring stopped at once, as the fall of the heavy body waked the soldier, who sprang to his feet and reached for his gun. He had the impulse to shoot, but did not know in what direction to fire.

Jack grappled with his enemy, and there was a struggle which may be said to have resulted in victory for both. Jack did not succeed in holding down his assailant, as the latter slipped through his grasp and made his escape. But the youth saved his life and was not, in fact, injured further than a few slight contusions and abrasions.

Another soldier who had been awakened drew his bayonet, and as one of the attacking force rushed past him the man gave a well-directed prod with the weapon, which stretched the intruder on the ground. It also roused a deafening squeal, that indicated the character of the creators of the disturbance.

It seems that a drove of half-wild pigs had come out of the forest, on the lookout for something to eat. In the southern states pigs generally run at large, being called up occasionally by means of a horn, to be fed and selected for slaughter or other purposes. As they are always fed when summoned by the horn, they soon learn to come to its call; but sometimes, when the summonses are infrequent, they grow so wild that they do not heed the sound. Then they have to be chased up, and the work of driving them in is no small affair.

Very often they remain in the woods during the day and come around at night to the neighborhood of the dwellings in search of food. The southern pigs are like those of any other part of the country, or of the world, for that matter, as they are gifted with free appetites and are not over particular about their food as long as it is something edible.

In their nocturnal ramble this drove under considera-

tion had come upon the sleeping-place of our young friends. Having scented the oats which the boys had taken to sleep upon, the animals rushed in without ceremony and proceeded to devour the succulent grain without asking permission of those who were then in possession. The assault of two of the pigs upon the bundles which formed the pillows of Harry and Jack gave the impression that the marauders were seeking to reach the throats of their victims, and their forms in the darkness were not unlike those of men stooping forward to attack the slumberers. Two of the pigs paid for the assault with their lives, and formed a material addition to the bill of fare of the men whose slumbers they had broken. There was little sleep in the group for the rest of the night, their hearty laughter over the incident, and speculations as to whether the rest of the pigs would come back, having effectually driven sleep from their eyelids.

The presence of the pigs having been discovered, a horn was blown the next morning and turned to good advantage. Pigs to the number of a hundred or more came trooping out of the forest, and were enticed into a yard which had been hastily constructed by some of the soldiers. When they ceased coming the yard was closed, and the soldiers said afterwards that pork roasted over a campfire formed an excellent substitute for other articles of food when the others could n't be had.

The rumor of the granting of free-papers to the negroes who had been working on the fortifications or helped to fell timber to obstruct the march of the army was rapidly spread about Clarendon, and in a few hours the colored population for miles around seemed to have gathered there. All declared they had been doing the forbidden work, and all, as far as it was possible to grant them in the limited time, received their papers.

"If we had only known it," said Harry to Jack, when

they learned the state of affairs, "you and I would have tried to get through to bring news to the fleet, and we would have got through somehow. We might have taken a skiff and paddled down in the night, and we would have rigged it up like a log, so that it would have required very sharp eyes to discover that it was anything else than an ordinary log drifting with the current. But there 's no use crying over spilt milk, as the old saw has it, and so we need n't waste the time over planning for past performances. But I 'd have given a good deal to have known of this in time."

Jack agreed with him, and after a very brief talk on the subject they turned their attention to other matters.

There was no alternative for the army but to make the best of its way to Helena, on the Mississippi, sixty or sixty-five miles away. The tenth of July was spent at Clarendon, and at four o'clock on the morning of the eleventh General Washburne, with two thousand five hundred cavalry and six mountain howitzers, started on a forced march for the banks of the great river. They followed the old military road between Little Rock and Helena. It proved to be a very good road, though there were several bad places at the crossings of small streams. With a few exceptions, and those doing no harm, not a shot was fired at them along the whole of the route, all the forces of the enemy having been withdrawn to the defense of the White river or to points further back in the interior of the state.

Harry and Jack were allowed to accompany General Washburne's advance, as it was thought they might be useful in case there was any scouting to be done or any foraging for provisions, but as the march was a forced one there was no time for anything of the sort, and they had nothing to do but stick to the column and keep their horses in the road.

About nine o'clock in the forenoon of the twelfth the foremost of the soldiers rose in their stirrups and gave a loud cheer, which was speedily carried along the whole line. Cheer upon cheer followed, no one being told the cause, but everybody realizing that the end of the long march was near. The spires of the churches of Helena were soon afterward in full view, and beyond them gleamed the waters of the Mississippi, reflecting the rays of the summer sun.

Harry and Jack were among the loudest of the cheerers, as they realized that, for the present, at any rate, their wanderings in the wilds of Arkansas were at an end. They were weary with the almost unbroken ride of twenty-eight hours, covered with the dust that rose in clouds from the dry road, and suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst, but no worse in that respect than all those about them. But with all their weariness and hunger, and through all the dust that covered them, their hearts swelled with joy, and they shouted themselves hoarse over the sight of the great river of the West.

But now came a new difficulty. Helena had not been occupied by union troops, and there was no one there to welcome them. The gun-boat fleet had called there and agreed with the local authorities that the town should not be harmed as long as no outrages were perpetrated on passing steamboats. The agreement had been kept, and though several bands of bushwhackers had dropped in to see their friends, they had been restrained from making any attacks or otherwise disturbing the peace. The inhabitants were not particularly loyal toward the government, but they had heard the fate of several places where boats had been fired upon, and had sufficient influence to keep their bushwhacking friends quiet.

As the advance of General Washburne's cavalry entered the town, several men, who had been loitering in front of

one of the stores, made haste to mount their horses and get away. A few shots were fired at them, but no harm was done, and no attempt was made to pursue them. In a little while the whole force of cavalry had reached the river bank, and the Mississippi was scanned up and down to discover a steamboat.

General Washburne hoped there would be a gun-boat with which he could communicate, but no gun-boat was in sight. Soon the smoke of a steamboat was seen below the town, around a bend of the river, and in due time she came in sight, slowly stemming the powerful current. It was an ordinary transport, quite incapable of defense, and the general quickly made up his mind to stop her by friendly means if he could, or by force if he must.

As the steamer came in front of Helena flags were waved again and again, but the boat paid no attention to them. Then a shot was fired across her bows to warn her to stop, but this had no effect; another shot followed, and then another, aimed like the first, so as not to harm the boat, but to make those on board believe that something serious would happen soon unless she came to a halt. Seeing there was no escape from the supposed rebels, the pilot headed the boat for the bank and ran in. A dozen or more soldiers were on her deck with their guns ready for business, but they soon perceived that resistance to such a force would be useless. They prepared to surrender and make the best of their misfortune. But before the gang-plank had been run out one of the shrewdest of them observed that the formidable force was habited in the union uniform, though it was so sadly covered with dust that it could easily be mistaken for the confederate gray.

An officer who was among the passengers brought a field-glass to bear on the party on the bank. He was an old friend of Captain Winslow, the quartermaster of General Curtis's army, and was not long in making him out,

in spite of the dust that covered him and his generally bedraggled appearance after his long ride. Holding aside his glass, he shouted:

"Is Captain Winslow there?"

"Here I am," was the reply, "and here are the rest of us."

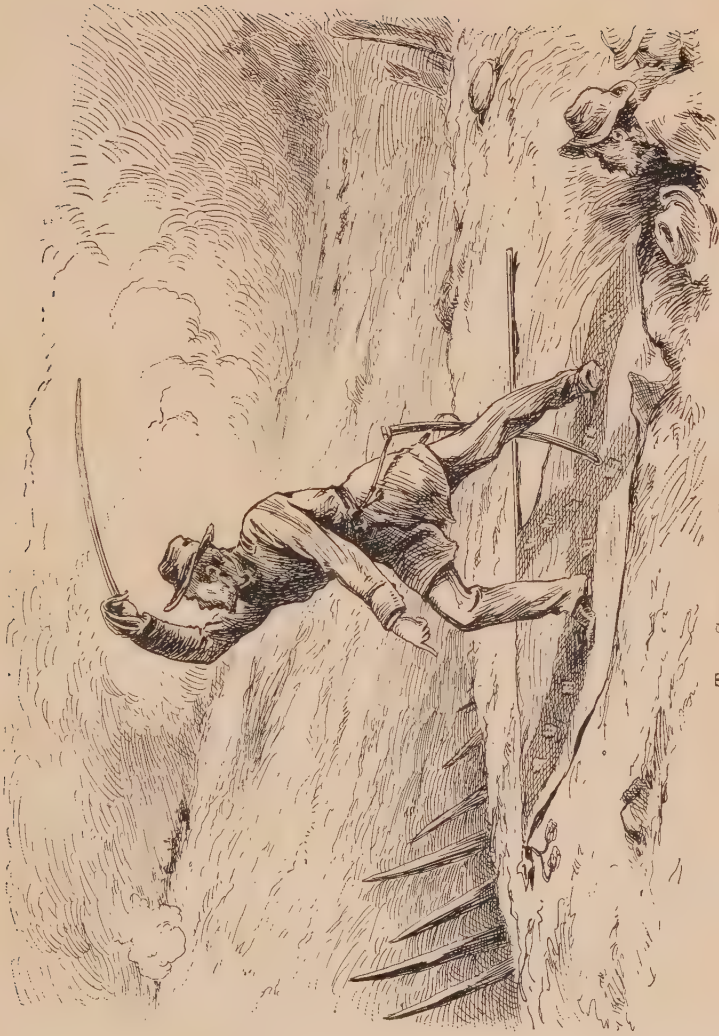
"All right, pilot," said the officer; "you're safe enough now. You're captured by our friends."

In a few minutes the boat had been made fast to the shore, and General Washburne came on board accompanied by Captain Winslow, Captain Noble, of General Curtis's staff, and several other officers. There was a recognition of old friends and introductions all around. The new arrivals were treated to the best the steamer afforded, and the officer who had charge of the boat asked what they could do for the weary and dusty crowd.

"Give us whatever provisions you can spare," said General Washburne, "and then hurry up to Memphis as fast as you can with Captains Winslow and Noble. They'll get supplies for us and have them shipped down here to meet the army by the time it arrives."

The boat was not well provided with stores, as she had no occasion for anything beyond sufficient to feed her company to Memphis, but whatever she had was quickly rolled on the bank and handed over to the quartermaster of the division. When this had been done she immediately steamed away for Memphis, ninety miles up the river. She was obliged to lie at anchor during the night, owing to a dense fog, and did not reach Memphis until the following forenoon.

Supplies were immediately shipped to Helena, and by the morning of the fourteenth they were piled on the bank—a welcome sight to the soldiers, that marched in as closely behind the cavalry as it was possible for infantry to follow. The march from Clarendon was accomplished



THE SIGNAL TO CEASE FIRING.

in little more than two days, and not a wagon was lost or left behind. By the evening of the thirteenth all the divisions had arrived, and anxiously waited the provisions which came to them on the following morning. Hundreds of hands were ready to assist in the landing, and rarely has a steamboat discharged her cargo with greater celerity.

The column was followed by a great number of negroes, who feared the treatment they would receive from their masters after the departure of the union forces from Clarendon. At one time it was remarked that there were more negroes than white men in Helena, and the support of the colored population became a matter of serious consequence. The difficulty was partially solved a few months later, when it was decided to enlist negroes as soldiers, and several regiments of them were formed for infantry and cavalry service. Thousands of able-bodied citizens of African descent were enrolled in the army, and though they had their defects they did credit to themselves, besides exasperating the rebels to an unwonted degree. Many of the rebel officers subsequently declared that their greatest mistake was that they did not arm their negroes early in the war, and promise to give them their freedom at the end.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE LOST ARMY IN CAMP AT HELENA—NEGROES UTILIZED
—THE END.

OUR story draws to a close. We have brought Harry and Jack to the banks of the great river, and there we will leave them. The army of General Curtis had terminated a most arduous campaign. Since leaving Rolla in February, six months before, it had marched more than six hundred miles, much of the way through a thinly-settled and inhospitable region, with bad roads, unbridged streams, and all the difficulties of locomotion in a new country. It had fought several minor engagements and skirmishes, and engaged in a battle of three days' duration—that of Pea Ridge, out of which it emerged victorious after combating with a force three times as great as its own. It had performed some of the best marching on record, and its men were ready to go through another campaign of the same sort, only asking for a brief rest and for sufficient good food to restore their accustomed strength. And the reader may be sure that nothing was kept from them that was within the power of the quartermasters to give, and the camps in and around Helena were a scene of feasting and rejoicing, such as that quiet town on the Mississippi had never before known.

Harry and Jack were quite as ready as any one else for a good rest, and did not hang back when there was a prospect of something nice to eat. As they strolled through the streets and along the levee of Helena they

built many castles in the air, and pondered upon what they had been through since they left their homes a twelve-month before.

"Wonder how many miles we've traveled?" said Harry. "I leave out of the calculation the railway and steamboat traveling, and only include horseback riding and on foot."

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Jack. "Let's figure it up as best we can, and see how it comes out."

They proceeded to figure it, but frankly acknowledged that the job was a difficult one, on account of their numerous scouting expeditions, many of which they could not remember at the moment. Altogether they thought it must have been not far from a thousand miles up to the time they made their last departure from Rolla. The army, as we have seen, had marched six hundred miles from Rolla to Helena, and as the boys had made many scouting and other expeditions around Pea Ridge, Forsyth and Batesville, they thought it not unfair to add four hundred miles to the total of the army's movements, making two thousand miles altogether.

"Just think of it!" exclaimed Jack. "Two thousand miles! Why, that's two-thirds the distance, about, from New York to San Francisco. It's a big lot of traveling, especially when it's been done on the quarter-deck of a horse, and sometimes under very hard circumstances. We've been many times in peril of our lives, passed through a great many privations, been cold and wet and hungry, but for all that, here we are as healthy as a couple of young tigers, ready for the next adventure that turns up."

"Yes, that's so," replied Harry; "and I suppose you don't want to go home just now, do you?"

"Not I," was the ready response; "but we'll see what our folks say about it, and also what the general says."

"We have n't had any letters for a long time," said Harry, "and furthermore we have n't sent any, for the very simple reason that the mails could n't get either to or from us. We've been buried in the wilderness as much as though we had been in the middle of Africa."

"Yes," replied Jack; "and that reminds me of something I heard General Vandever saying this morning. He had a newspaper which somebody brought down on a steamboat from Memphis, and I heard him telling General Washburne that the newspapers were full of articles about us, and there was a great deal of anxiety concerning General Curtis and his army."

"Then he laughed," continued Jack, "and said they were speaking of us as 'The Lost Army.' Nothing had been heard from us for such a long time that they were afraid we'd been lost and could n't get back again, or perhaps the rebs had killed or captured us all."

"Well, we have n't been lost very much," said Harry, with what may be called an audible smile. "We've always known where we were, and whenever the enemy attacked us he had reason to know that we knew. But, I say, Jack, that gives me an idea."

"What is that?"

"Why, if we ever write a story of our campaigns that'll be a good name for it. We'll call it 'The Lost Army,' and it'll be a first-rate title."

"That's so," Jack answered, "and it will be quite as truthful as many titles of books I've seen. Very often when you read a book there's very little in the pages of the volume that seem to have been suggested by what you find on the title-page."

"Just so," said Harry, "and a man will have to read clear through to the last chapter before he finds out what The Lost Army was. And when he does find out he'll agree

with us that we have n't been going round getting lost very much."

We had the permission of the youths to give the account of their experiences in the southwest, and have taken it, title and all. This is why our story has been called as the reader has seen.

Helena continued to be a permanent military post from that time onward, but the rebels did not attempt to disturb it, for the double reason that their force of troops on the west of the Mississippi was small, and no good could come from a raid on the town when they would not be able to hold it more than a few hours, only until gun-boats could arrive to drive them away. General Curtis was ordered to St. Louis to take command of the Department of the Missouri, and operate against the rebels that were making things somewhat lively in the neighborhood of Springfield and Fayetteville. A portion of the troops that had composed The Lost Army remained at Helena, but the greater part were ordered to join the corps that made the second attack on Vicksburg and ultimately succeeded in reducing that important stronghold of the rebellion.

Two or three weeks after the arrival of General Curtis at Helena word was received of a party of rebels some twelve or fifteen miles away in a northerly direction. Two companies of the Third Wisconsin Cavalry went to look for the enemy, and were accompanied by our young friends. They found the enemy, and very unexpectedly too, for they ran into an ambuscade; but happily the aim of the rebel rifles was so bad that only two or three men were injured. Then the unionists "went in," and thrashed the rebels, compelling them to retreat after the loss of several of their number. Harry and Jack had each a prisoner to his credit, though it is proper to say that they were not captured in fair fighting. The way of it was this;

After the fighting was over the youths dismounted to look over the ground and pick up anything that might be of value or would indicate to what company or regiment, if any, the men they had been engaged with belonged. They had done this on several occasions to advantage, and in the latter part of their campaigning it was a rule to which they adhered whenever circumstances permitted.

While they were inspecting the scene of the skirmish, Harry came to a large tree which proved on examination to be hollow. He remarked to Jack that it was a good place for a man to hide in, to which Jack replied that it would hold half a dozen or more if they did n't mind a little crowding.

"Who knows but that some of those fellows hid there when they found we were getting the best of 'em," said Harry. "Suppose we investigate that tree."

Jack agreed to it, and they approached the tree, cocked their pistols and pointed them up the hollow into the darkness.

"Come down out of that," said Harry, in a commanding tone, "or we 'll shoot daylight into you."

There was no response, and Harry was about to turn away when Jack, more in fun than with any expectation of finding anybody, called out:

"Come down, I say. You 'll have just five seconds to come in."

"I 'm a-coming," said a weak voice from the darkness, much to the surprise of the boys, and a moment later down slipped a forlorn looking "Butternut," who was evidently greatly frightened.

"Surrender!" shouted Harry, "and tell the rest of 'em to come right away."

"There 's only one more feller there," said the prisoner, who surrendered by throwing his hands in the air and dropping his shotgun on the ground. The summons

was renewed, and down came the "one more feller" and surrendered after the same fashion; and this was the way their prisoners were taken.

"Not quite as meritorious a performance as capturing them in open fighting," said Harry; "but then it's like hooking a fish in the side instead of catching him in the regular way by the mouth—he counts just the same."

During their stay at Helena Harry and Jack made themselves useful in looking after the negroes that flocked there for protection, and they were sometimes derisively mentioned by their comrades as managers of the Freedmen's Bureau. But they took the satire good-naturedly and went on with their work, which consisted of aiding in the distribution of rations, making lists of the negroes as fast as they came in, assigning them to different parts of the camp, helping them to their free-papers, drafting out all who were able to work, and sending them to the levee to aid in unloading steamboats, or into the forests in the neighborhood of Helena, where they were employed to cut wood. At every opportunity they endeavored to instill into the negro-mind the idea that freedom did n't mean idleness, and insisted that the best way of making this fact understood was to put the negro at work, even if work had to be manufactured for him.

Consequently when there was nothing else to be done, Harry would take the negroes who were under his orders and set them to throwing up a fortification around the camp. When it was completed he pretended to wish to change something about it, and thus the earth of which it was composed was handled over several times in succession.

The last we saw of our young friends in the camp at Helena they were looking on and listening one Sunday evening when the negroes were having a religious meeting. Several negro preachers harangued the assemblage in

their quaint and forcible way. Prayers were offered, and three or four hymns were sung with great fervor, all the congregation joining, and fairly making the woods ring with their voices.

THE END.

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